



Central BAPTIST

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY



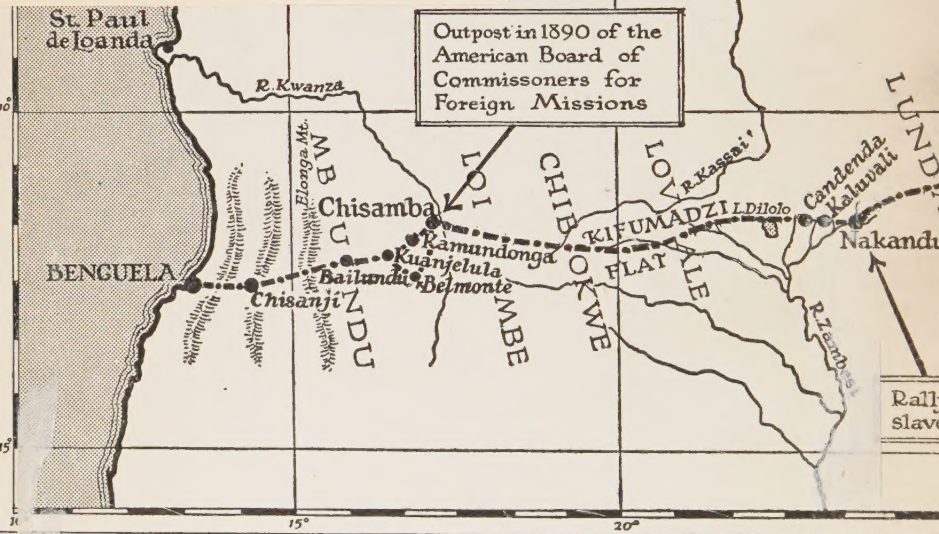
KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

Portuguese West
capital, Nkulu,
per Congo.
CRAWFORD in 1889-1891.

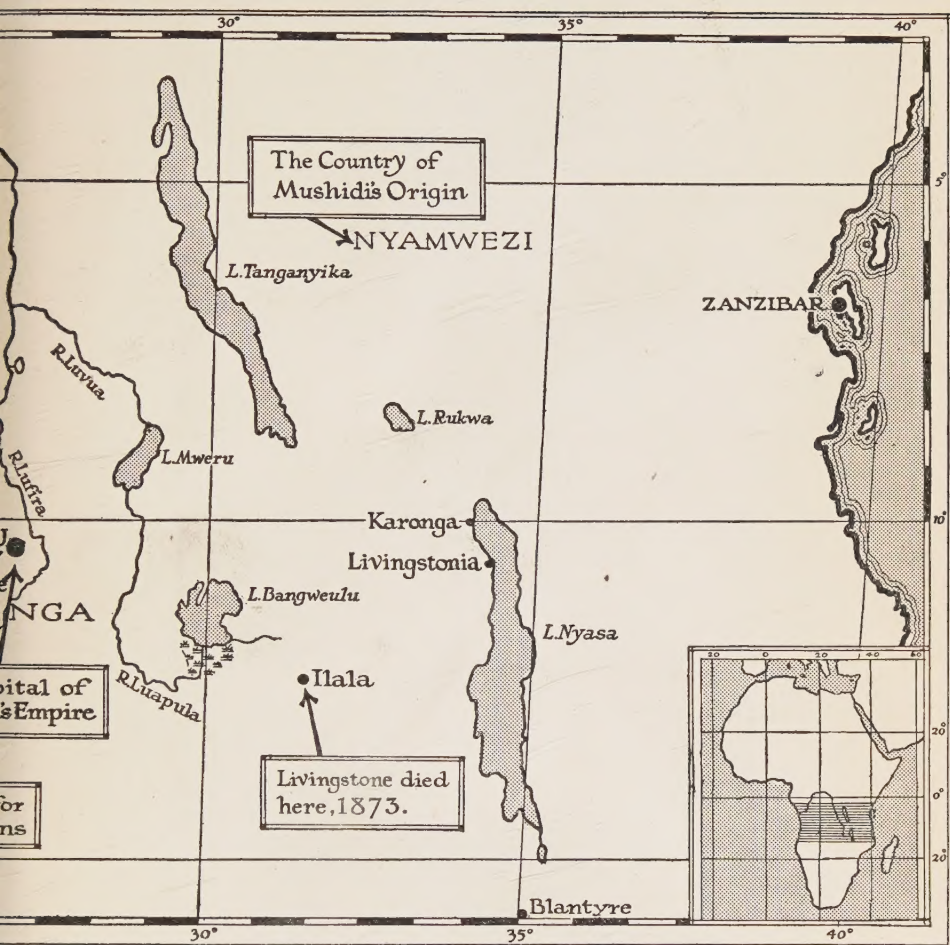
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DAN CRAWFORD: MISSIONARY AND
PIONEER IN CENTRAL AFRICA

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Photograph by

G. A. Brown

Dan Crawford, 1912

Frontispiece.

Dan Crawford

Missionary and Pioneer in Central Africa

BY

Dr. G. E. Tilsley

Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society

*Fellow of the Royal Society of Tropical
Medicine and Hygiene*

With Foreword by

Dr. Laws of Livingstonia

"He who is to represent Christ . . . before heathenism should be Christ-loving and Christ-like; should have a passion for the salvation of souls; and should not hesitate to give up luxury and life, as his Master did, in order that the world may come to a knowledge of the Gospel that saves."

LIVINGSTONE.

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NEW YORK

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To

LITTLE LADY,

WHOM UNCLE DAN LOVED, IN GLAD
ENJOYMENT OF HER DEAR COMPANIONSHIP
HER HUSBAND DEDICATES THIS BOOK.

“Grow old along with me !
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which
the first was made.”

BROWNING : *Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

N14341

FOREWORD

BY

DR. LAWS OF LIVINGSTONIA.

IN being asked to write a foreword to the life of Mr. Daniel Crawford, a difficult task has been laid upon me, for I had the honour of being able to call him my friend, and the love and respect between us was mutual. In the great object we had in view, of extending the Kingdom of our Lord, we were at one, but in the methods of attaining that end, which we felt called upon to adopt, there were differences, though these should not be characterized as antagonistic but rather as complementary to each other.

The outstanding feature in the life and work of this lovable but most impulsive Peter of a man might be summed up in the words, "This one thing I do." He had a God-given message to proclaim, and with all his heart he did it. Sin was to him a terrible reality, with its consequence of separation from God and the spiritual death which this means. With the incisive and relentless diagnosis of the disease came his application of the remedy—Jesus Christ as the only Saviour; and the individual acceptance, by faith, of Him as the sinner's personal Saviour—the conversion of the individual—as the way of salvation. There was with him and his preaching no camouflage of sin, as heredity, environment, inferiority complex, or any other of the fashionable narcotics of the conscience so much in vogue at present. To him, as to the apostles of old, sin meant death, salvation meant life, and to rouse a man to the reality of the first, and to accept the second, whenever he had the opportunity of doing so, was the mission Dan Crawford felt God had called him to fulfil. It is the message the world needs.

Temperamentally he was specially fitted for dealing with individual souls. Bold as the ambassador of Christ, he sought to win anyone and everyone for the Master he served. While he stayed at Livingstonia he shared with us in the conduct of the regular Sunday services and his ministrations were helpful to all.

Several of his colleagues insisted that their work was to preach the gospel, and objected to the educational side

FOREWORD

of mission work. Mr. Crawford, though holding strongly to the duty of preaching, was not eventually antagonistic to the other. His awakening to the advantages of education came to him in two ways. When his first translation of two gospels was printed, and later his translation of the New Testament, he found they were practically useless where there were no readers. Then his stay at Livingstonia, and his visits to the other stations and out-stations of that mission, showed him that the schools were great feeders of the Church. God's word, read and explained in the daily scripture lesson of the school, bore its fruit. Every one reading aloud the gospel, in a village where none else could read, unconsciously became God's mouth for the proclamation of His revealed love, and so thousands were hearing the way of salvation who, without the work of the schools, would never have learned of Jesus Christ.

Tentatively at first, Mr. Crawford began educational work by establishing one, followed by other bible-schools, with the main object of teaching the pupils to read the scriptures in the vernacular. This work was pushed more rapidly after his return from furlough. He was planning the addition of ten new schools just before his death, for he increasingly recognized these schools to be a potent help for his work. Their work meant, in fact, fitting the members of the native Christian Church, to become in a more efficient manner the messengers of God to their fellow men. The educational work thus begun will call for advance there as in other missions, for the impact of western civilization is coming to be felt everywhere in Central Africa, and the children, of native Christians especially, have to receive an education which will fit them to meet new conditions of life and duty, unknown to their fathers. The necessity for this change is already evidencing itself in a way perhaps not satisfactory to those working along earlier lines. It is, however, an advance on the past, and has to be conserved for the highest of Christian ends. Though better fitted for preaching than for the teaching work his younger colleagues did, Mr. Crawford accepted and used the beneficial advance which resulted from the schools. Then came development, shown in his attitude to station work as contrasted with continuous itineration. Perhaps he never realized that to be tied down to a station for the greater part of the

year, in order to be the *servus servorum Dei*, and that others might have the greater opportunity of itineration with prepared native helpers to assist them in doing so, was not easily borne by some of those whom he saw submitting to it, but was accepted by them as the method of widening rapidly both the range of itinerary work and its efficient scope. Further, the very increase of work called for its organization; and that need he began to realize before his death.

With regard to means of support in work for God, whether according to Mr. Crawford's view as coming direct from God, without any recognized human agency, or, as in most Christian work, by stipend from the church or congregation served, there will likely always be diversity of opinion. A child receiving its food and clothing through an earthly father's hand, need not be prevented thereby from seeing that his Heavenly Father is the real provider. No one will go far, or do much in Christian service, without finding that he has to look to God as the fountain head of all the means he needs for the work God gives him to accomplish. He may not, as Müller of Bristol said, have bestowed on him the "gift of faith," to the extent with which he (Müller) was endowed with it, but he certainly will have to exercise it in some, and usually a growing, degree.

Many, especially ardent young Christians, will read this book and be stimulated to follow the example of Mr. Crawford. This we hope will be very largely the case.

One caveat is, however, necessary, especially as concerns work in the tropics. Loving and respecting him as I did, I must condemn his want of prudence, and even recklessness, with regard to his own life and health. It needs a very clear call of duty before a man may ignore what is required by the sixth commandment. One cannot help feeling that, thinking ahead and planning ahead, with regard to work and conditions connected with it, would have saved his being brought again and again to death's door, and might have saved the lives of some of his companions. Not the beginning of the rainy season, but of the dry season, is surely the time to start exploration and itineration in unknown districts. For a sudden call in emergency, such as caring for someone in illness, one may look for, and expect, the needful help and protection, and be assured of God's giving it; but this is a very different

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thing from much of Mr. Crawford's early experience and practice. The obligation to take all due measures for securing health and avoiding sickness is specially incumbent on one who may be looked to as the leader of a mission party ; for his younger companions, if worth their salt, will seek to emulate his efforts, especially where self-denial and enduring hardship are called for. This warning, as a medical man, I feel bound to give, and having done so, gladly pass to a more congenial theme.

Next to the late Dr. Henry, Mr. Crawford is the greatest linguist I have known in Africa. Many of us envied his marvellous memory and the ease with which he could master a new language. In his translation work he shared with others the constant desire to make it more perfect, and had great difficulty in passing on his MS. as ready for the printer. Even when a page was stereotyped he would want changes to be made which would have involved the re-setting of more than one page, and the re-casting of those pages. Acting as printer for the National Bible Society, it was not easy to convince him that however much we sympathized with his desire for perfection, financial reasons had a say in limiting the changes to be made in what he could never look upon as completely perfect.

The typewritten MSS. passed by him, Mrs. Crawford, and Miss Bryde, which came to me from time to time for printing, were certainly the most perfect I ever saw ; and not a few have passed through my hands. Any indistinct letter would be corrected on the margin, and Mr. Thomson, our printer, and my wife who did most of the proof reading in those days, felt the challenge that the printed page should equal the typewritten copy. What all this meant with regard to every letter and comma of a whole New Testament in a strange language must be experienced to be realized. All honour to those who made such perfect typewritten copies of the original MSS.

Almost as a shadow, in the background of this biography, stands one who, however much she may wish it, cannot be allowed to remain there. When Daniel Crawford married Grace Tilsley, he received a great gift from God, one who, as the complement of himself doubled his usefulness. A gracious woman, trained as a nurse, methodical in all her work and business habits, she became the steadying counterpart of the impulsive Dan Crawford. I cannot

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conceive of her ever standing between him and his work. So far from preventing him from taking long itineraries, as in earlier days he had dreaded must result from marriage, which he had thought, therefore, ought to be avoided by a missionary, she would go in one direction while he went in another, to overtake the people with the gospel. A month might elapse ere they met again. Nor in faith or suffering was she behind him. On one occasion, alone and struck down by fever, palatable food for the invalid could not be got by her carriers. But God sent His raven to provide for Mrs. Elijah in the shape of a fish-eagle, which swooping down caught a fish, and, frightened, dropped it where her servant picked it up and cooked the tasty morsel needed to bring her on the way to recovery.

The latter part of the biography tells a little of the home life at Luanza, and tells of how a Christian home can influence a heathen community in a way the most saintly celibate can never reach. The heathen, and still more the Christian women and children can come to the missionary wife and mother with their troubles and anxieties, assured of an understanding hearing, and sympathy, which has its source in the love of Christ. The far-reaching effects of this and the Christian home from which it sprang eternity only will reveal. Bravely, after her husband's death, she remained to carry on the work, her one request to her friends being that they should not pray for her return to England. The latest news tells of the great ingatherings she and her fellow-workers have been privileged to see. We pray God to grant an ever increasing harvest to the seed sown and thrust forth more labourers of His own preparing into His harvest field.

May He bless this biography in helping forward these results.

To His name be all the glory.

ROBERT LAWS,

C.M.G., M.A., M.D., D.D., LL.D.

PREFACE

It was in 1921 that I was privileged to join Mr. Dan Crawford at Luanza. Shortly afterward he broached to me the subject of writing a life of himself. He was being pressed at the time for an autobiography, but was of opinion that the work should be put together by some other hand than his own.

He pointed out to me that it should be prepared, if at all, by one with first hand knowledge of the Native peoples of Central Africa, and of their lands ; that its writer should be aware of the problems that face the missionary working amongst primitive communities ; and that its author should have a personal acquaintance, as long and as intimate as possible, with himself.

Upon balancing against the inadequacy which I felt for the task, the fact that those who, other than myself, fulfilled the three desiderata laid down by Mr. Crawford were very few, if indeed any at all, and upon adding to that consideration the weight of my uncle's wishes in the matter, I felt constrained to give him an undertaking to write, at some time, that life of him the publication of which we both, with others, felt to be a duty owed to the great missionary cause of Christ.

This book is the result of that promise.

It will be seen that the work is, in fact, to a large extent, autobiographical. I have drawn liberally upon diaries, journals and letters of Mr. Crawford's, preferring, as a rule, that he should speak for himself rather than that I should present summaries of his material.

Not only did Mr. Crawford, when he had obtained my promise, place at my disposal the large collection of written records of all sorts which he had by him at Luanza, but he also talked with me on innumerable occasions, during the years that followed, about the facts which are herein presented. Accordingly I not only learned from himself the history of his times, but I soaked myself also in his points of view regarding it. It has been my endeavour throughout the writing of this book to allow to the knowledge

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of the workings of his mind which was thus acquired, its full value in the selection of material, in the emphases placed on the various epochs, incidents and trends of his career, and especially in striking the balance of the whole work. At the same time I have tried to exercise an independent judgement on all that I heard from him.

In regard to nearly every incident recorded, I have been able to substantiate his data from outside sources. In one or two instances, however, I have failed in the attempt to do so. Nevertheless I trust that no serious error has found its way into this account.

One restriction was placed upon me by Mrs. Crawford. It was that nothing should be said about herself. It will be seen that to the limit of what was possible without falsifying the perspective of the picture of her husband's life I have respected her wish in this. In certain matters, however, it behoved me to honour her desire in the breach rather than in the observance of it.

It had been my ardent hope, and her promise, that she should have read and passed judgement on the whole book before its publication; but the pressing circumstances of the devotedly full life which she is leading for God in Luanza unfortunately compelled her to the conclusion that she had not the time to do justice to so arduous a labour—a matter of deep regret to me.

It was with diffidence that I promised my uncle to undertake the task he laid upon me. It is with a sense of reluctance that now at length I permit the result of my long labours at it to pass into a form that is unalterable. For, like Dr. Johnson, "I have indeed disappointed no opinion more than my own; yet I have endeavoured to perform my task with no slight solicitude."

It should be pointed out that as far as has seemed possible the orthography of Native names, both of persons and of places, has been brought into uniformity. It is a difficult and somewhat thorny subject; and no claim is made for any perfection in the result. Wherever possible I have used the spellings indicated to me by Mr. Crawford as the result of his long cogitations upon them—e.g. *Mushidi*, rather than *Msiri*, or *Msidi*, for the Emperor (as he insisted was the only adequate title for the great potentate); *Bié*, rather than *Bihe*, despite the fact that it introduces a difficulty when writing of the *Biheans*. It must be

PREFACE

remembered, of course, that the advantage of training in scientific phonetics never came Mr. Crawford's way.

Proper names of tribes, languages and districts in the mouths of the Bantu peoples occur always with the inevitable class prefix. Thus, for instance one Luba man is *mu-Luba*, also written *Muluba*, and *muLuba*; two Luba men is *va-Luba* (again by some written one way and by others another); the language of the Luba tribe is *chi-Luba*, or *ki-Luba* (once more with corresponding variations); and the land of the Luba people is *bu-Luba*, with variant spellings. All this is confusing to the ordinary reader unaware of the system of class prefixes so characteristic of the Bantu languages. Accordingly in nearly every instance I have dropped the prefix altogether, speaking not of a "mu-Luba" but of a "Luba tribesman"; not of "chi-Luba," but of the "Luba language."

Footnotes have been added where it seemed necessary to clear up some point obscure to those whose only knowledge of the circumstances is derived from this account. To a man who has spent considerable time in academic teaching, the temptation to multiply them indefinitely was very strong, and to have yielded would have been easy, for the art of writing notes, as the great lexicographer tells us, is not of difficult attainment. I resisted, however, and have kept them to a minimum.

I wish to acknowledge with gratitude the much help I have received while on this task. From not a few of Mr. Crawford's correspondents I obtained the loan of letters which they had received from him. I mention especially in this connection my indebtedness to Dr. Laws of Livingstonia, to Mr. Bernard Turner of the London Missionary Society, and to Miss May Snow, the niece of Mr. James Corson, the life-long friend and supporter of Mr. Crawford.

My wife rendered invaluable help in copying out material that was on loan. Misses Stirling and Barclay very kindly typed much of the earlier part of the book. After I had left Luanza on furlough and had come to England, my secretary, Miss Vacher, gave unstinted labour which was of the utmost assistance.

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PREFACE

Mr. B. Turner, Mr. P. B. Last and Mr. R. Sharp have kindly loaned me certain of the illustrations, as is acknowledged, I trust, in every due place. For most of the photographs, however, I and my camera must accept the responsibility.

Mr. G. Neilson drew the maps with painstaking care.

In the task of preparing the index my labours were lightened by efficient help from Mr. A. Grant and my wife.

The Editors of *Echoes of Service* very kindly assisted me in verifying various details.

The "jacket" has been prepared by my cousin, Mr. Douglas Lyndesay Crawford, the surviving son of Mr. Dan Crawford. He also very kindly arranged interviews for me with members of the Crawford clan living in Arran Island and elsewhere in Scotland.

The reading of proofs containing foreign words, both proper names and others, in considerable numbers is very exacting. My grateful thanks are heartily accorded to Mr. T. C. Muir for his meticulous care in this arduous task.

I wish particularly to say that at all times my publishers have shown themselves extremely courteous, forbearing and helpful.

.

I loved and esteemed Dan Crawford with no common esteem and love. From him I learned many things touching the Kingdom of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ. It is with the earnest desire and the fervent prayer that this record of his life may lead others also to know and to experience more of the Master whom he served unto death, and to devote themselves more fully, more courageously and more whole-heartedly to His royal service, that I send out this book.

London, 1929.

G. E. T.

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FIRST PERIOD

Nineteen years in Britain.

1870-1889.

- I. PARENTAGE AND YOUTH.
- II. CONVERSION.
- III. EARLY WITNESS.
- IV. WHOLE TIME SERVICE ; AND
CALL TO AFRICA.

I

PARENTAGE AND YOUTH

DAN CRAWFORD'S ancestors were Gaels. The dust of Crawfords, of McKelvies, and of McKenzies, lies buried in the yard of Sannox Congregational Kirk. Sannox is a village in the north-east corner of that island of rugged beauty that is Arran. Arran lies where the Clyde pours its waters southward towards Ulster.

It was, they say, in the island of Arran, in a cave near Whiting Bay, that Robert the Bruce, defeated and deserted, took courage as he watched the famous spider. When he recrossed to the mainland to lead some thirty thousand men to victory at Bannockburn, Islesmen of Arran were with him. It is not unlikely that amongst them were men of the Crawfords. Valiant and sturdy they were six hundred years ago, those sons of Somerled; and valiant and sturdy under the Hamiltons they remain to this day.

In the island of Arran, Crawford is one of the old and honoured names. Crofters they were, and men of the sea.

In 1777-78, when the then Duke of Hamilton was offering money rewards for improvements in husbandry, one of the prize winners was a certain Patrick Crawford.

In the early years of the nineteenth century, in Corrie, a village on the eastward coast of Arran that looks across the grey waters to the mainland of Ayrshire, Daniel Crawford was living. He was either the son or grandson of Patrick the prize winner. He was ship-master of a coasting boat which plied between Arran and the mainland. From Corrie he carried sandstone to Ardrossan and Saltcoats, Troon and Ayr, and fared back to the island with cargoes of coal. It was usual for these coastal boats to carry a master, a man, or it might be two men, and a boy. Often enough all hands would be members of the same family.

In 1842, when Daniel was fifty years old, and was still a hale and hearty sea-going man with thirty full years to

live, his seventh child was born at Corrie. He named him Archibald.

Archibald grew up into the business. As a boy he worked in his father's boat. When he was in his early twenties, and the boat would be calling sometimes at Saltcoats, Archibald would slip away by the train up to Paisley. A certain lassie of Arran descent was in service there in the family of Mr. G. Clark, the cotton thread manufacturer. Her name was Mary McKenzie. Her mother was a McKelvie. Her father had migrated first to Kilbirnie and then to Saltcoats. In the latter town Mary had been born in 1842.

In 1866 Archibald Crawford married Mary McKenzie from the house of her employer. The young couple went to live in Glasgow where, early in 1867, their first child was born. This was Mary McKelvie Crawford. Almost immediately afterwards they removed to Gourock, on the south bank of the Clyde, and there, in a small house in Kempock Street, hard by Gourock Pier, on December 7th, 1870, their second child, a son, was born. They named him for his grandfather, the stalwart crofter-fisherman of Arran. Daniel Crawford they called him.

At the time of Dan's birth, Archibald Crawford was master of his own schooner, plying in the coastal trade. He was, however, not a healthy man, and in 1874, when Daniel was but four years old, he succumbed to tubercular disease of the lungs. He was buried with his forbears in Sannox churchyard in Arran.

Her third child having died in infancy, Mary, his wife, was left to bring up her boy, and her girl. Bravely she did it. It was hard work to make both ends meet. But grumble she never would, nor did. A small shop that stocked provisions, sweeties, and various other odds and ends, furnished a tiny income. An agency for the sale of ferry and railway tickets helped to eke out existence for herself and the two bairns. Nor was she above making a shilling or two by her mangle. Hard she worked, and well was she respected; not least by her minister, the famous Mr. Struthers.

Dan was sent to the board school in Gourock, where Mr. Brown was then the master. There, as well as at the Sunday-school of the United Free Church under Dr. David Purves, he won his full share of prizes,

He was a bright and winning lad, loved by all who knew him. He was easily given to anger, but quickly repentant, and not afraid to express his repentance. He never sulked.

He loved the water, and despite his mother's trepidation, grew very keen on yachting. A friend of his named Skinner, who lived in the adjoining town of Greenock, possessed a small yacht. After not a few escapades had thoroughly frightened her, his mother forbade him to go on a boat with Skinner, exacting his promise of obedience. But one evening Dan broke his promise and went. As luck would have it, the boat was becalmed in the Clyde off Gourock. Having no sweeps, the boys were obliged to wait the most part of the night for a breeze. In the small hours of the morning, as Mary Crawford, with a niece for company, kept vigil in the house in Campsie Terrace where they lived then, a miserable and white-faced Dan crept round to the back and peered in through the kitchen window. His mother's drawn face was enough for him. He never again broke a promise to her.

He left school at an early age and was entered as a clerk in the office, in Greenock, of a solicitor named Gunion. The practice was of very mediocre class. Dan did not remain there very long; but his contact with the processes of the law made a lasting impression upon his mind.

Thereafter Dan worked as book-keeper in the business of Mr. George Brown, a painter and decorator, in Greenock. He remained there until called into whole-time service in the Gospel.

CONVERSION

AT the age of sixteen, Dan Crawford was a "guid laddie." Always a smile ; always a cheery word ; always involved, to be sure, in every escapade of boyish mischief that was afoot, but never going too far—Dan was a general favourite in Gourrock. Without any hesitation, young as he was, he had assumed the responsibility of growing up into the position of supporting his widowed mother and his sister Mary. All the earnings from his work in Greenock were joyously brought home to his cherished mother. He was free of all vice. "A good lad," was the universal verdict.

Although he had no great sins to accuse himself of, and although he had a good conscience towards men, yet in the latter months of 1886, Dan began very much to doubt the efficacy of being merely a "guid laddie." There came to him new and disturbing thoughts of God, and of the future state. A sense of guilt and of sin began to intrude itself from time to time into his mind, theretofore so blythe and carefree. He began vaguely to fear that his understanding of life omitted from view matters that were vital to its success and his peace. He laughed less frequently and with less abandon. He felt he grew more serious, more religious. He considered that he might make things right by engaging in some definite work for God ; and since the only thing proper for a young man seemed to be to teach Sabbath-school, Dan applied to Rev. Dr. Purves for work of that nature. He was given it. He became a Sunday-school teacher.

After he had spent a short while in the general school, he and another young man, John D. Storer, a carpenter, were appointed to take charge of the infant class. Storer was a man who had passed through a definite crisis of conversion, and who was an earnest seeker after souls whom he would have to know the assurance of an individual reconciliation with God. Accordingly, it was not long before Storer perceived that although Dan had been brought

up from youth to read the Scriptures, and to sit faithfully under a godly man, and to join in the life of the Church, and although he was now earnestly desirous both of knowing and of doing God's will, yet he had no personal touch with God ; he had not yet been converted. Crawford, too, soon became aware that there was a difference of a fundamental kind between the messages which he prepared for their "kiddies," and those which Mr. Storer gave them. "How I feel the difference," he used to say to his co-worker, "between your teaching and mine." Over this difference he puzzled and grew distressed, not knowing what it was or why it came about. During the winter of 1886-87 on many an evening he ran into Storer's, and sitting by his fireside talked it over. Storer pointed him to a Saviour who was personal, and spoke of a something called conversion, of a new life, of a being born again. Nevertheless, no light came at that time to Dan. He remained in the dark, still puzzled, still troubled.

About this time Dan went to Kilmalcolm on a visit to a Mrs. McLean. It was shortly after Professor Henry Drummond had been up and down the west of Scotland preaching Christ as He had not been preached there for many a year. There had been a very considerable re-assessment of spiritual values, and the conscience was awakened. Many Christian University students gave themselves, under Drummond's leadership, to following up the Professor's missions, with very valuable results. Of these young evangelists, three were in Kilmalcolm over the week-end that Dan was there ; and he, while hearing them preach on Sunday, was suddenly and for the first time laid under real conviction of sin. Abruptly, as he sat in the church, he realized that he, Dan Crawford, had personally sinned against God, and that the conflict in his soul, of which he had for some time been vaguely conscious, arose because his sins came between him and God. Returning to the house, he began to pour out his heart on the subject that had gripped him, but, with typical Scotch reserve, his hostess merely looked at him in a silence that struck a chill to his heart. He faltered, and fell silent.

On the afternoon of the following Monday, Dan accompanied Mrs. McLean to Greenock where she had shopping to do. Her last errand was at a chemist's shop, one of a chain of stores. It so happened that the owner himself

was there, concluding a visit of inspection. His gig and pony were at the door, and he had already drawn on his gloves when they entered. As the assistant who usually had charge was occupied in the preliminaries of closing, he himself attended to Mrs. McLean, who asked him for liquorice powder. On returning home she took a dose of the medicine with which she had been served, fell very shortly into severe agony, and died that same evening. The chemist in error had given her *nux vomica*.

This sad incident, in which he was thus intimately concerned, coming so immediately after the rebuff when he would have spoken to her of spiritual things, caused Dan great uneasiness of soul. It brought him to dwell with apprehension upon thoughts of that nearness to death in which all men always live. It gave him to ask what may be known of, and what provision made in respect of, a life beyond the grave.

During the early months of 1887, oppression grew more and more heavy upon his soul. The anxiety which he felt became increasingly more intense. He became convinced that a radical change must be made. A deep sense of personal sin became at times a veritable torment to him. At intervals, however, he was still able to throw off his depression, and to regain his old care-free joyousness. But as the weeks went by, the periods of depression lengthened out and greater effort was required to throw them off; while at the same time the periods of relief became always more and more brief. There was a sense of struggle; the struggle seemed futile. A restless anxiety for a reorganization of his life was urgent upon him. But how? Upon what basis?

It was about that time that there came from Glasgow to reside in Gourock, a Mr. John M. Murdoch. He was a retired baker, a native of Kilmarnock. Although he had been blind from his earliest youth, he had always refused to mope under his affliction. He had amply held his own in life. He was an active worker in the Gospel. During his years in Glasgow he had become thoroughly experienced in the Scriptures. He was convinced that, apart altogether from whatever traditions had been accumulated and handed down by Christians of past ages (which might or might not be valuable but were certainly not indispensable), in the Bible was to be found all that is necessary, not only

to indicate the way of reconciliation with God through Christ Jesus His Son, and the path of individual conduct well pleasing to the Father, but also to afford complete guidance in all matters concerning the inter-relationships of co-followers of the same Jesus.

In the New Testament records of the earliest churches he perceived guidance in all essentials and principles for the conduct and shepherding of congregations of Christians for all time. He believed that every individual needs to be personally converted; that baptism by immersion is an ordinance to be observed by all converted souls; that all believers have access to God by Christ; that all true believers in Christ, in good moral standing, living in one locality, might, and indeed should, form *one* local church without regard to mere differences of interpretations. He held that they ought *all of them* in unbroken fellowship to meet together to break the Bread and to partake of the Cup of the Lord's Supper in united remembrance of their one Saviour. He believed in the personal return of the Lord Jesus, and in the rapture of the saints. Above all, and fundamental to all, he held strenuously that the Bible is the inspired Word of God, and the ample guide to all problems of Christian conduct, both personal and collective. In Glasgow he had been associated with men of like mind who were known as "The Brethren" or "Plymouth Brethren."

On coming to Gourock, Mr. Murdoch had very soon gotten into touch with Christians there, whom he used to invite to his house in Cardwell Bay, that they might read together in the Scriptures. One of those who began highly to appreciate these readings, and to be enlightened by them, was Mr. Storer. With him also, amongst others, were Mr. John Callander, a slater, and an older man, Mr. Rankin, whose happy singing remained a pleasant memory to Dan Crawford. These earnest men were accustomed to engage, as their employment might permit, in preaching the Gospel in Gourock, and in the surrounding district, sometimes in the open-air, and on Sunday evenings in a little room known as the Dairy Hall, which had at one time formed part of the premises of the Gourock Rope-work Company. When they understood from Mr. Storer that Dan was not converted but had become very anxious about his soul, they interested themselves in him, repeatedly

talking with him in an endeavour to resolve the conflict going on in his soul, and to bring him to salvation. They took him with them to the Bible readings at Mr. Murdoch's. The sense of the necessity of an individual surrender of the will to God was deepened in him there, and his understanding of its implications broadened.

At this time also, Dan took long walks with Dr. Purves, during the course of which they talked on spiritual matters. Dan exposed to the minister certain intellectual difficulties which had come to trouble him, causing him to call in question whether the solutions to the problems of Christian living, standardized and promulgated by established Churches, were in fact trustworthy.

Dr. Purves's contribution to Dan Crawford's perplexities at this critical time, was to convince him that intellectual equipment need be no hindrance to the exercise of a child-like faith or to the acceptance of the orthodox Christian message and position. In after years it was always with gratitude that Dan recalled his careful handling of the honest doubts of an ardent young heart.

In May, 1887, Dan's anxiety and spiritual distress became very deep. He passed into a state of conviction of sin in which he knew no rest, either night or day. He entered into darkness of soul and could find no light. "Pangs gat hold" of him and he could find no relief. His sins loomed ever before him ominous, black, damning. Hell was present with him. He dared not contemplate the future.

Living and working became instinctive only, the mere motions of which he accomplished automatically and unconsciously. Whenever the routine of life ceased to present him with an urgent occupation, he wandered off wherever his feet took him on long lonely jaunts by the Clyde, or into the hills. Being alone, he wrestled in soul with God as though he would wring from Him consideration. In vain. He called aloud upon God, but God gave him no perceptible answer. Not knowing where he had wandered he would return home exhausted, but in a restless agony of apprehension which precluded all possibility of real rest. Sin—his sins—oppressed him as an awful weight ever dragging him down, down, down to an eternal hell of hopelessness and godlessness. From the sleep into which he sank at times, he would start up with a sweat of spiritual conflict on his brow. For fourteen days and

nights dark and dire powers drew enveloping toils of blackness ever more tightly and more stiflingly around him. He was weighed down with a sense of awful futility and helplessness ; it seemed that he got nowhere in the struggle ; he was entangled ; he was at the end of his resources ; he would soon be beaten. He cried aloud that he was a Hell-deserving sinner ; that he could not save himself.

On the morning of Sunday, 15th May, 1887, Dan rose from a sleepless bed. He went as usual through the motions of eating, of going to church, of teaching Sabbath-school. But his soul the while was in agony, crying out for deliverance from the blackness of darkness which enveloped him.

It had come to this : if the conflict were not soon to end, it would kill him.

Evening came. He found himself alone on a road beyond the village. He remembered that his fellow-worker Storer had repeatedly advised him to attend the evening Gospel service at Dairy Hall—had, indeed, that very morning again pressed him to do so. Hitherto he had always held back for fear of being ridiculed by the other lads for attending a low-down “ Meeting ” instead of the respectable Kirk ; but that night he felt it imperative to try any means whatever to obtain the relief of which he stood so sorely in need. If he got no good, surely he would get no harm at Dairy Hall.

Suddenly he made up his mind. Scrambling across the railway, and passing through a cemetery by a cutting, he reached, by this unusual route, the wall at the back of the little hall. A quick look round to see that he was not observed ; a hurried scramble ; and he dropped into the yard. Slipping in almost furtively at the door, he found himself in a small room whose white-washed walls were hung with texts. A tiny congregation was already gathered. He took a seat on one of the bare benches. A simple service was being conducted. In an unpretentious address a working man told of the Saviour’s love. A hymn and a prayer brought the hour to a close.

The little congregation arose, and filed out. But not Dan. His hour had come. He found himself unable to leave his seat. He could do nothing. He just sat on—sat on. John Callander, his wife, Rankin and Storer remained with him. Turn and turn about they wrestled

with him, endeavouring all they knew to bring him to a decision; for two hours they laboured unceasingly to point out to him the way of Salvation; insisting that not by any effort of his own could he reconcile himself to God, but that he must yield his will and himself to the Saviour who could. Christ alone could, they urged, and He most certainly would, effect a reconciliation for him with the God he feared.

At the end of that two hours Dan was still in the depths of distress. By that time he had risen and was standing in the aisle facing the door. One arm was thrown across his chest, and the other hand was raised to his face, the thumb under his chin and the fore-finger curved over his lips in a characteristic attitude. His head was thrown pugnaciously forward—he seemed like a fighter dazed by a rain of blows, but resolutely determined to keep on his feet to the last. “This is terrible,” he repeated over and over again; “this is dreadful—this is dreadful.” It seemed as though he had reached an impasse; he dared not retreat and he could not advance.

Mr. Storer felt that all the elements were there necessary to the glad decision; but that progress was held up by a jam, as it were, of emotions and impulses so crowded together that each impeded the other. And as in a log-jam on a Canadian river the whole raft will flow on with a rush once the key-log is set in motion, so now he cast about for a way to isolate and to set in motion some one definite impulse. He felt sure that all would follow upon an initial move. He looked around for a piece of chalk (on week nights the room was used for evening classes). Not perceiving any, he took from his pocket a thick carpenter’s pencil, and with it drew a strong black line on the floor between Dan and the door. He said, “Now, Dan, you’ll not step over that line until you have trusted Christ.”

The next few minutes passed in silence. Then suddenly dropping his arms, and drawing a deep breath, Dan strode across the line, exclaiming in tones of decision, “I will.”

It was twenty minutes past ten by the clock on the wall when *Dan Crawford crossed the line.*

Peace flowed into his heart. Forthwith he knew himself at one with God and with His eternal purposes. He

caught at the hands of his helpers, and together they sang :

“ Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.”

The step was decisive : it was also final. From that moment Dan Crawford never looked back. In all the years that followed his will was merged in that of his Master. The conflict had been resolved for ever, and Dan Crawford was God's man once for all. The movement of the key-log had indeed set in motion all the pent-up wealth of timber. All his immense vitality, all his wealth of emotion, all his tenacity of purpose, all, *all* that was Dan Crawford streamed thereafter in the full flow of God's will.

In the home, Dan, only son of a widow, had not theretofore taken the place as head of the house which in a Scotch family was his. But when he came down that Monday morning he took the head of the table, and for the first time gave thanks for the breakfast.

In reply to the question in the faces of his womenfolk, he related what had happened the previous night. His mother expostulated. She had brought him up respectably ; she had trained him religiously ; he was a member of the kirk ; he was a Sunday-school teacher. . . . She hoped there would be no scandalous nonsense. The Dairy Hall indeed—— !

“ It's all right, mother,” said Dan ; “ only, that way is ended. I know my Lord now.”

There was no more to be said. Dan was converted.

III

EARLY WITNESS

FROM twenty minutes past ten on Sunday night, May 15th, 1887, Dan Crawford was wholly God's man. His lamp was lit. To hide it under a bushel never occurred to him. From the very first, necessity was laid upon him to bear active witness to his new-found Lord. That first Monday morning he set off as usual for Greenock, full of joy in his new-found Saviour, but apprehensive, nevertheless, about his meeting with the office force. He was particularly dreading to meet one certain man. During the day Dan had occasion to be alone with this man. The moment had arrived when he must speak out ; but words would not come. His perturbation was too great to allow him to notice that his companion was also labouring to find courage to speak. As they continued, each of them in trouble, and as Dan was finding himself every moment less able to introduce, as he desired, the subject of his conversion, suddenly his colleague stammered out that he had good news to tell :

“ Dan, I was converted last night ! ”

The floodgates opened then, and together they rejoiced with “ Hallelujahs ” and “ Praise the Lords ” in a manner which the Dan Crawford of later days used affectionately to speak of as ‘ Billy-Bray-ish.’

From that moment he found it easy, and more than easy he found it natural, to speak of his Lord to all and sundry. The fear of that first encounter never returned ; and he became an inveterate Gospeller, able convincingly to bring the subjects of any conversation, whatever they might be, into their proper relationship with eternal verities.

On the brisk morning tramp to his work at Greenock he swung along with a song, usually making a choice of one of the hymns which extol the Person and the work of Jesus his Lord, who became to him in those days constantly more and more personally dear and near. Along the way

he would greet his acquaintances with a smile and a shout of "The Lord is my Shepherd" or "Now is the accepted time." For every stranger too, he had a happy word of good news; and such was his evident enjoyment of it himself, and such his real earnestness and loving concern for them, that few, if any, ever took offence.

Neither in those days, nor ever, did Dan take forethought for his own personal needs. Food, clothing, economic security—matters to which man gives so much anxious thought—held very small place in Dan's life. At this time when he was working in Greenock, loving hands there were that carefully prepared and packed a lunch for him, and that thrust it safely into his pocket as he set out each morning; and a loving voice there was that laid daily injunction on him to be sure to eat it. Seldom indeed did he eat all of it! Not that it was wasted—very far from that. It was made to serve a double purpose.

As soon as he left the office at mid-day, in those early days of his conversion, Crawford used to hurry off to one or other of the docks, there to seek out some labourer willing to listen to him. Few could resist the overflowing *bonhomie* of his sunny presence, and so, when he had made sure of his audience, he would sit down beside him, open out his lunch, and share it with him. If, as not infrequently was the case, he suspected the man of being seriously underfed, he would find a way to press upon him the greater portion of his food.

Even then, at seventeen years of age he was beginning to evince that genius for arresting phrases which later became a passion with him to such an extent that, whether in English or in one of the Bantu languages of which he became master, his talk when he was in the vein became a brilliant stream of sparkling aphorisms. Against those in Greenock who at that time deprecated his too great generosity he used to defend himself by saying, with a disarming smile, "You can't expect a hungry soul to listen on a hungry stomach."

In the evenings he used to wander about the streets, or the riverside, till he found some knot of people, when he would sing a hymn, and follow it up with the story of his conversion, or with an earnest appeal to his hearers to come to God by Jesus Christ. Sometimes he would be accompanied by other Christian men, but often he would

be alone. From the very beginning he was convinced that upon all Christians is laid the duty of witnessing, of Gospelling, of missionizing—express how you will the activity commanded by the Lord as recorded in Matt. 28. To that essential labour are called, not merely SOME select Christians having special talents or training and thereby constituting members of a distinctive caste of professional propagandists, but ALL those who are Christ's followers. Such at least was Dan Crawford's faith.

One afternoon he was walking down Greenock's main street with Miss Brown, the daughter of his employer, when without warning he stepped into the gutter, and whipping off his cap, began to pray aloud. His friends had to be prepared for anything. Such of them as were diffident suffered somewhat. But they continued his friends.

On one occasion accompanied by two or three companions whom he knew to be Christians, he found himself at Prince's Pier at the time when it was thronged with people. One of the young men with him was Joe McKenzie, a very little man, whose diffidence had prevented him from speaking for his Lord in the open-air. A barrel happened to be standing in a prominent place, and towards it, as though inadvertently, Dan edged his group. Suddenly he seized the little man by the waist, swung him on to the barrel, and, looking up at him, said, "Now speak, Joe." Thoroughly taken aback, which is hardly to be wondered at under the circumstances, McKenzie could find no words at all, but stood there tongue-tied and anguished. While preventing him from jumping down, Dan started a hymn, and when by that means the attention of quite a crowd had been drawn to them, he stopped the singing, and said "*Now then, Joe.*" And Joe spoke up like a veteran.

This Mr. McKenzie afterwards went to Australia, where he took an active part in the work of God. More than thirty years later two sons of his gave themselves to work for Christ in one of the areas opened up in Central Africa by the pioneer labours of their father's boyhood friend.

Not a few were helped by Dan Crawford in those early days to take a bolder, a more outright and more aggressive stand for Christ.

One day Dan saw in the local paper that his grand-uncle, old Neil McKelvie, had died at the age of ninety.



Photograph by

G. A. Brown



Photograph by

G. A. Brown

1889

DAN CRAWFORD

The old gentleman had been the ruling elder of Sannox Congregational church for many years. On the afternoon of the funeral, just as the company were assembled around the open grave, they saw a bare bright head coming up the slope to the churchyard. It was Dan, just landed in Arran. Nothing would do but that he must read the lesson. He did so, and led the prayers of the mourners of the clan. When the body had been committed to the earth Dan turned away, strode back to Corrie and took ship again for the mainland. He was less than two hours in Arran, and took no sup nor bite. And the Islesmen of Arran spoke often of him as one who would go far and do great things.

One night Dan was standing at a street corner preaching Christ. A chilly blast was blowing from the east, and the whole outdoors was bleak and drear in the dusk. Not a soul stood with him, and not a single body paused to listen. Such folk as were obliged to be abroad hurried along with their heads down, their collars around their ears, the ends of their mufflers flying in the breeze, and their minds set on the shelter and the warmth of the hearth at home. But Dan stood there calling out texts about Jesus and His Love. Across the way was a "pub," and he was hoping that some wind-borne word, cast abroad like seed from the hand of a Syrian sower, might find a lodging in the soil of some heart where it would ultimately bear fruit to life eternal. Coming up the street there appeared a man who, Dan supposed, would have been the last to approve of "sic-like goings on."

"The street corner's nae place for preachin', nor's a layman the yin tae tak in haun' wi't in ony case, let alane a lad o' seventeen. The kirk's the place, and the meenister's the man for the preachin'; even if it werna' sic a lad, on sic a nicht and wi naebody listenin', forbye—its rale daft like."

Such, Dan imagined, would be the kind of thoughts stirring behind the keen eyes of that strictly respectable, and, as Dan has always thought, that so dour old elder of the Kirk whom he saw coming toward him. What then was his surprise when he felt a hand grip his shoulder, and heard a voice say in a tone of warm and approving friendliness, "Go on, my boy; God loves to hear you speak well of His Son." Dan never forgot that incident. By it he learned that glowing furnaces may be hid behind

stern-seeming and unpolished iron doors ; and he learned also to be lavish in after days with encouragement of the early efforts in the Gospel made by young African Christians in the hot rush of first love. To more experienced heads it seemed sometimes as though the efforts might be more wisely directed, but at least they were being made because hearts were throbbing with love and loyalty. Why not approve the glorious motive, before, if it must be done at all, censuring the method ? Who ventures the opinion that God does not take pleasure in the extravagance and the joyous abandon of hot hearts ? Remember Michal, David's wife. Who dares to say that that old elder was not right with his, " Go on, my boy ; God loves to hear you speak well of His Son " ? So thought, and so acted Dan Crawford. And so he advised others.

Nevertheless neglect of Brother Ass has to be paid for. At this period Dan began to develop a hacking cough. In all probability it was his exposure to all kinds of weather, and particularly the many hours of standing still in chill winds even beyond the time when all his reserves of bodily heat had been exhausted, which must be held responsible for it. His mother and his sister, and indeed all his friends, grew very anxious on account of that cough, the more so since consumption was in the family. His father had died of it.

From this time onward, during the two years which he was to remain in Britain, he was unable to shake off that distressing cough. As it grew slowly but surely worse, there came times when during the paroxysms he held a handkerchief to his mouth, and when a careful watcher might have noticed that he folded it expertly in taking it from his lips. He had no wish for others to see the tell-tale flecks of crimson. He himself never complained of it, and he never allowed it to interfere with either his work or his Gospelling ; or indeed with any of the joyous tenour of his glad new life.

From the time of his conversion he became a very regular attendant at the Bible readings which Mr. Murdoch continued to hold in his house. It was there that he first came to love the Scriptures with that intense ardour that characterized him all through his after life, so that quotations from them were always on his lips. He learned there to regard them as his never-failing source of daily spiritual

food. It was at that time too, that he made his own the firm conviction that the Bible is the fully inspired Word of God, and the sufficient and divinely appointed guide into "ALL Truth." From that belief he never swerved. It was in full assurance of that faith, that, as soon as he found himself in Africa, to the arduous labours of what he called "Bush Gospelling" he added those of Bible translation. He lived to be able to write: "The end of 1925 saw a great thing. We finished the last line of the Old Testament translation on the 31st December, 1925, and then had a solemn Dedication-of-manuscript Service. This ends a thirty years service for God." He had by then translated the *whole* Bible into the Luba language.

One of the first matters which engaged his awakened attention was that of baptism, concerning which he had hitherto accepted (without giving to it any special heed) the practice of the Presbyterian Church in which he had been brought up, that is to say, the sprinkling of infants. But now, led by Mr. Murdoch through Scriptures on the subject, he came to see baptism as enjoined—not upon infants, as though it were a sacrament efficacious in itself towards entering into the Body of Christ, the Church—but upon those individuals who have experienced and who know the reconciling power of Christ; for these it is an outward confession of an inward and spiritual participation, already established by their conversion, in Christ's burial and resurrection: "*If thou believest—thou mayest be baptized.*" He saw baptism as being by immersion; as being upon profession of faith; and as incumbent on *all* believers.

Infants, it seemed to him, along with other unbelievers, are not able to enter into such baptism. He saw clearly that to carry into effect what he felt to be the command of God for him might lead him into difficulties, even to a degree of ostracism from those of his Christian friends who were not of the same mind. Particularly did he regret that his beloved mother was unable to see eye to eye with him concerning it. But it was never Dan's way to sit idly or helplessly down before obstacles in the path of righteousness; his business was to reach the objective; for him, obstacles existed only to be overcome. Consequently he cast about for means to make a public confession of his Lord in Baptism by immersion.

Just four months after his conversion, he was immersed by Mr. Peter C. McKinlay in the Caledonia Hall, Greenock. He communicated the news to his friend Storer in characteristic fashion. On a square piece of paper, quite small, which he stamped and sent through the mail like a post-card, he wrote :—

By Command of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Buried with Him by Baptism,

Dan Crawford,

On Thursday, 15th September, 1887.

• • • • •

In 1888 six lads who were attending a Bible Class in a Mission in Greenock, conducted by Mr. Walter Fisher, became anxious for baptism by immersion. Dan used to speak to this class occasionally. And when they experienced difficulty in finding anyone to baptize them, Dan agreed to do so. On a Sunday morning in February, when the snow lay deep on the neighbouring Argyllshire hills, in the open waters of the Clyde at "The Battery," where H.M.S. *Ajax* had just been laid down, Dan Crawford, eighteen years of age, baptized six Christian lads. One of them was Peter Fleming, who later became widely known in Scotland and in Australia as a Baptist minister.

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The basis upon which Dan Crawford thus began to build the edifice of his Christian life was a very simple one. It was this : God is the Over-ruler of all things and of all people ; God has a Divine Will, a part at least of which He is working out through human agency ; to every individual servant of His, God apportions a section of the labour necessary to the accomplishment of His Holy purpose ; God is willing to reveal to every attentive servant

what is that particular work appointed to him—sometimes more, and sometimes less of the plan may be revealed at one time; it therefore behoves the man of God to listen, to apprehend, and above all, to *do* what God directs. *To do the Will of God* was for him become what it ever continued to be, the ground plan of his whole life.

He applied himself to read his Bible, not primarily for enjoyment in a search for tit-bits, nor for proof texts of doctrine, but in order to learn the will of God concerning himself. To witness for Christ was for him a natural outflow of his abounding joy; the Word was a fire in his bones; woe was he if he preached not the Gospel; but he very soon realized that to do so was also *a command* laid by God upon him, as upon every other child of His.

At the same time he began to realize that God was laying on him a mission to far countries and to people who had never been reconciled because they had never heard, and who had never heard because no preacher of the Gospel had ever gone to them. In the first place he experienced a commanding forcefulness in the words of the commission of the Lord to His followers in which He had said, "GO into ALL the world," and not merely "Live for me in your home surroundings." "Can a stay-er," he asked himself, "be a Go-er?" It came to him that he, personally, Dan Crawford, was one of the Sent Ones, called to be a Go-er for God. Very good: he was ready to go. In God's good time and way he was ready to be sent.

Another Scripture bit into his very bones. Mr. Murdoch loved to dwell on the Coming Again of the Lord Himself. It is a truth which seems to be precious in special measure to young converts, and Dan was no exception. The thought of meeting personally with his dearly beloved Lord transported his ardent spirit into ecstasies of holy joy. Nevertheless it was very far from inducing in him an unprofitable idleness of mere contemplation. Quite on the contrary. There got hold of him with all the force of a direct revelation of the will of God this word; "The Gospel must *first* be published among all nations . . . *then* shall the end come (Mk. 13. 10 and Matt. 24. 14). "Surely, then," said Dan to himself, "Surely, if I 'Love the appearing', I must endeavour to the utmost of my powers, by God's almighty help, to *hasten* that coming by extending the reach of the Gospel in all the world." Once

again, very good; he began to pray that his release from immediate obligations might be brought about without delay, that he might obey and become a "Go-er" for God.

The later eighties were marked in Great Britain by a decided and widespread increase of missionary zeal and interest. The movement was not confined to any one sect, but was general, both throughout the Nonconformist bodies and in the Church of England. Its roots lay back in the stir caused by the death in Central Africa of David Livingstone, which occurred in 1873. But it was given impetus and direction in the eighties by two outstanding events. Of these one drew attention to the home end, and forced men to face the fact that even brilliant earthly prospects did not preclude a call from Christ to lay them down—a notion that was startlingly fresh to Victorian Christians. This was the going forth to China in 1884–85 of the "Cambridge Seven." Such an event was unprecedented in the annals of modern missions. The seven were all of good family and of splendid prospects. Some of them went at their own charges. Among them were the stroke-oar of the University Eight, Mr. Stanley Smith, and Mr. C. T. Studd, the captain of the Eleven and an international cricket player. The repute of these men was nation-wide. Great Britain resounded with the fame of the party. A fire of missionary enthusiasm flamed its way through the ranks of all who sincerely named the name of Christ.

The other event drew the attention of an awakened public to the conditions on the foreign fields. This was the martyrdom of Bishop Hannington in Uganda of which the news, reported in England on New Year's day in 1886, shocked the conscience of the churches to realize how utter had been their ignorance, and how deep their disregard, of the dangers faced by missionaries. During the years that immediately followed upon these events, the publicity given to them brought many a young man to ask himself if his Lord would not have him to forsake all to follow Him to the dark places of the earth to proclaim His Good News.

It came to Dan. And he did not hesitate to say, "Here am I; send me." One consideration, however, weighed heavily on his mind. His darling widowed mother whose only son he was and whose sole future support he had hitherto supposed himself to be—what of her? His

beloved sister Mary, too—what of her? Of a true missionary life—a missionary being a Man with a Message whose true business is to “Go”—he understood enough to suppose that it would preclude all possibility of his ministering to their economic needs. Could he face that? Above all, could they? For a long time he continued in secret prayer that his mother might be willing with an unstinted blessing to send him forth to travel the path which he saw to be opening out before him, and which he realized must involve her in great sacrifice and probably in privation. The answer was not immediate.

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Some of the teaching which was suggested to him in the Bible readings which he had attended in 1887–88 gave him pause. It was suggested, for instance, that whole sections of our Lord’s own teaching, including the “Sermon on the Mount” of Matt. 5. 6. & 7. and the “Kingdom” parables, were “Kingdom Truth” in no way applicable to the present “Dispensation of Grace.” Some, following out the suggestion to a logical conclusion, seemed to come to the opinion that the Synoptic Gospels are composed entirely of so-called “Kingdom Truth,” whose precepts are not intended to be put into practice in this “Church” age. But when Dan Crawford saw that his Master’s conception of His own mission had led Him to leave His village home and to adopt the hazardous life of an itinerant preacher, and when he realized that Jesus had Himself given warning that the foxes and birds were more permanently housed than those who took the high road of Going with Him, and when he read that to Christ’s own sent-to-go ones He Himself had commanded on this wise: “Take nothing for your journey, neither staves, nor scrip, neither bread, neither money, neither have two coats apiece;” and when he heard Him saying, “If any man come to Me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple”; and again, “Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me cannot be My disciple”—then he came to the conclusion, that for him at least loyalty to his Lord demanded that he, Dan Crawford, “Kingdom Truth” or no “Kingdom Truth”, must travel

the same sort of pilgrim path. Home must be left ; mother and sister must be left. And for that life pilgrimage he must be disencumbered of baggage, of institutions, of personal belongings, and even and especially of the responsibility of money. On his Master's business he would trust his Master's bounty ; forth would he fare with this prayer for sole stock of supplies, " Give me my rations day by day ". God Himself would see to it that he fared sufficiently. Having fully and unreservedly trusted his heavenly Father, it seemed axiomatic to him that the life was more than any of its accidents, more indeed than the sum of them all.

The little group of Bible students did not get much encouragement from older Christians in the district who followed the immemorial traditions and demanded to be told why they found the ways of their fathers not to be good enough for them. A good deal of active pressure was brought to bear on them, with intent to compel them to confine not only their activities, but also their gropings after the whole Truth, within the respectable bounds of prescribed and established order. Nevertheless they persisted in meeting for their Bible study, and in carrying into effect the Truth as they found it.

Eventually they hired a small place called the Bridge Hall, into which they invited folk to hear the Gospel preached, and where they met not only for Bible study, but also to partake of the Lord's Supper in the way which they felt the Scriptures indicated to be their Master's plan. They appointed no minister, believing that the Holy Spirit would Himself open the mouths of those endowed by Him with the right message for each occasion ; and in admitting others to their fellowship they imposed no doctrinal tests. They wished to break Bread and to drink of the Cup in such a fashion that every living follower of Christ Jesus the Lord might find with them an untrammelled fellowship.

In taking this step with his friends Dan had no intention of separating himself from other Christians whose thoughts on these matters differed from his own. But he soon found that some of them condemned him for it, and treated him as a defaulter. There was in the kirk, for instance, a godly elder, a certain Mr. Simpson, for whom Dan had a great respect. After the opening of the Bridge Hall, Mr.

Simpson never again treated Dan in friendly fashion, but would pass him by in the street without a word, a frown on his forehead, and his eyes held stiffly to the front. Deeply did Dan regret it, and sorely did he grieve over it. "I lost his smile," he used to say in after years, "I lost his smile." Callander and the others who were associated with Dan in that venture on to the broad seas of Truth also shared in his condemnation. For many years Mr. Simpson refused to hold any communication with them. But when, sixteen years after Dan had carried away with him to Central Africa the consciousness of that unrelenting frown, he lay a-dying in his big bed with its wealth of spotless linen, and the doctor and the minister were going and coming, Elder Simpson sent for John Callander, the slater and fellow-defaulter with Dan.

"John——" The voice was frail and thin.

"Aye, Mr. Simpson——"

"John, I want to tell ye, ye've had something I never had."

And John Callander wrote the news of it to Dan Crawford, and Dan Crawford was gladdened thereby.

IV

WHOLE TIME SERVICE AND CALL TO AFRICA

IN 1887-88 Dan was book-keeper to Mr. Brown, painter and decorator. The happy exuberance of his personality, already strongly marked, charmed all who came into contact with him there. His master's daughter, who had just then been converted, was greatly helped by him to broaden and to beautify her understanding of the path of godly obedience. Many an excuse did she make, and often no excuse at all, to go down to the business to have a talk with him. "He encouraged one so much," she wrote.

On one occasion when she entered the place, some silver plates had been sent to the shop by the undertaker to have one side enamelled in black. Dan came forward with one of these plates on his chest, and called out, "When I die, don't dare to put the black side outward"—and then, reversing it, so that in place of the sombre jet, the silver gleamed, he said, "show the silver!" The old fear of death and of the future state had given place to a glorious certainty that to be absent from the body was to be present with the Lord.

About this time there was formed in Greenock a union of Christians of all denominations for prayer, for preaching, and for deepening of spiritual life. It was called the West End Christian Union. Dan used to say in later days, "Its Motto should have been 'Life not Light'." It arose out of Prof. Henry Drummond's evangelistic missions, and was entirely undenominational. It set out with deliberation to act on the truth that, having Christ, His followers have all; that denominational creeds are not exclusive but inclusive; and that it is of more value for Christians to enjoy in fellowship the common ground of their like faith in Jesus and of the mission entrusted to them all alike to make disciples of all nations, than to find their main occupation in remarking continually the mountains of interpretational differences that lay as boundaries between them. The members of the union

believed that while the partisans might be never so hostile as long as neither would venture off the territory peculiar to himself, if only they could be brought together to look at the dividing mountains from the vantage point of their common heritage, then, as Emerson says, those mountains of division would be found to melt into the air. Across one end of the room where they met, in bold broad letters ran this text, "ALL ONE IN CHRIST JESUS."

The spirit of the West End Christian Union was exactly Dan's own; he joined it, and became an active member, contributing not a little to its Gospel campaigning. One of his fellow-members was Bob Sharp, later the well-known surgeon of Cape Town. They were often together preaching in the open-air. As Bob and he would be walking in the evenings to or from the various street corner pulpits, Dan would often stop outside some big house where brilliant lights or the sound of music suggested a dinner or a dance, and, awaiting a lull in the proceedings, would then at the top of his voice call out pointed words of Scripture. This was one of his many devices for extending the Gospel to ears which he feared might seldom hear God's truth in all its marked force. His conception of the Christian mission was that *all* should be given the opportunity to know the Lord as he himself had learned Him. He was ready and willing to face anybody, anybody at all, however lofty their position or their prestige, or however hostile their attitude, for a chance to turn their thoughts to their standing as lost sinners before God, and to reveal to them the way of reconciliation by Jesus Christ.

Other members of the Union at that time were Willie Shearer, who was baptized at the same time as Dan, and later became a missionary in China under the China Inland Mission; William Cooper, who also went out under the C.I.M. and suffered martyrdom in China; Tom Black, who afterwards came to be connected with his family by marriage; and Jim McClean. Their leader was Colonel Lammond, who took a personal interest in Dan. One of their evangelistic efforts was to take over the somewhat notorious Music Hall in Greenock, and to convert it to the uses of the Gospel.

What more natural than that Dan, struggling to emerge from a confining chrysalis of static religiosity, complacent in its inactivity, out into the free wide universe

of God's boundless all-embracing love, wherein he was learning at first hand from Paul the duty and the beauty of comprehending the love of God with *all* saints—what more natural than that he should find his way to Keswick? Thither, at any rate, he went in 1886, the leader of a band of young Greenock Christians. He was not afraid to pioneer an Excelsior climb out of the gloomy mists of suspicious disapproval by which their elders, God-fearing indeed, but too little loving, sought to prevent their adventuring up on to the sunny mountain tops of the more abundant life. He climbed; and the invigorating winds of Christ's with-all-saints fellowship blew away any lingering sectarian shibboleths. Dan was eighteen and unknown. In 1888 he is not to be found on the platform of the great tent. But even Keswick cannot restrain him from preaching. Neither in those days, nor in subsequent years was Dan either overawed by the proximity of dignities, or dependent on platforms and organized audiences for opportunities of preaching Christ. He could always make his own occasions, and attract his own hearers. So it was at Keswick. With John Colville by his side, who afterwards became member of Parliament for Lanarkshire and initiated the first prayer meeting in the House of Commons, he stood up in Keswick Square and preached the simple Gospel of redemption through the blood of Jesus Christ.

Nor was the message wasted. A young resident of Keswick, at that time just starting out in life, hearing him and being greatly impressed by the sweet wholesomeness and the unmistakable sincerity of the striking young preacher, was convicted by the message and saved. This was Mr. Greenwood, destined to become the stalwart leader of an assembly of Christians in that town.

There is a queer sequel to that story. Before Dan Crawford saw Keswick again, the water of twenty-four years had flowed under the bridge. Greenwood had married, and his son had grown to early manhood; while as for Dan, twenty-two of those years had been spent in one unbroken spell of "Bush Gospelling" in the Long Grass Lands of Central Africa. He was back again in Keswick, now very much known, and very much on the platform of the big Skiddaw Tent. There comes a telegraphic call summoning him to London to confer with Mr. Asquith, the then Prime Minister. It is imperative

that he should catch the White Train that very night at the distant junction. Mr. Shaw had brought him up from town, but as it happens his car is at the moment undergoing repairs, and so kind friends undertake to find transport for him while he is speaking at his great evening meeting. When he leaves the tent it is to enter a strange car and take a seat beside an unknown driver. The next instant they are off on a race across the black and sleeping hills of Westmorland where their powerful headlights strike terror into the palpitating hearts of hapless wee rabbits as in constant succession they come beneath their glare. It is not long before Dan Crawford, ever on his Master's business, is talking with the young stranger about eternal verities. It seems, thank God, that he is already a follower of Christ.

"May I know your name?"

"My surname is Greenwood," says he, making a pause at that, the better to enjoy the full dramatic flavour of the moment; "and my full name is Daniel Crawford Greenwood."

"What?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," says he, delighted with the effect of his bombshell. "Daniel Crawford Greenwood is my name. Not very long before I was born, my father was converted through your preaching in Keswick Square. And I want to tell you, sir, how proud his father's son is to drive you to-night."

Through his connection with the West End Christian Union Dan came into contact with a Mr. Somerset Gardiner, who visited Greenock for a mission. This gentleman was a fervent evangelist who devoted his time and energies to the work of the Gospel in the British Isles. He made no engagements ahead, but went hither and thither as the Spirit led him; he would preach anywhere and everywhere, sometimes finding room in the buildings of religious bodies, sometimes in hired halls, but perhaps most frequently using the open-air. He was accustomed to accept whatever hospitality was offered him, whether in large houses or in humble dwellings. He forced himself upon no one. His manner of life differed in many respects from those of ordinary folk; in the matter of clothes, for instance, he wore a long gaberdine in lieu of coat and trousers, and in place of shoes and socks he wore sandals on his otherwise bare feet. He also permitted all the hair on his head to

grow as it would, neither shaving nor polling it. He had his fads too about food. His peculiarities were not, however, mere whims, but each was the expression of what was for him a principle, in support of which he believed himself to have excellent authority from the Scriptures of God. But withal, if eccentric, his life was transparently devoted to God. In ministering to Christians he was accustomed especially to draw their attention to the provisions made by God for their victory over sin. The more abundant life of the man or woman redeemed by Jesus Christ was not, he insisted, to be one of failure, and of repeated acts of sin, but ought to be and might be, a progressive advancement into a health and a holiness of soul and body ; that is to say, into a state of *wholeness*, such as always was, and yet IS, the Will of God for mankind.

Mr. Gardiner made a deep impression on Crawford. In him Dan saw a living example of that life of which, through his own reading of the Gospels, he had already come to recognize the theoretical possibility, but concerning which almost all his friends, and in particular those of them with older, and so presumably wiser, heads than his own, had assured him that it " would not work in these days." They had been mistaken ! His own understanding of the words of Jesus had been correct. Here it was, " working ", in the life of Mr. Gardiner, whom folk could not but know for a single-hearted and saintly servant of Jesus Christ, however much his curious habits of life might disconcert them, and however deeply the still complacency of their unvictorious lives might be troubled thereby.

The meeting with Mr. Gardiner brought home to Dan as a challenge the words—" Launch out into the deep." Abruptly he had made his decision. He quitted his employment. He had nothing in the world to fall back on, but he stepped out in faith.

On the day after his sudden action became known to his friends one of them, a young man, met him in the street. Very shyly he pressed a golden sovereign into his hand.

" This is confirmation," said Dan. " Now I am sure. God certainly will provide the means."

Almost before his companions knew what had happened, Dan was away, following Mr. Gardiner in the Spirit-led path. He carried with him nothing but an unbounded

faith in a bountiful God. He set out with no more definite or predictable plan than that of sheer daily dependence upon God ; dependence for guidance where to go, dependence for the means to go thither, and dependence for the subsistence there and on the way there—in short, for everything.

In travelling about with Mr. Gardiner in 1888, Dan made helpful contacts with Christians of many fellowships which went far, not only to confirm him in the catholic conception of religion and life to which he was irresistibly led by considerations of the all-embracing Unity of God and of the integral one-ness of His holy purpose of sanctification for all mankind, but also completely to establish him in a loving catholicity of conduct toward all fellow Christians.

Amongst those whom he met in his months with Mr. Gardiner was Mrs. Shaw, of Wimbledon, whose family maintained with him a warm friendship to the end. Mrs. Shaw had had twelve sons, of whom one had desired to spend his life in foreign mission service. But, being of that saintly fellowship of whom it is commonly said by those who feel their own clay to be coarser, that they are too good to live, he had passed on to be with Christ, and in going had desired his parents to maintain in the field and to cherish as though it had been himself, some missionary as his substitute. So much did Dan commend himself and endear himself to that family, that Mrs. Shaw proposed to him that it should be he who should be supported by their family in the place of their dear one. But, though it was already his settled conviction that the way would shortly open for him to go abroad, yet true to what had become for him the principle of "daily-living ration," Dan gently refused her kind offer of a regular stipend : when the time came for him to go, he would set forth in faith alone, as he had already begun to walk in Britain.

Mrs. Shaw took him one day to a hospital for incurables, where he saw a woman, all of the features of whose face had been eaten away by a disease which caused her unceasing agony. She had lain there in one place for more than twenty suffering years. Dan found her full of praise to God for His goodness to her. That bedside scene, vivid and detailed in his tenacious memory, he cherished in all the years that followed, gaining from it courage to endure through many a dark day. Who can measure the

inestimable value of the ministry accomplished by that inconspicuous saint of God that day, in all unconsciousness, who provided with an example of cheerful thanksgiving the great African pioneer missionary who was destined again and again in his times of cruel immobility, and of lonely suffering, to whip up his courage by the remembrance of her? Who knows what Africa may not owe to her who never saw its shores, and whose very name has never been known to any of its dusky sons?

He came into contact also with Hudson Taylor, the influence of whose personality caused him seriously to question whether it might not be to China that God would have him go, and who, with China in mind, said to him, "Don't stay at the coast. Don't be afraid to go on into the interior. Remember, however far in you go, men can only *wall* you round, they can never *roof* you in." This saying Dan never forgot. He found it thoroughly applicable in Africa where stockades of pales can imprison just as surely as walls of stone may do in China.

He also came in contact with the gracious personality of Bishop Moule. As he walked with him one moonlit night in the grounds of Ridley Hall, that godly man had a word for the young enthusiast. Stopping short, and laying his hand on his shoulder, he told him he would pass on to him the advice his own mother had given him when he first left his home. "Always give God the benefit of the doubt."

Mr. Gardiner's unpredictable pilgrimage took them to Scarborough. On the sands there Dan began to preach. One of his hearers was a man whose heart immediately warmed to the young enthusiast. This was Mr. James Corson, of Harrogate, a manufacturer of clothing, and afterwards one of the directors of Oliphants. Mr. Corson's life was a striking example of faithful stewardship for God in respect of large earnings. His benefactions were many, and they were made with prayerful discretion. From the moment of first contact with Dan Crawford, the stripling on fire for souls, he was convinced (not despising his youth) that here was one called of God to great work for Him.

Mr. Corson made himself known to the stripling; invited him to Harrogate, and thereafter maintained with him a loyal and lasting friendship that became one of the strongest stays of Dan's life in Africa. He scrupulously respected Crawford's principle of refusing anything like a regular

stipend, but he ministered as long as he lived to the needs of God's work in Dan's hands. Mr. Crawford delighted to bear witness, in after years, that it was Mr. Corson whose gifts had made it possible for him to meet the expenses of his voyage out to Benguela.

It was through Mr. Corson that, on a day fateful indeed for Africa, Dan Crawford at Harrogate met Frederick Stanley Arnot.

In September, 1888, this renowned missionary traveller had just returned from his first and greatest itinerary in Africa. He was touring England in the endeavour to recruit missionary workers for a vast empire in the interior of the dark continent, a region (now universally known as Katanga) with whose monarch, Mushidi,* he had lived for many months. (*See page 40 re spelling of name*).

Dan Crawford met Fred Arnot. He it was who decided Dan for Africa. Long after, calling him affectionately "My dear old leader," he wrote of Arnot: "He won me for Africa when China was calling. He told me of those far off lands beyond the Lualaba. He spoke of tribes unreached by him, but waiting for me. He told me how Livingstone, even in death, had dreamed of that Katanga."

The principles by which this great missionary pilgrim guided his labours were the same as those upon which Dan was already shaping his course; that is, Arnot depended directly upon the Holy Spirit to direct his movements. He belonged to no organized mission, and there was no institutional body making itself responsible for his upkeep, or directing his explorations. One link he had with fellow Christians in Britain, viz., a little monthly paper called *Echoes of Service*. This periodical, which still continues to be published at Bath, was at that time under the editorship of Dr. Maclean, and consisted, then as now, almost entirely of verbatim extracts from the letters of the missionaries who had gone forth on just those lines of simple dependence upon God. The editor added to his literary labours the kindness of forwarding to the workers such unsolicited gifts as were sent to him for that purpose by Christians in the homeland who were themselves unable to get into touch to the best advantage with those who had gone forth to the more remote lands.

Dan spent some time in travelling up and down England with Arnot. In all, during the winter of 1888-89, some

twelve men and women responded to that call which they believed came to them from the Lord; and, willingly forsaking all for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, they set about preparing to sail for the Dark Continent in the course of 1889. Each went forth on his own responsibility to his Master, "though," as Mr. Baker says in his life of Arnot, "not independently of fellow Christians with whom he had associated at home, and who gave their fellowship and counsel. The party were all closely associated with the 'Brethren.'"

Mr. Arnot took some of these missionaries-to-be to Bath in order that they might make the acquaintanceship of Dr. Maclean. Crawford was one of them. And it was there in the lovely city of hills, the Queen of the West, that he made an acquaintanceship destined more than any other, to influence and to fulfil, not only his own life, but also his work in Africa, into which it ultimately introduced just those elements of dogged persistence and of stability, and that policy of consolidation which were needed, as he himself was fully conscious, to balance his own fiery and enthusiastic genius.

There was living in Bath a certain George Tilsley who, like Dan himself, had bought at a price his liberty in the Lord. In 1888 he had a flourishing business as a chemist and dentist in George Street, at the top of the famous Milsom Street. He had married in early life a lady of French Huguenot extraction, and of saintly life, by whom he had nine children. The upbringing of his family was on lines of ample provision for body, mind and soul, though somewhat austere disciplined after the fashion of the Puritans, and loaded with an insistence on religion rarely to be met with in the present generation. Such was the responsible spirit of the man, that, as each of his children was born, he undertook entire financial responsibility for the upkeep of a young child in the Orphan Homes maintained on Ashley Down, Bristol, by George Müller. Thus, in addition to his own nine children, he financed the upbringing from childhood, and the launching into the world, of nine orphans. He worshipped with the "Brethren" in Bath. He engaged in evangelistic work in the district, and in pastoral visitation. The vital interest of the George Street home was the evangelization of the world. So much was this the case that of his children one, John, having qualified

as a doctor, went out to China into missionary work, where he went through the Boxer rising, and as a result of the overwork and the privations endured at that time, succumbed to an illness which attacked him on his way home to England; another, Thomas, married the daughter of Mr. E. S. Bowden, a pioneer of mission work in the Godavari delta of India; a third, Elizabeth, married Mr. A. E. Green, then a missionary in the Malay States; and a fourth, Grace, was destined to become the helpmeet of Dan Crawford, and the first white woman to live in Katanga.

In the first months of 1889, all this was still future; but it explains to some extent what was the atmosphere of missionary interest into which Dan entered when he was invited to the home in George Street, there to meet Miss Grace Tilsley, at that time in her twentieth year and the possessor of a personality scarcely less vivid and of a vitality no less active than his own. Almost at once he realized that he had met the one woman for him; but at that time not only was he about to embark on a most hazardous mission, but his friends were shaking their heads over him and pessimistically predicting, that, if not savage kings, then his cough, more prosaic but not less deadly, would kill him off within his first year in Africa. Accordingly he held his peace. It was not until after Africa, in place of slaying him, had kissed him with healing lips, and not until after heroic journeyings had matured his plans for the occupation of the land and not until Luanza was in the course of building, that he broached by letter the subject that had been burning like a secret fire in his heart during the intervening years. And then she, being George Tilsley's daughter, dared the unthinkable; she went out, a lone woman, to join him who, five years before, during a few youthful days, had flashed into and out of the missionary-hearted life in George Street, Bath.

During his time in England Arnot was preparing a small book describing his journey. It was published under the title *Garenganze*. Dan was glad to help him with it. On the 4th of December, 1888, from Bath, where both he and Arnot were then staying with Dr. Maclean, he wrote to Mr. Corson: "The book to be published shortly by Mr. Arnot is now 'on the stocks.' Often at table Fred is asked, 'How is it getting on?'" And very shortly afterward

(undated), "Beloved brother Fred . . . has finished his volume. . . last Wednesday afternoon about four p.m. the door burst open, I was hugged from behind, and heard 'Finished! Finished!' . . . I am preparing an index; also drawing a map of his route."

Dan had left Gourock to follow Mr. Gardiner; he returned thither from Bath to make a few preparations for Central Africa. A farewell meeting in the City Hall, Glasgow, was arranged, where, as he often recalled when the unbroken spell of separation stretched on and on, Mr. J. R. Caldwell gave out the old time hymn:

"They who love the Saviour
Never know a long, a last farewell;
Blissful unions lie beyond
This parting vale."

Bidding good-bye to his mother, whom he was not to see again till he had more than doubled his age, Dan's parting message by the gate was, "This God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our guide even across death."

A friend condoled with Mrs. Crawford upon being left thus by her only son. She replied—and it was all she was ever heard to say about it for years—"He spared not His Son."

When the train bore him away from the Central Station in Glasgow, which he left in company with Arnot, and a large crowd had gathered to see him off, the last sight his Scots friends had of him was of a radiant, joy-filled youth who leaned far out of the compartment window and pointed steadily upward to the heaven of his God and theirs.

On March the 19th, 1889, a large meeting was held in Exeter Hall, London, to bid Godspeed to the party, which in all numbered fourteen. These were: Mr. Arnot and his bride, Dan Crawford, Mr. George Fisher, Mr. Frederick Lane, and Mr. A. Munnock, who comprised an advanced section; with Dr. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Mr. Gall, Mr. Johnston, Mr. Thompson, Miss Davies, and Miss Gilchrist, who were to follow a little later. Great enthusiasm prevailed amongst London Christians, and the big hall was insufficient to accommodate the immense crowd that wished to be present. "Galleries and gangways were packed with people glad to get even standing room, and an overflow

meeting had to be held in the hall below," ran a newspaper report of the proceedings. Many denominations were represented on the platform. Amongst the speakers was Lord Radstock; but the message that stuck by Dan was that delivered by Mr. Henry Groves, son of Anthony Norris Groves, one of the pioneers of modern missions. Mr. Groves spoke on the words, "Ye have need of patience." How truly prophetic was his choice of subject the subsequent story will reveal.

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It is the month of March in the year 1889. A stripling is leaving the camp of hesitating warriors to fight for the honour of the true God with a challenging giant. The encumbering Saulish armour of orthodox mission warfare he has avoided. "I have not proved them." He carries a sling, and smooth pebbles from the brook—the determination to speak "their" own language, and the Truths of the Word to be slung therewith.

"Farewell! Farewell!"

"Ye have need of patience."

"Men may wall you round but they can never roof you in."

"Go on, my boy; God loves to hear you speak well of His Son."

"Farewell, Dan."

Friendly voices grow fainter and fainter. Now he no longer hears them. Home is irrevocably behind him. His eager eyes are turned towards Africa.

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In 1889, Africa was still Darkest Africa. Except for its coast lands, the Continent was then still almost unknown. Very few white men had seen its interior. The **Hic sunt leones* of the earlier maps had indeed dropped out, but comparatively little had been put in to fill up the gaps. And if the geography was vague, the knowledge of its native politics was even more vague. Central Africa was still a land of mystery and of hazardous romance. It was

* There are lions here.

still the land of the shackled slave, of the bloody slaver, and of murderous savage potentates. Such was the Africa towards which Dan Crawford set his face. Moreover his eyes were on no coastal lands, but on the very heart of the Continent. As he stands on the edge of Britain, he is proposing to remove far beyond the reach and aid of all European powers ; and to walk open-eyed and unequipped into the capital of a Black Napoleon, from whose clutches the first white visitor had escaped only when two following friends had consented to stay on as hostages for his pledged return. No one knew the hazards of it all better than the nineteen-year-old Dan Crawford, for that first white visitor of Mushidi's had been Arnot, the Arnot with whom he had gone up and down England and Scotland to rouse the people of God to Africa's Macedonian call, " Come over and help us."

" *Home is behind him !* " The lad that stands there on the last edge of Britain, poised for the forthcoming fight, is a lad that is tender of heart. He is passionately devoted to his widowed mother, and it has been no easy thing for him to leave her. He who literally took no thought for his own morrow, what he should eat or what he should put on, had had a struggle before he could commit her also into the hands of God.

The lad that stands there comprehends the love of God with *all* saints. He is a servant of Christ ; but he is not a sectary. He has bought a wealth of spiritual experience, and bought it dearly. His conversion, as he used afterwards often to say, had been " up a back street " ; the discovery of the Scriptures by which he lives he had made amongst undenominational Christians who were eyed askance by some of the Presbyterians into whose society he had been born ; frowned upon by all those who had trained his boyhood, he had found his own way into the waters of adult Baptism by immersion ; he had found liberty of spirit in the " Bridge Hall " enterprise, and in the West End Christian Union, which had brought him glorious glowing friendship in service for his Lord with members of many denominations, but he had paid for it the price of misunderstanding, and even of enmity ; and finally, braving probable storms of indignant protest, he had launched out in faith, without visible economic ground beneath his feet, to walk upon the waters of a pilgrim life of preaching, to discover therein

by living experience that love for Christ and devotion to the accomplishment of His purposes was no prerogative of any one group of Christians, but was shared by them all in equal sincerity. It was impossible for a man with such experience behind him to pack into his scanty baggage, for transplantation into African soil, any weeds of mere denominational shibboleth.

The lad that stands there is a lad of remarkably mature judgment in certain vital respects. Richard Baxter has put it on record that in "later years" he came to value all things according to their use and ends. Dan Crawford had already learned something of that lesson. As he stands there on the edge of Britain, he has already passed, by the rough road of lonely experience, to the knowledge that of all things instituted by God for the ordering of the life of man, not one exists or has any significance apart from the end which it was set by Him to accomplish. "Man was not made for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath for man." He had already worked out conclusions upon the vital questions of the place in Christian life of the Church and of the Sacraments. Already he realizes that they too are instruments, not to be regarded as valuable of themselves apart from their purpose. His understanding is that of Arnold Thomas, who of the Church said, somewhat scathingly, that it was neither "a pretty plaything for the amusement of people with time on their hands. Nor . . . an ornament to be decked out and admired. Nor an idol to be worshipped. Nor a venerable relic to be jealously preserved. Nor an attractive field for those who have a fancy for antiquarian research. Nor an institution to be maintained for the glory of those who hold office in it," but by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in its members was "an instrument for purifying and perfecting human souls—a nursery and a school for the saints," to the end that they may all come to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

The lad that stands there is a courageous lad. He is leaving Britain with the full expectation of laying down his life within the year. His father had died of consumption. He himself is racked by a constant cough. None too seldom does he have to fold his handkerchief to hide the tell-tale flecks of red. "I give him a year," has been the general verdict of his friends. "Africa will kill him within twelve months," they have said. But God has called him; and

he has no thought but to obey. With Samuel Rutherford he sings,

“ Did but one soul from Africa’s shores
Meet me at God’s right hand,
My heaven would be two heavens
In Immanuel’s Land.”

Only one year of life ? Then it must be spent in seeking souls for Christ in Africa.

Thus it was that Dan Crawford, pioneer seeker after souls, with his gaze fixed on Jesus, boldly stepped off from the known and the safe, to set out, for God and with God, to walk the wild waters of the unknown and the hazardous.

Nineteen years of Britain are ended. Twenty-two uninterrupted years of Africa are beginning.

* Variouslly spelt by different writers. *Msidi* is used by some. Mr. Crawford preferred the spelling adopted in this book. (*See page 33.*)

SECOND PERIOD

Boring in to the Far Interior.

1889-1890.

- I. FROM ENGLAND TO BENGUELLA.
- II. DELAYS AT THE COAST.
- III. FROM THE COAST TO BAILUNDU.
- IV. FROM BAILUNDU TO CHISAMBA.
- V. THE YEAR OF THE SHUT DOOR.
- VI. FROM THE KWANZA RIVER TO
MUSHIDI'S CAPITAL.

I

FROM ENGLAND TO BENGUELLA

IN company with Fred Lane, A. Munnock and Geo. Fisher, Dan Crawford preceded Mr. Arnot to Lisbon, where they landed on the 30th March, 1889, and there they spent a week before sailing for Benguella. In Lisbon there promptly occurred a little incident which serves to indicate some of the qualities of the young missionary. The shipping agent whom the young travellers had been instructed to trust, for none of them had ever been out of Britain before, recommended to them the Hotel Durand. The charges proposed by the management seemed to Dan Crawford more than he ought to spend on his own comfort. He bargained cheerily, and finally made an arrangement whereby they were to be allowed to sleep in a bare attic under the roof. This and their food was to cost 1,200 reis a day—rather more than seven shillings. Even this amount seemed to the young missionary to be sadly disproportionate to the slender means that were all he had to carry him into the Far Interior. He had no Society behind him to pay the expenses; no Board to whom he could represent the need for additional money to meet unforeseen circumstances—but the cattle upon a thousand hills were his Lord's; he knew he would not want. But in the wealth of his Father he saw no reason why his child should pamper himself. Hence the good-natured haggling, and the bare bedroom.

When they were leaving a week later, Mr. Arnot, who had come overland with his bride, proposed, as leader of the party, to pay the bill. Dan Crawford declined; as far as he was concerned, he appreciated the kind thought, but since he had already seen and experienced the blessedness of direct personal dependence on God, he would not compromise his position by retreating from it at the first unexpected expense.

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He never did back out of it. Anticipating somewhat, it

may be noted that though he came to know by experience both how to suffer need and how to abound, it remained always his inflexible principle never to ask for money for himself or his work ; and to pay always his own bills. His direct faith in God, his close touch with God, the reality of his spiritual walk in God, all these freed him from all bondage to means, and that from his very earliest days. Having been brought into the atmosphere in which lived such giants of faith as George Müller, Robert Chapman, and Henry Groves, and having tasted its liberty and joy, he had breathed deeply of it, and had never dropped back on to any other plane. Things physical were temporal ; they were a means to the spiritual, to which end they were created and for which they were to be used. He could mould them skilfully to his godly purposes, when they were there ; but he was in no way dependent on any particular supply of them. For him, what was necessary to the purposes of God was what he found provided for him at the moment. That he would use with care, but he would not waste energy in wishing for or scrambling for other or different or further means. One of the most profound realities of his life was that he gave no anxious thought, and indeed very little thought of any kind, to the machinery of living. He sought FIRST the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. He took it simply and absolutely for granted that His Father would supply whatever He considered necessary in the way of means. His provision might come directly in kind as food or transport or necessary covering ; or it might come as money wherewith to buy those things. It was all one to Dan Crawford.

This serene attitude of his toward the mechanics of life later came to puzzle civilized people when he eventually emerged from his Long Grass after 22 years. The only solution which suggested itself to many of them was that it was an indifference bred of a substantial bank account. It was. But the bank was a celestial one. He used often to say that God was a blank-cheque God. His promises were blank cheques. What was wrong, he maintained, was that His children feared to fill out God's promises for any but trivial amounts. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," he used to say, "means I shall not want—etc.—etc.—etc. ; I shall not lack this, I shall not lack that, I shall not lack—any good thing."

So it came about that at one time Dan Crawford may be found eating grass seeds and white ants ; at another dining sumptuously, the guest of a prince : in each case alike with thankfulness and with contentment. Now he is to be seen tramping Africa in kilt of trade cloth given him by a chief who pitied his nakedness ; and then again preaching on Epsom Downs meticulously attired in a top hat, morning coat and spats. Now he is trekking across Africa at the head of more than three hundred porters ; now he is alone in a third class railway carriage in South Africa—a “ Jim Crow car ” shunned by all other whites ; and then again occupying the best suite on a transatlantic liner, honoured guest of the White Star Company. It is all the same to Dan Crawford ; it all just comes to hand from God and is all taken just as it comes. Only, his work of Gospelling must not be interfered with. And he makes sure that it is not. Kazembe, the compassionate chief must get the Gospel hot and strong ; at the Derby, he buttonholes needy souls in the enclosure ; into his “ Jim Crow car ” he invites a general, and the general gets converted ; on the liner he is found sitting beside a music hall artiste reading to her from his little red Testament. The setting is immaterial : somewhere in the scene there are sure to be souls needing Christ. Those souls constitute for Dan Crawford the reason why he is also there. Certainly these things came later as the tree dried ; but they were all there in embryo in the vigorously rooted green tree, when, at nineteen, and in Lisbon, he smilingly declined to have his hotel bill paid by his leader. His dependence was on God alone.

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In view of a voyage in a Portuguese boat, and a landing in Portuguese Africa, Dan had provisioned himself with several hundreds of a translation in Portuguese of a sterling Gospel tract called “ Safety, Certainty and Enjoyment.” They came in very useful during the week that he and Lane had to wait in Portugal. He used the days there to launch those tracts upon folk whom he found going into or coming out of the city’s many Roman Catholic churches. Writing home at the time he said that he did so, remembering “ that he that observeth the wind shall not sow,

and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.'"
(Eccles. ii, 4.)

This was his first contact with the rigid formality of the Romish system. He gazed for days, he says, at "these far-too-religious strongholds, marking well their bulwarks and telling the towers thereof; and musing (thank God, not *moping*) over the might-have-been in the history of His Church had but the old aggressive Pentecostal march been sustained." For himself, as has been told, he had but lately found his way out of a restricted denominationalism into a greater liberty of the all-comprehending Love of God. The spectacle therefore of a priesthood standing between the people and their God, occupied in performing an ancient ritual and in uttering age-old formulæ in a language not understood by those who worshipped, struck him forcibly as very little likely to lead into a growing knowledge of truth. In writing home he commented upon the contrast in this way: "You remember that the hearts of the two going to Emmaus burned as *He* talked with them. I believe it is just in proportion as *He* is allowed to talk in His own tender accents that hearts, collectively as well as individually, shall *burn*. In those places where by the Rules and Regulations He is actually *not allowed* to speak through His members there is of necessity *coldness*." Young as he was, he already began to possess that keen spiritual perception which later on was to be invaluable to him as a leader of Churches. In this case he goes on to say, "Yet even in companies where He is acknowledged as only President and Speaker there, too, coldness often reigns. The reason is in essence just the same. It proceeds from a carnal few who use their liberty for an occasion to the flesh sending forth flats with a harsh, metallic clink about them very UN-JESUS-LIKE." And then characteristically, he turned the searchlight on to himself. Like his Master, he combined closely the active with the contemplative side of his nature. He put truth into practice as he perceived it. "Oh that our Beloved might always speak in His own captivating tones. And that we, His members, might become more and more channels through which His very words might flow!" For him work could never be far from worship, nor worship from work. To follow Christ was to be both catholic and Evangelical. All who named the Name were co-members of Christ's Body, the Church;

and equally upon all devolved the duty of the Evangel. As he saw it, foreign missions was THE business of every Christian.

If he spent his Lisbon days in trying out his sunny smile and his Portuguese tracts on Romanist worshippers, whose unfailing courtesy he notes, in the evenings, too, he was equally on the job, his eternal job of Gospelling, back in the Hotel Durand. Hearing English spoken by one group, he sailed in breezily to the Gospel attack. To his joy he found a family of Christians, by name Harrison, who not only knew many of his Keswick friends, but who had actually attended only ten days previously the same meetings in Liverpool as he had himself. He impounded them at once for his daily Bible reading, and on Sunday invited them to his attic to break bread at the Lord's Supper.

On the 6th of April, 1889, Crawford sailed from Lisbon on the s.s. *San Thomé* with Mr. and Mrs. Arnot, Mr. G. Fisher, Mr. F. Lane and Mr. A. Munnock. These six formed the first section of the party, which numbered in all fourteen. The second section was to follow after a short interval; Arnot had split the party in this way because he hoped to have completed transport arrangements at Benguella before the arrival of the section which included three ladies. In this way, according to the policy announced, the whole party of fourteen would be in a position to proceed directly to the interior before the end of the dry season of 1889. How far these hopes were from being realized we shall shortly see.

On board ship, as on land, Crawford put business first. Nearly every one on board was speaking Portuguese; very few could understand English. Moreover, he was very sea-sick. Nevertheless he began from the first to seek after souls. His lips might be pale, but they could still be made to smile as he proffered a tract. After three days of this, he wrote:

"Wed., 10th. Such a happy Bible reading in Romans. Was much struck with 'So much as in me is I am ready to preach the Gospel.' It was very comforting to my soul in these days when our English is at a discount, and one realizes His Word shut up as a fire in one's bones. 'That which I have, give I unto thee,' said Peter; and so say

we when we can only give a tract to our fellow passengers.”

On the afternoon of the 8th, they called at Madeira, where Mr. Smart, a missionary, took them ashore to his home. With a few local Christians, the party found sweet fellowship. “As long as time would permit, we pleaded before the Throne for all saints. It was only the firing of a gun from our ship that separated us.” One week previously his friends, Ernest Shaw and Graham Wilmot Brooke, had called there on their way to Nigeria, and had left for him letters and a welcome package of Portuguese books.

“*Monday, 15th.* Sickness hovering around me all day. But my morning theme proved an effectual cloud-dispeller—especially that 10th verse (of Is. 50): ‘Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light, let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.’ To-night spent a terribly solemn time with the 3rd engineer, who is under deep conviction of soul; he asked me down to his cabin to pray with him. We had a solemn time, but I had to leave him as the closeness of the place made me thoroughly sick.”

He had long talks also with the captain, who listened with interest and some concern, and of whom he had high hopes that he would be saved before Benguela should be reached; but this was not to be, and he never knew if that witness bore its final fruit. He was not even then of those who look too much either backward or forward. Just where he found himself each day, just there he looked to find work to do; there were always souls at hand who knew not God, and they were his concern. Nevertheless, his heart did sometimes yearn towards home.

During the voyage out he wrote under date of 16th April, 1889:

“Rose at 3.30. ‘Morning without clouds.’ Lay on a deck couch wrapped in my rug. Like the journeying Israelites in the Wilderness of Moab, I had pitched my couch towards the sunrising. At about 5.15, the greyness of the morning on the eastern horizon began to transform;

it became beautifully red and golden, heralding King Sol's approach. Up he rose at 5.30 with a great blaze of light. Kingly indeed—the first sunrise I had seen at sea. But although the eastern and the western horizons have such beautiful features about them, and although of the four quarters the north is the greyest and the least attractive to others, yet I don't mind telling you that fondly I lean over the bulwarks and scan it. Yes, and to me who have been the unworthy recipient of such love and kindness from that point of the compass, there are memory tints about that northern horizon which surpass the grandeur of those of the rising and the setting sun."

On the 23rd they anchored off Principe Island, and refreshed their sea-tired eyes by gazing on the beauty of its tropical vegetation. The little town nestles at the foot of a tall mountain peak. In the dawn they saw it overhung by mist: it was very lovely. Someone told Dan that malaria was rife on the island. He shuddered. "Ugh!" he wrote, "*dreaded malaria* is there."

In 1889, even more so than to-day, might white folk *dread* malaria. Those that set out for tropical Africa in those days were terribly apt never to return. Malaria! Or as it was more generally called simply, *fever*! Almost all that was known of it in those days was that it killed, and killed, and killed. Those were the days when to be sent to the West Coast was regarded as a death sentence. Those who had heard nothing else about Africa could roll off glibly enough the catch words, "White Man's Grave; Fever, y'know. Malaria mists." Those in touch with missionary circles had all heard the tragic story of the C.M.S. twelve; how that six of them had died within the first year, while only two had remained alive at the end of eighteen months. It had happened in 1883, but it remained the stock example of heroism, or of warning, according to the point of view of the narrator. Our party knew the history of the ill-starred expedition to the Niger, where, of 150 men, no fewer than 42 were killed off in the first two months by the dreaded fever. Arnot himself, their own leader, was already permanently damaged by this grim assailant; and, had they but known it, he was eventually to succumb to its effects. In the "eighties" nothing was known concerning the cause of malaria, nothing about its prevention, and very little about its treatment. The brilliant

work of Laveran, of Manson, of Ross, which has put within the reach of all effective methods of combating the deadly enemy, and has revolutionized the health outlook for whites in tropical climates, was then still all in the future.

On the 23rd Dan Crawford shuddered at the deadly "mist called malaria" that wreathed the little town on Principe. On the 25th, as they still lay at anchor, came the homeward bound s.s. *Portugal*, with the news that the dreaded malaria had just killed Mr. Silvey, missionary on the Congo, of the Baptist Missionary Society. On account of many attacks of fever he had been on his way home for furlough; but the relief had come too late; he had died on board and had been buried at sea. So it was that not the mist only, but also the shadow of a missionary's malaria death thus early brought home to the little party the sombre actuality of the dangers of their calling.

Difficulties and dangers did not daunt Dan Crawford. He accepted them as not only unavoidable, but indeed as necessary discipline. In later life he constantly referred to the essential and educational value of the "tribulation" which had been promised beforehand by the Lord himself. "With tribulation," he would quote, with great emphasis. "Fathers, mothers, houses, etc., etc.—yes, yes, yes; *with* persecution," he would insist.

During the voyage, with thoughts of the many malaria martyrs in his mind, with a prescience of the dangerous times ahead he wrote: "Somehow an open door is thought to be a continent you can walk over 'without let or hindrance'—as my passport says. But one Scripture is quite sufficient to dispel this illusion. 'For a great door and effectual is opened unto me, *and there are many adversaries.*' So you see that linked with the declaration of an open door is also the intimation of opposing forces. All of us should be on our faces groaning over this, with the Acts of the Apostles in our hands, and the thought of the sandy arena stained with the martyr's blood."

"*Friday 26th.* Just outside our cabin door . . . one sailor murdered another. Six knife wounds declare the deliberateness of the foul premeditated deed. . . .

"Had such a happy time with the two little black boys. Their love to Jesus is unmistakable. It is such a joy to help them in their wondering difficulties."

These were lads whom Mr. Silvey had been taking with him to England, and had been transferred to the *San Thomé* to be taken back to their homes.

"*Tuesday, 30th.* This is a day worth recording because we sighted for the first time the continent of Africa. There is nothing extraordinary about the low-lying shores, but we gazed long at the land so much prayed about, and we thought of its shackled millions. Arrived at Cabinda. Inhabitants to the number of 5,000, while I am informed that round about the town there are numerous villages whose inhabitants number 25,000. There is a large British trading house, but NO WITNESS FOR CHRIST."

"*Wed., May 1st.* At 10 o'clock we entered the Congo. After a fine sail of an hour anchored off Banana. We were joined on board by three missionaries, Mr. Ingham and Mr. Clarke of the American Baptist Missionary Union, and Mr. Weeks of the Baptist Missionary Society, and accompanied them on shore. There is a pretty little cemetery almost hidden among the palm trees, where are buried many 'of whom the world was not worthy.' They died on the field of honour."

It is Dan's first meeting with missionaries on African soil. The first feature of missionary life which they show him is the cemetery. There is grim significance in that. Cemeteries were very much matters of everyday life to the missionaries in Africa in those days.

About this time there had been a good deal of criticism at home directed against certain methods adopted by missions on the Congo. To hear a missionary ill-spoken of was always anathema to Dan Crawford, then no less than later. He never could stomach that a base-wallah should carp at a front-line fighter. He would have liked such faultfinders to visit some of the stations in question, on the principle of R. L. Stevenson's remark: "Those who deblatterate against missions have only one thing to do—to go and see them on the spot."

After his conversation with these missionaries he wrote home: "The brethren whom I met here were rightly indignant at men who pose as critics daring to pass judgement upon hearsay evidence." At the same time he adds: "Personally I agree with none of their missionary modes,

as though they should be *binding* on him who, being called, is God's freeman; yet I rejoice to own the golden chain which binds us all together." Knowing himself to be responsible to God alone, he accorded to others the same measure of liberty he claimed for himself; and he could agree to differ. Above all, he desired to comprehend the love of God with ALL saints. While disagreeing completely with their modes, he wrote of these missionaries at this time, "They are without doubt godly men." To rejoice together in a common devotion to the same Lord always seemed to him more worth while than to stress differences in tenets. He not only thought it: he practised it from the beginning.

"*Saturday, 4th.* Rose at 5.30 to find myself gazing at this wonderful place—St. Paul de Loanda. To a Britisher it has memories of dear Dr. Livingstone. It was here that he emerged from his first expedition across the Continent, crossing our route to the Interior. Somehow I thought I saw his company, jaded and worn after their desert trappings, coming over the hill. . . .

"There is one of Bishop Taylor's mission stations here, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. McLean and Mr. Dodson. So far Bishop Taylor's system (of self-supporting missions) has been a signal failure; this is pretty generally admitted by all."

He always remained unconvinced that money-making missions could be truly effective evangelistic agencies in Africa.

A Mr. Dodson had been here in Africa for four years, and had continually suffered during that time from attacks of malaria—the dreaded malaria. Just three months before Crawford met him he had lost his young wife: malaria again. Intending to speak of his missionary labours, Crawford said to him "I suppose yours has been more of a preparatory work?" "Ah, brother," replied Dodson, "it has been in my own soul where that work has been going on—God had to begin there." And he then told Crawford that on her death-bed his wife had said to him: "The Lord did not bring me out here to be a channel for saving souls, but for my own soul's sake." Dan Crawford never forgot this incident. He referred to it as late as 1926, remarking that the health of the missionary's own

soul was the most important factor in any missionary work.

They were at Novo Redondo on the 11th. No missionary work was going on there, but there were several trading stations. He wrote: "I confess I look with jealous eyes upon them. To think that worldly traders who, when you talk to them of Christ"—it may be depended upon that he did find time and words enough to do that, though they stayed there but a few hours, and his Portuguese was but a month old—"confess that they do not profess anything: just to think that they should outstrip in zeal the Heralds of the Cross in their African mission! Oh, the apathy and callous indifference with which dying millions are regarded! May He rouse us. And may the Church of the living God bestir herself."

His diary, under date Thursday, the 9th of May, 1889, has this entry:

"BENGUELLA!!!! Yes, this is how it all happened. At about 7 o'clock this morning, the steamer slackened speed, which was only the preface to a full stop 15 minutes afterwards, and there, whether we would believe it or no, was Benguella. It is low-lying, like nearly all the West Coast towns; but rising beautifully behind it is a great ridge of hills, the commencement of the lower African Plateau. We landed in two boats. I did not see the meeting (of Arnot) with Dick, brave faithful Dick*—for, of course, he was there on the quay. He actually journeyed, on foot and alone, all the way from Garenganze to meet his old master. He is now a little over 20 years of age. . . . Just to see him broadly and lovingly grinning, is to rejoice that God has raised up ONE light at least amidst the gloom all around.

"Thus it was we landed safely, having completed our 'prosperous journey by the will of God' in 38 days from Lisbon—a distance of 4,740 miles.

"When my feet touched the soil of the Continent whose population is computed at 203 millions, with languages numbering 600,[†] my prayer was just that every step thereon should be trodden in the path of simplicity and rectitude."

* Dick had been Mr. Arnot's personal boy on his former journey. He had professed conversion. He afterwards went to Luanza.

† Mr. Roome, of the B. & F. Bible Society, in 1926 estimates the number of tribes or groups speaking distinct languages at 3,000.

II

DELAYS AT THE COAST

THE 4,740 miles from Europe to the coast of Africa had taken them 38 days to accomplish. In point of mere mileage, five-sixths of the journey was over. As the crow flies, there remained about one thousand of those same "miles" between the heroic band and their objective in the interior; but they were now to learn that African distance is not to be measured by the chain but by the sun. "How far to so and so?" "Oh! about ten *days*," is the answer; or "three months," as the case may be. The advance party landed at the coast on 9th May, 1889. It was not until 18 months later, on the 11th November, 1890, that any of them marched into Mushidi's country. The great meeting in Exeter Hall in March, 1889, had farewelled a party of fourteen. Of them all only three reached the far Interior.

As they surrounded the broadly-grinning Dick on the shore that May day, they were separated from Nkulu, the capital of Mushidi, not by a mere thousand miles of jungle paths and river crossings, so much as by wars and fevers, by diseases and deaths, by the avarice and treachery of savage potentates, and by the inertia of a populace which had learned by bitter experience to prefer the ease and safety of their own villages to the ardours and dangers of the long slave route.

Almost the first word they heard on landing was "death." They were received by members of the American Mission Board, who had not only done noble pioneer work at the coast, but had already pushed well into the Kingdom of Bié, some 200 miles or more into the interior. The grandson of the Bagster of Bible fame had been their original leader, but he had succumbed to the rigours of first days. He had left Mr. Saunders in charge, whose headquarters at this time were at Benguella. Mr. Saunders had very kindly gone up country before the arrival of the party in an endeavour to beat up for them a regiment of carriers to

carry them into the Interior. He had left his wife, who was expecting her confinement, in the care of Dr. and Mrs. Webster, who had come down from Bailundu for the purpose. While Mr. Saunders was still away, the confinement took place, but the baby died. Dr. Webster also died. The first white ladies that Dan Crawford greeted in Africa were a widow in the first days of her loneliness and a mother mourning the loss of her first-born babe.

Nor were they themselves without their troubles. No sooner had they landed than three of the party promptly succumbed to attacks of malaria. Mrs. Arnot and Mr. Munnock were about again within a few days, but Crawford was obliged to keep his bed for ten days, and for quite a long time after remained very tottery.

The American missionaries at once made it clear to them that any expectations which they might have had of making a speedy start for the interior were little better than dreams. The days were overpast (if, indeed, they had ever existed) when it sufficed at the coast to erect a standard in order to attract as many carriers as one might desire. And although Mr. Saunders was endeavouring to obtain carriers for them up country, he was very dubious of getting any men together; and was even more dubious about getting them down to the coast, since Ekwikwi, the King of Bailundu, was riding a high horse, and forbidding travel through his territory. At the coast it was frankly impossible to find carriers amongst the local inhabitants. They had all taken to trade. To carry a white man's load was *infra dig*.

Natives in great variety, each with his tribal mark tattooed on his forehead, were pouring in and out of Benguella. Many of them brought rubber, for a load of which in Benguella the traders were at that time giving a bale of calico and a keg of gunpowder. Many of them, however, no sooner sold their produce than they were enticed into drinking the poisonous rum locally distilled by the Portuguese. Some were killed by it; others saved their lives, but returned home robbed of everything else. Nevertheless it was almost impossible to recruit labour amongst them. One might by chance pick up a man or two who wanted to get up country again and to have something on him to show at home for his journey to the coast; but to make up a complete caravan was quite impossible.

Arnot found himself, therefore, in an unexpected quandary. His wonderful solitary journeyings with ample transport for his few loads had not prepared him for anything like this. Having undertaken to lead into the interior a party of ten men and four ladies whose outfits alone would need a very large caravan, to say nothing of mountains of barter goods as well as loads to be carried in for the relief of Swan and Faulknor, here on the threshold of the enterprise he found himself almost entirely without any transport at all.

The first measure which he took was designed to delay the sending out of the second section of the party. The Eastern Telegraph Co. had just completed the laying down of the first cable along the west coast of Africa. The first paid message to be sent over it from Benguella was one with a most unusual content. Pioneer missionaries are more noted for calling for help than for refusing it, but this first message was from six stranded missionaries who implored their colleagues NOT to join them, at least for the present.

The only thing to be done was to house the party and the goods. They hired a long bare house of four rooms where the four bachelors slept in hammocks, and did their own cooking. The kind American missionaries entertained Mr. and Mrs. Arnot in their homes. The goods once in storage, the burning question was still transport—transport. As Mr. Saunders had foreseen, he had been unsuccessful in his attempt to get carriers for them. It was clear that if they were ever to leave the coast, porters must be obtained, and since, as has been said, it was impossible to obtain them near the coast, it was obvious that some one must proceed part way into the interior to recruit the essential labour.

It was decided that while two of the young men remained to guard the stuff at Benguella, the others should proceed to Bailundu to try to "whiten" the heart of Ekwikwi into giving them men. But how to get to Bailundu? For this they searched Benguella for pack animals, scraping together one horse, one donkey, and one mule. They then made saddles for these animals. At length they managed also to pick up six unattached men, and with them Arnot, his wife, Lane and Munnock set off for Bailundu, leaving Crawford and Fisher to guard the stores. On the fourth day after they had been left, Crawford and Fisher

saw Lane and Munnock coming back. The former was suffering from a bad attack of fever and dysentery. So Mr. and Mrs. Arnot, sending them back, had continued their journey alone.

On their arrival at Bailundu the American missionaries again stepped into the breach and undertook to care for his wife while Arnot on his horse scoured the countryside for porters. It was weary work, and it was not until 1st September that he returned to Benguella with one hundred and sixty men. On his arrival there he found that the second party had arrived despite the cable, and had been waiting already three weeks.

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That second party had landed sad at heart, on 7th August. The first duty of the first party had been to comfort resident missionaries* bereaved almost at the moment of their landing: the first duty of the second party was to bury one of their own number—almost as the anchor chains rattled out the announcement that the long sea voyage was over, Mr. R. J. Johnston's life came to an end.

As soon as Arnot's caravan of carriers arrived, the now united party made a start for Bié. (Mrs. Arnot had remained at Bailundu; and Crawford, as we shall see, had gone on ahead.) The ladies were carried in hammocks, the men rode by turns on an ox, a mule, a horse, and a donkey. After a few days' travel they reached Utalama, where two of the ladies, Miss Davis and Miss Gilchrist, went down with fever. The consequent delay demoralized the carriers, many of whom deserted, and three precious weeks were lost in replacing them by others. Was it a presage of worse to follow that round the camp fire one evening Mr. Morris having affirmed (by interpretation) that in

* The American missionaries, whose field extended from the ocean to the river Kwanza, were uniformly kind and helpful to these their brethren whom they understood to be passers-by. When it afterwards developed that some of them remained at work within the sphere they themselves had pioneered, the American friends continued equally gracious; but Crawford, by then far away in the interior, and hoping hard for the reinforcements that did not come for years, felt this settling down to be a poor return for the early kindnesses he and the others had experienced. On the only furlough he ever took, Dan Crawford made it his business to seek out Mr. Currie, with whom he had lived at Chisamba and to express his regrets upon the subject. "We never let it spoil our love of you," said Mr. Currie.

Christ Jesus we have eternal life, and one burly porter having, in the free-speech manner of their own courts, objected that this could not be true ("Did not all die?")? Mr. Morris pinched up the flesh of his arm and explained that the body was but the "hut" of himself, his soul; it certainly would die, and decay, but the soul would live on in Christ its Redeemer. Such the sermon; alas that within a few days he himself became the illustration.

Just after the evening of his sermon, the caravan was again made up to strength, and the morrow was appointed for the restart of the journey; that afternoon Mr. Morris developed malaria! Dr. Fisher treated him and the fever yielded. Every day's delay being a matter of grave anxiety, lest further desertions should occur, Mr. Morris got up from his bed while still too weak and tried to complete his preparations for the journey. At that moment the grass shed which was his kitchen caught fire. Owing to their long stay on the one spot the grass huts that formed the bulk of the camp were as dry as tinder. (The tent accommodation sufficed only for the white ladies.) Wisps of burning grass from the blazing hut were carried everywhere by the draughts created by the conflagration, and only by the most strenuous efforts on the part of all was the camp saved from wholesale destruction. Mr. Morris was as active as anyone else; but the exertion caused a relapse, and he became seriously ill. Mr. Gall also collapsed. There followed a few days of great anxiety for all the party: both men sank rapidly—till, as the first hurricane of the rainy season beat about the camp and the rain slashed down upon the countryside, Death claimed his victims, and within a few hours of each other both were buried in one grave.

Mrs. Morris had left four children in England and she now decided to return to them, taking with her Miss Davis. Mr. George Fisher also decided to accompany them. Thus by October, of the fourteen farewelled at Exeter Hall in March, three were dead, and three others had been turned back; only eight were left to struggle on toward the Interior. Another year of exasperating delays was still to go by before Mushidi was reached, and that, by only three of the eight. Such is Africa. Truly its distances may not be measured in miles.

While all this was transpiring, what of Crawford? When Lane and Munnock returned to Benguella to await Arnot's caravan, the idea of four able-bodied men sitting down indefinitely to a daily warfare with the white ants that sought to demolish their stores was too much for Dan's energetic spirit. If it were true that he had only one year to live in Africa, was he to spend it in guarding worldly goods? He at once cast about for means to get up country. He sent a runner after Arnot who returned with a note saying, "Yes, come on, I will send a few carriers from Chivolila." So he had his permission to follow.

The promised men did not materialize, however; in the weeks of waiting for them Crawford went down again and again with malaria. During the same weeks brave Mrs. Webster, of the American Board, had decided despite her husband's death, to return to what had been their common sphere of labour, there to carry on as well as she might the work which he had laid down. Mr. Woodside, of their mission, had come down for her with some sixty carriers. On apportioning out the loads to these men he found that six of them remained empty-handed, and those he very kindly offered to place at Mr. Crawford's disposal. Dan jumped at the chance.

And so on 17th July, 1889, with just those six men, Dan Crawford made his start for the Interior. He took with him some of Mrs. Arnot's goods, so that he actually left the coast with only *one* bundle of personal necessities, which included his bedding, one spare coat, an ulster, two or three pieces of underclothing, a pair of slippers, a cake of soap, a cheap rifle, and as much tea as one could hold in two hands. How many others, one asks oneself, ever deliberately turned their backs on ample stores to trudge away with so little on a thousand mile trek through the midst of warring barbarians? Not even a second pair of boots did he have. What he did have, however, was a heavenly Father. He tramped along bubbling over with joy. He sang aloud as he climbed the range out of Catumbella.

Two hours of curving road amongst foothills on that day of the start brought them by five o'clock in the afternoon to emerge on to a plateau. Dan stood for a few minutes gazing back on the rolling Atlantic. Would he ever see it again, he, the blood-spitter? He turned away; good-bye

—good-bye! Veering N.N.E., he sang his way into the unknown future, certain of this one thing: that his God was calling him, calling him, as he wrote at that time, “for an especial purpose.”

III

FROM THE COAST TO BAILUNDU

THE days that followed the evening of the 17th July, 1889, when he gazed his good-bye gaze on the Atlantic, were first days of the life of the African trail to the man who was to learn therein to "think black." How did Africa greet him? What were his first impressions of her?

"17th July, 1889.—(After 5 o'clock.) We journeyed for one and a half hours longer (the 'we' being Mrs. Webster, Mr. Woodside, and I), passing large companies of traders en route to the coast—to them the land of powder and rum and nothing else. Some places it was a case of treading very softly indeed on ridge tops where a few inches separated us from deep precipices. My man, donkey and I" (he had bought a donkey in Benguella) "brought up the rear of the caravan. Darkness came down very quickly as we stumbled up our last mountain side. When the top was reached a gladdening sight met us; the whole valley below seemed to be ablaze with the light of the camp fires, and the carriers were making the place ring with their shouting and singing. We camped at 6.30 p.m. on a dry river bed. The men could strike no water, and there was just sufficient for a hot drink in the morning. We ate our *meat* with gladness."

Dan's "hot drinks" were cooked in a very special little copper kettle which had been given him in England. The smith had put a finishing touch on his work by engraving on its handle the word "Ebenezer." It was just such a colourful touch as could not but delight Dan Crawford's powerful sense of the dramatic. "Hither by Thy help I come." Each day gladly, gratefully, he acknowledged that only by that help had he come thither, and he loved to be reminded of it by seeing his little kettle on its gipsy fire of three stones. As long as it lived he was never without it, and after it had gone the way of all kettles, as long as he himself lived, he never forgot his Ebenezer kettle.

" *Thursday, 18th July.*—Rose at 4 a.m. with faggedness all gone. 5.30 saw the caravan under way. The river bed and its friendly night shelters were soon far behind. Our path had the same up and down features as yesterday, and our course all day was north-east. Here and there by the wayside a cairn of stones told of a burial; often a little flag pole neatly cut, bearing a tattered calico flag topped the memorial heap. I don't think you can imagine what my feelings were as we saw a formidable slave yoke lying here and there, and slave shackles plentifully strewn across our path. It was rather a shock which these curtain-lifts gave me into the quality of traffic which passes along this road. Without venturing criticism I asked myself a question. Those who have read Professor Drummond's *Tropical Africa*, and studied his slave map therein, will have seen the two black slave-route lines, the one running in a south-westerly and the other in a north-westerly direction, which meet, and, please note, *stop* at Bié. How is it that about three hundred miles west of Bié in Portuguese territory we find these implements of slavery? Why has not that line, so significantly black, been carried right on to Benguela? Of course to do so means to impeach Portugal. Nominally, at least, she has nothing to do with the infamous trade. Actually, she does traffic therein.

" After a long tramp we reached the height overlooking the Catumbella river. What a sight! We could see the river here and there between the densely thick and brightly green overhanging foliage, and the great Supa plain, thickly wooded, making a beautiful setting for its windings. Between us and this fair sight was a steep and stony declivity, the descent of which was a really difficult task. The boys, knowing of our empty water bottles, had run on ahead, and when we were just about half-way down, they met us with full calabashes of water. After a short march along the fertile plain, we camped not many yards from the river banks. For the first time in my life I heard the splash of a hippo in the river alongside."

" *Friday, 19th July.* After half an hour's journey through Supa plain, at 7.30 we commenced the ascent into the canyon; the ruggedness of the path through this place is simply indescribable. Rocky slopes rise in some instances at an angle of 75 degrees. In some cases the incline was

nothing but granite, the surface of which had become quite glossy. Happily this was not an all day experience, and towards the close the path became delightfully smooth, while the surroundings lost the wildness and grandeur. Among the many trees I saw the great baobab and cactus. At 11 a.m. we reached the upper part of the canyon and there camped."

"*Saturday, 20th July.* Rose 4.40. Oh! the raw coldness of the morning. It is difficult to believe oneself in the Torrid Zone. To-day we had a long march of seven hours in a course varying from east to south-east with our winding path. One could have done seventeen hours in such surroundings, but for the scorching sun. How shall I describe the fairy-like dells, or the rich vegetation? Sometimes we traversed flat plains studded all over with stately trees for all the world like a deer park; while all day long on either side were deeply wooded mountains. At about 11.30 we reached the Lower Chisanje; by the roadside the natives (the first encountered since our start), came out and held a market, offering sweet potatoes, manioc, and bananas and corn meal; further on there was a meat market, but I shall not dwell upon what they offered for sale, nor upon the quality thereof! We journeyed on until 1 o'clock, when we reached the Upper Chisanje, and there camped upon a flat green spot under a beautiful spreading tree."

"*Sunday, 21st July.* It seems strange to have to record a start upon this day of rest; but the caravan regulates the whole marching. They march, and our business is to keep up with them. At 6.30 we started. The beautiful dale of yesterday expanded to-day into a large forest, richly wooded; nearly all the tree-tops of this spreading expanse of country are covered with flowers of deep crimson or white. Amid the tangled mass is the little winding path, just one foot wide, with an overhanging avenue of smaller vegetation and lined with many coloured flowers in pretty variety. As one moves along one sees innumerable tails of disappearing lizards. We crossed four streams to-day of beautiful running water. This was my first experience of stream crossing; and not to be forgotten because of the blunders. The second was rather broad and of

uncertain depth. Of possible crossing points I had a choice of two, the one with a very steep bank and most formidable landing place opposite, and the other having an easy decline with an inviting little shore as landing place. Of course, my choice was the latter. The stream looked fairly shallow so that I mounted on donkey back and waded in quite fearlessly. We had taken but three steps when the water reached the stirrups; I had on walking boots without leggings, so as we advanced I lifted feet and stirrups upwards until they rested on my donkey's neck. He went in as far as he could without having to swim. Had he but known that one more step would have been into shallower instead of deeper water things might have turned out differently, but he did not know. He couldn't swim with such a burden, he wouldn't drown, so what he did do was to give an impatient reel. I reeled, too—head first into the running stream!"

"Monday, 22nd July. A long day's march through a barren country. The long grass which was growing a week ago has all been burned, leaving a most uninviting charred mass, but the path was splendid, so much so that I walked on foot all day, only mounting at streams, of which we crossed eight; and after all it is the path which to me is of far more importance than the surroundings. This stream crossing is becoming a most precarious and difficult work. There is always such a lot of beating and forcing before the donkey's stiffneckedness is overcome. Dear little chap, not that I want to speak disparagingly of an early friend (and that he was to me the first two days), but of late he has shown signs of faggedness."

"Tuesday, 23rd July. The little fellow above named was quite a credit to me to-day. At the outset he showed signs of pliability which continued all day; nine streams we crossed very happily.

"At about 11 a.m. I saw a group of our men blocking the path; the rate at which their tongues and hands were going told of an angry dispute. When I came up I found that we had met three men with a tall, strong woman slave bound for the coast. Our men were Lunda folk, and they recognized in the woman one of their own tribe. She was pleading for release and our own men were demanding of

the slave-drivers to turn back to our camping place. This they did, and there the palaver continued loud and long. All the while it was going on you should have seen the gleam of hope lighting up the face of the poor miserable woman. The palaver was purely a tribal affair in which we could not interfere; and as after all slave trading is quite legal here, the Lunda men had no alternative but simply to redeem her, which they did. Oh, for my Jesus to possess their hearts! when that happens the slave question is solved.

"Among themselves the hearts of these men are kindly one toward another; this I have gathered by sitting by the fire with them in their little huts, and by watching their conduct on the road in load carrying. We camped near the Bailumbo River at 1.30. The king presented us with a fine pig and a basket of meal."

"*Wednesday, 24th.* Crossed the Bailumbo River at 6.30. The morning was raw and a thick mist was driving down. It evoked a smile to see the exaggerated shivers of the carriers at the crossing. 10.15, arrived at Chivoula."

"*Thursday, 25th.* Crossed ridge of Mount Elonga, 6,000 feet high, and kept an altitude of nearly 5,000 feet all day. At 2.30 camped near King Ekwikwi's camp, the great king who has been blocking the road. We sent him on a present, but he demanded eight pieces of cloth more, and declared the road impassible until that should be forthcoming. After an interview with Ekwikwi five pieces appeased the royal magnate, and our caravan was under way after only a short delay."

That Friday was spent in crossing more difficult bogs, the outriders, so to speak, of the River Keve, which was reached on Saturday. It was too deep to ford, and they crossed it "in a leaky little bark boat, one at a time." That one sentence was all that Crawford wrote in his diary at the time about that crossing, but his first experience of a bark boat made an impression on him as deep as the Keve itself. Later on, in *Thinking Black*, he reverted to it in these terms: "You must negotiate (the Keve) in a leaky little bark boat (coracle, rather)—one man, one voyage. You feel as safe as if you had put to sea in a washtub,

and about as dry. But to have a lively sense of the saving humour of things is one thing, and to indulge that same sense half way across this washtub voyage is quite another. You recall the old saying that 'A sailor has never got home till he has had his dinner,' and a slip between this cup of a canoe and that lip of a river bank is a daily, deadly occurrence. If ever there was nothing in a name, here you have it in this bark bundle called a boat. Too truly you embark. That bright red shell, cracked all over and puttied with mud, proclaims this to be her maiden voyage, so be sure of it the whole situation is abounding in ludicrous possibilities. Squeezing into the thing, you wonder desolately where your negro paddler can contrive to come in; already, sufficient unto the canoe is the cargo thereof. Truly a trial trip! But if he cometh not this cargo goeth not, so our funny friend lurches in feet first, the intelligent idea being that if these really frightful feet find room, his meagre body can easily follow. Already filling fast before you start, you are almost as wet as the traditional drowned rat, and away you wobble on the river. The water is now as much in the boat as the boat in the water. Circling in many a creditable curve, you long 'to be over yonder,' a negro glued to your back, a brand new boat and a brand new experience."

The difference between the two notices of the same incident is striking; and it is significant, because one was made while he still thought white, whereas the other was written after twenty years of close and uninterrupted participation in Bantu life had taught him to think black. It demonstrates well the free-thought association, the introduction of proverbial clichés, the verbal plays, the vivid pictorialization of the scene, with its emphasis on selected details, whereby you yourself see the crazy craft, and shiver for the passenger, and are fascinated by the embarking of those bare black feet, all of which are typical of Bantu thought and narration.

In *Thinking Black* Mr. Crawford did not set out to present a dryas dust analysis of African mental processes, or to write a treatise about them. The book is a presentation of experiences and thought in the Bantu mould. In this river-crossing passage, perhaps nothing is more typical than that there is no landing—you never *do* get across! To the Bantu mind every experience, and the

impressions of which it is composed, have an absolute value independent of circumstances preceding it or succeeding it. Irritating to a mentality that prides itself on its logicity this may be; indeed many white men in Africa, and in the Southern States of America also, do find the mentality of the negro both bewildering and exasperating. If such traits in *Thinking Black* and *Back to the Long Grass* bewilder some of their readers, it is scarcely to be wondered at, since these books shaped themselves in a mind that used Bantu processes to mould thought born in Bantu surroundings. It is not the books but the Bantu type of thought which irritates. It must be remembered that it was his ability to enter so fully into Bantu thought that enabled Dan Crawford to preach the Gospel to the Bantu so acceptably, and that it was of that set purpose that he deliberately gave himself up to be one of them for Christ's sake and the Gospel's.

Well that that square of red bark, its edges turned up and skewered into position at the corners with wooden pegs and its cracks plastered with mud, *did* carry him safely across is evident. ("Exactly," said Mr. Black, "then why trouble to say so?") The next day his diary reads:

"*Sunday, 28th.* Bailundu at last! What a reception dear Mr. and Mrs. Arnot gave! A real joy to grip their hands. Mr. Arnot leaves here for Benguela in two days' time, and I am to have the honour of going on in at once to the Interior."

In closing a hasty home letter written during those few hours of high hope at Bailundu, he signs himself to his mother, "Facing the foe, with joy unspeakable, Dan."

IV

FROM BAILUNDU TO CHISAMBA

CRAWFORD arrived at Bailundu on July 28th to find Arnot concluding his preparations for a return to the coast with the caravan of 160 already mentioned. To meet the American missionaries, and to see again Mr. and Mrs. Arnot, who were staying with them in their comfortable adobe houses, delighted him, but what most rejoiced his heart was to see for the first time a considerable number of zealous young Christians at work for the Lord, of whom he was told that they were making a pronounced stand against their old fetish worship. He greatly enjoyed the simply conducted services, and remarks that "their little hymn book" contains "a selection of the simple old hymns, to me replete with golden memories of Sunday-school days, golden, because in them preparatory work began which led me to my Bethel, where the Sun rose, Light of my life."

On the 31st news came from Chisamba, the furthest inland of the American mission stations, intimating firstly, that the goods destined for the relief of Swan and Faulknor, which had been sent on, were held up there; but that secondly, one Sambaca, a slaver, and the brother of a Bihean chief, was expected to start shortly with a big caravan for Molenga's, one of Mushidi's tributary chiefs in the far interior. There seemed every possibility that others might insinuate themselves into his caravan, slave gang though it was.

When the news arrived, Arnot was in the throes of concluding the arrangements for his return to the coast with the caravan; he felt he could not go Interiorwards just then. Nor was there any time to wait for any of those still at the coast. The only one able to take advantage of the opportunity was Crawford—Crawford, with his solitary bundle of kit; Crawford, the youngest in years of the whole party; Crawford, with all his goods far away at the coast. Not yet twenty years old, ought he to be allowed to proceed alone on so difficult and

dangerous a journey? Arnot may have had his doubts, yet what else could he do but permit it? Especially as Crawford of the dancing blue eyes, of the infectious smile, Crawford of the uncalculating faith to whom hazards were but a challenge, Crawford the called of God, had no doubt about what he ought to do. In Christ's name he was off to try to get into that caravan! He writes: "Fortunately, I arrived at Bailundu with what only one man could carry of personal requisites, including bedding, so it was a real opportunity for an untrammelled start. Refuse it I could not, else my vows *made* would not be my vows *paid*. 'I will *pay* my vows unto the Lord,' said David. We *make* them so cheaply, but how little we know of vow *paying*! How little we know of sacrifice-binding unto the horns of the Altar." That first word "fortunately" is worth noting.

Of the sudden turn of events he wrote home in haste: "Thus does that Blessed Hand point onward. 'He draws me, and I follow on'—on, all alone, back to the ocean, eyes to the heart of Africa."

From the stores of the expedition he drew one bale—one only—of barter cloth, the sole currency of the country where money was as yet quite unknown; and a small medicine chest. It is typical of the unselfish helpfulness of the man that, as on the first stage of the journey inland he had used some of his few carriers to bring up some of Mrs. Arnot's goods, so on the second also he spared one of his tiny caravan to carry in a box for Senhor Silva Porto, whose home Belmonte he would pass before reaching Chisamba.

It was on the 1st August, after they had had a mere five days together, that Arnot headed back for the coast, leaving Crawford engaged in fabricating yellow candles, for what he expected to be his long lonely journey in to Nkulu, Mushidi's capital. The wax was obtained from the local natives, who spat it from their mouths after chewing all the honey from the comb. And it was on the following Monday, the 5th, that Dan set off blithely from Bailundu for Bié, where he hoped to effect a junction with Sambaca's slave caravan. The men he had were the same six who had brought him from Benguella, and who gladly consented to take him on into the Interior. When it is

remembered that those were days when no white man in those parts was sure of his carriers from one day to another, their willingness must be considered a goodly testimony to the relations which Dan had established on the way up from the coast with the very first Africans who travelled with him. When they left Bailundu those six men were carrying (1) Barter cloth ; (2) Silva Porto's box ; (3) Tent ; (4) Kitchen utensils and food ; (5) Box with medicine and books, " especially The One Book " ; (6) Hold-all of bedding and personal requisites.

" *August 5th.* We were annoyingly delayed at Chilume buying corn. It must have been after ten when, with sun smarting, we left that village and crossed a deep-running stream that took little Jimmy, the donkey, very much by surprise when he plunged in past his depth ; but Mr. Moke swims bravely. As in this case, rivers are often met after passing through black, soft bogs. These thoroughly bespatter him, so that the crossing proves his most effectual bath, and he mounts the opposite bank in his normal snow-white condition. We crossed a rude bridge creaking and rickety. Quite a number of antelopes gadded across our path, driven from the horizon where great volumes of smoke were rising. Towards the close of the march we had to pass through a forest on fire. All round our trail bushes were crackling. With these *plus* the rays of the burning sun, the temperature is as easily imagined as described !

" One feature to-day was the ad. lib. ant hills bespotting the forests and plains. Their forms are almost exclusively domes and minarets, and they look as though some sculptor had been let loose to turn this long tract of country into a miniature Moslem city. Here and there some have been broken, which reveals their intricate interior—their perfect net-work of small tubular galleries running from top to bottom. To see these little things at work is humbling to genus homo ; for first they seem to be continually plodding at it ; secondly, harmony seems to reign, and unity of purpose ; thirdly, they all work from a given centre ; and finally, even a casual on-looker for two ticks could see what were the characteristics of their work. For, of course, they did not explain to me verbally all those doctrinaire points. But the One who said, ' Go to the ant thou

sluggard,' knew where good training colleges were to be found.

"This travelling alone has a special brand of joy about it. For although fellowship with others is indeed sweet, yet in all things He must have the pre-eminence. I have the consciousness of treading His path for me, of having His smile; though conscious often, alas, of intruding earthly desires."

"*Tuesday, 6th.* An early start and a splendid march all day. There was a cold wind blowing in the morning, quite cutting, which made for quick marching. Personally I found it biting, because my thick jacket was stolen at Bailundu by some poor black, who doubtless thought he deserved at least one of my 'many' belongings.

"To-day's scenery bore marks of Autumn; sighing branches and falling leaves made a mournful dirge. A great musician has said that every note issuing from the lips of nature is pitched in a minor key, the sighing of wind through the forest, the bay of cattle, the breaking of waves on the shores, even the singing of birds. Old earth's sighs for what? 'To wit—the Redemption.'"

"*Thursday, 8th.* A day of snail-like progress, dragging over black bogs. At 8 we reached the Kutato River. For a whole long hour we battled at the crossing, but found the usual ford uncrossable, thus compelling us to make a long detour to a fordable spot."

On Friday, the 9th, he entered the Kingdom of Bié, the first group of Bihean villages being that of Kochikumuna, and on Saturday, the 10th, he came in sight of the groves of tall sycamores that enveloped "Belmonte," the residence of the famous Portuguese traveller, Senhor A. F. Silva Porto. Alas! the fine house, of which an engraving is to be found in Cameron's *Across Africa*, had just been wiped out by fire. Nothing remained of it but a mass of charred ruins. Silva Porto, at that time an old man of between 70 and 80, was living in a small out-house. This circumstance, however, in no way impaired the fine courtliness and sincere kindliness of the welcome which he gave Crawford.

This Silva Porto was a remarkable man. His earliest

memory of Africa was this, that as he was landing at St. Paul de Loanda a crashing salute had boomed out from the guns of the fort in honour of the coronation of Queen Victoria. Unlike the majority of his countrymen in Africa, who are apt to content themselves with carrying on their work by the activities of their black capitaos, or headmen, he was a true explorer. His travels in Central Africa were most extensive. In all probability he was the first European to visit the Barotse Valley. It was he who had first established trans-continental communication between the Portuguese territories of the west and east coasts. He was, too, the unnamed traveller who met Livingstone at Liyanti, in the course of the doctor's journey of 1853. He was a self-professed slaver; but in his later years he not only forbore to buy them, but to the great majority of his many people he actually gave their liberty.

On one occasion, while slave-raiding among the people of the Congo basin, he was horrified to find a tribe openly practising cannibalism. Slaver though he was, the thought that thousands of human beings should thus ignorantly damn their souls by the mortal sin of eating their fellow men weighed heavily upon one who had been brought up in the Roman Catholic Church. All the way back to the coast he pondered what to do about it, and at last found a way to save them. Procuring a large quantity of native salt, he found a priest to pronounce a blessing upon it, and carrying this precious salvation-cargo of holy salt he then turned back and made the long return trip to the far away lands of the cannibal tribe, up and down whose territory he went, calling upon all the people to receive upon their tongues a taste of salt (no Bantu would refuse such a treat—salt is highly valued amongst them). By this means he trusted to have cleansed the mouths, and with them the souls, of all those of the ignorant thousands who heeded his earnest injunction never again to commit the mortal error of tasting human flesh.

Under God he was responsible, however, albeit unconsciously, for a much more efficacious piece of missionary work. Had it not been for Silva Porto the Gospel would not have reached Mushidi's kingdom when it did. He happened to be in Barotseland in 1884, at the time when Arnot was there with Liwanika, who was refusing to let the missionary leave. The old trader brought his influence to

bear and prevailed on Liwanika to let Arnot leave with him. He thereupon took Arnot out to Bié; and it was what he heard on that journey from Silva Porto, of the many tribes in the interior, that determined Arnot upon his visit to Mushidi. That visit in its turn led to the expedition of 1889, and so ultimately to the evangelization of what is now called Katanga.

At "Belmonte," Crawford found a letter awaiting him from Mr. Fay, the American missionary at Kamondongo, urging haste, as the caravan for the interior was expected to start any day. Alas! the date of the letter was the seventh; Crawford did not get it till the tenth. Without delay, therefore, he took his leave of Silva Porto, who nodded his white head in approval on seeing how little baggage he carried. "That's the only way for Africa," said the old traveller, whose 50 years' experience of the trail certainly entitled him to an opinion. The donkey was left behind.

For two days and a half Dan made long forced marches in a strenuous endeavour to reach Chisamba in time. Writing of those two days he wrote: "I longed most yearningly to proclaim the glad good news in all its fulness to the villages *en route*. As much as in me was, I tried to speak the Word." On the 12th he succeeded in getting to Chisamba, the final jumping-off ground for the Interior, but it was to find that Sambaca's caravan had already been gone four days. Alas! a second caravan had also gone in two days previously. He had missed that too. However, he was somewhat comforted to learn that one box containing letters for Swan and Faulknor had been taken in, though all the other loads still remained. Also, there was talk of another caravan's making a start in a month's time. Accordingly he sent back word toward the coast, and hoped that by that time one or more of the others of the party might manage to push forward to join him. And in the meantime he gladly accepted the hospitality offered by Mr. Currie, a Canadian, the vanguard of the American Mission, who had a little mud house at Chisamba. There he settled down to utilize the waiting time in uninterrupted study of the Umbundu language. "The natives speak very fast," he wrote, "but what was once gibberish is now becoming beautifully intelligible."

"Another caravan is going to start in about one month,

and I hope to accompany it," he wrote on August 12th, 1889. But a full year later he was still within a few miles of Mr. Currie's home. Not till August 16th, 1890, was he finally to cross the neighbouring Kwanza River, on the trek that really did take him into Mushidi's capital.

"Ye have need of patience."

V

THE YEAR OF THE SHUT DOOR

DURING those years of the nineteenth century when the sons of Victoria Regina were sweating in many sunny lands to build the empire of Victoria Imperatrix, in Africa about ten degrees south of the equator, hundreds of thousands of the sons of Ham were beating out with bare and bleeding feet a *via dolorosa* between the West Coast and the interior lands of the Congo Basin and the upper Zambesi. At the coast more and more invading white men clamoured incessantly for more and more slaves and yet more ivory. Very few of them ever ventured to trek in toward the source lands of their riches. In the interior, Mushidi, and, after he had pioneered the way, other black potentates too, were yelling aloud with ever increasing insistence for the gunpowder on which their supremacy depended; would prostitute their wives and sell their people for powder, and still more powder. Neither Mushidi nor any other of them dared to leave his kingdom. They in the interior had the slaves and the ivory wanted at the coast; the coast-clinging white men had the indispensable powder, as also other commodities very desirable in the interior. Where there is a will there is a way. Silva Porto from the one side and Mushidi from the other, had the imagination and the will: the way opened up.

Between the coast and the interior streams of communication began to trickle, then to run, and finally to roar along the only practicable route, the route which kept along the highlands, avoiding on the one hand the mountainous country of the Zambesi sources to the south, and on the other the great north-and-south running tributaries of the mighty Congo. Gathering force like a river from tributary trails, from about ten degrees east, it ran out to the coast along one hard-trod track, bloody and strewn with bleaching bones, to cascade its wicked wares over the Elonga ridge on to the littoral at Benguella or, alternately, at Loanda.

That nowhere-else-to-pass route lay through the kingdom of Bié. The Biheans, living on a comparatively healthy plateau, were a virile and intelligent tribe. Like the better-known Nyamwezi, whose situation on the plateau lands of what is now Tanganyika Territory was very similar, they became the middlemen of the West Coast trade, acting both as traders and as transport agents. The kingdom became both rich and very powerful. Moreover the constant stream of rich caravans passing through their territory tempted its people to brigandage. They became so fat on the golden eggs that finally they began to strangle the goose.

When this route of which we are speaking was being padded by bare feet into a relative permanence, Europe had knowledge only of the coasts of Africa. The Mediterranean coast had been known from earliest times; the east coast had been tapped by the enterprise of Arabs from time unknown. In the fourteenth century, Portugal investigated the West Coast, and began to establish trade thereon; the southern areas began to be entered upon by Europe in the seventeenth century.

“ Cartographers in Afric’s maps
With savage pictures fill the gaps
And o’er the inhospitable downs
Place elephants instead of towns.”

So said Swift. And of the Interior it was even then still true. When Arrowsmith in the first years of the nineteenth century courageously dropped from his map all that was mere phantasy and supposition, the Interior was left without a single entry.

The history of filling up the map of Africa, as far as Europe is concerned, begins with Livingstone and a few contemporaries. He laid down his life in 1873; and yet in 1874 Stanley could write: “. . . the western half of the African continent is still a white blank”.*

He set out to “investigate and report upon the haunts of the slave traders.” When he had traced the course of the Congo with its transport possibilities, the land-hungry white man promptly turned his eyes upon Africa. In the year 1876, a Conference was called at Brussels by Leopold

* H. M. Stanley, *Through the Dark Continent*, 1878, vol. I, p. 3.



ALONG THE SLAVERS' ROUTE.

MEMBERS OF THE 1889 PARTY



(above) T. H. MORRIS, F. LANE, DAN CRAWFORD.

(below) W. FISHER, A. MUNNOCK, F. S. ARNOT, G. FISHER.

II, king of Belgium, whose real purpose was the partition of Africa amongst the powers of Europe. The scramble was on. Leopold's own Congo Free State was launched on its scandalous career: Germany raised her flag on the east and on the west coasts: France extended her province in North Africa: Great Britain began to see sense in Cecil Rhodes's red paint: Italy on the Red Sea Coast, and Spain on the western edge of the Sahara also bestirred themselves.

It touches directly on the story of Crawford's "boring in" to Central Africa from Benguela, that Portugal, which had acquired Delagoa Bay in 1875, was stirred out of centuries of inactivity in the coast towns in Africa to make loud and indignant clamourings at Brussels. It was true that a few men like Silva Porto had carried her flag hither and thither in the Dark Continent, but she had persistently ignored them all—until the Brussels Conference! As no one rightly knew where they had gone, or where they had not, she bluffed through her claims to large territories in both East and West Africa. In 1889 she was in this wakeful state. As far as the west was concerned she was flirting with the Boers of the Transvaal, and she was becoming increasingly resentful of the high-handed way in which the king of Bié, not more than three hundred miles from her coast towns, was flaunting his independence in her face and imposing almost prohibitive tariffs on all trade passing through his lands.

In August, 1889, when Crawford, missing Sambaca's caravan, entertained the hope that another would go in in September, matters were extremely unsettled. Both the Portuguese and the Biheans were restless. Matters were precipitated by the arrogance of a new king, who had but recently come to the throne, and on his accession had announced himself as "*Chindundumuna-wa-ndumisa-ofeka*"—"The Terror-who-makes-the-earth-tremble."

Towards the end of 1889, the remainder of the party of English missionaries followed Crawford up to Bailundu. In the unsettled state of the country carriers were impossible to be had. The rainy season had set in. Arnot therefore abandoned all thought of proceeding before the dry season of 1890 should commence. They moved forward a few days to Kuanjelula, in the Bié country, and there settled down, first building a station, and then to cultivating.

(We shall see later what Crawford did at this time.) This move greatly perturbed Chindundumuna; it was the largest party of whites yet seen in Bié. Silva Porto's advice to him was to be friendly to the *Englese*: but a Portuguese trader and rum-distiller gave contrary counsels, and backed them up with presents of his poisonous spirit. Feeling began to run high. Early in 1890 it became evident that the king could not carry all his chiefs with him in his unfriendly policy toward the missionaries.

Nevertheless he sent a letter to Kuanjelula ordering the whole party to vacate his territory. When they took no steps to do so he despatched an "army" to plunder and expel them. Silva Porto got wind of this event, and, old as he was, actually walked in great haste the twelve miles between Belmonte and the mission village to give warning. He saw nothing for it but flight. The trust of the missionaries, however, was not in human wisdom or protection, but in God; and when the bands, armed with guns as well as native bows and spears, were seen to deploy to the east of the village, evidently expecting them to flee coastward toward the boundary, they went boldly forward unarmed to meet the captains of the host. It was then seen that the expedition was in charge of a man, Chikuya by name, who had once redeemed himself, when held a prisoner by a chief of the Lovale tribe, with cloth given him by Arnot, then on his first journey! With him they palavered to such purpose that upon their giving each of the warriors four yards of check shirting, and adding a handsome present of trade calico for the king, the army accepted in peace a night's hospitality and departed next morning without having done any violence.

Some of the neighbouring chiefs thereupon made armed demonstrations in favour of the missionaries, and held a palaver at the mission village, which resulted in two of them going in deputation to the king as friends of the mission. Of this Crawford wrote at that time: "All this we disclaim. We desire grace to repel the world's advances in every form, knowing only one Banner, the one Warfare. . . . This scare shews how circumspect must be our walk here, and how perilous to move unless we have His Guiding Hand clasping our own." He was most anxious lest the testimony of peace should be compromised by trying to gain their point through alliance

with worldly force. However, Chindundumuna, largely through the kind offices of Silva Porto, affirmed his readiness for the party to remain in his country.

Hardly had this trouble concerning the largeness of the party of missionaries blown over in February, 1890, when a fresh disturbance arose which had far-reaching consequences. A Portuguese military expedition of native soldiers, under Captain Courceiro, making for the Barotse country, arrived at the western borders of Bié, through which kingdom their road lay. Chindundumuna refused them passage, asserting that the Portuguese government had made an agreement with him that no black soldiers should ever be quartered in Bié. The captain, however, disregarded the king's veto, and began journeying through the kingdom, much hampered by a considerable amount of livestock, and consequently moving very slowly. The king, sacrificing a human victim, and spiking his head above the gate of the capital, declared war on the Portuguese. An army under the same Chikuya moved out against them, the king himself accompanying them, and deployed against the trained soldiers in the same manner which they had previously made use of in attacking the missionary village: that is, they kept to the east, leaving the coastward way open to flight. At daybreak on the second morning the soldierly force took the hint, bundled up what they could conveniently carry, and incontinently retired. The Bihean force fell upon and feasted upon the abandoned cattle, pigs, sheep and goats; and the king and his generals, having "defeated" the vaunted might of the White Man, got ingloriously drunk on Portuguese rum—and things looked black indeed for the other white men who remained in his power, the *Englese* missionaries.

Crawford writes:

"As my knowledge of military matters is confined to a far different kind of warfare, I shall not remark upon the valorous conduct of the men who were nominally our defenders. Praise the Lord, we left our homes under an escort divinely secure. Though the Government of Great Britain was good enough to grant us her passport, we really stepped out, I trust, in blessed fellowship with the Government of God which 'ruleth over all.' Above the crashing din of falling thrones we hear, as of yore, the voice of

the reigning God, 'I will overturn, overturn, overturn, until He comes whose right it is to reign.' The worldly way of describing our position when the Portuguese fled would be to say that we were left at the mercy of the grasping, greedy king. Say rather that we were the recipients of the abounding mercy of God, and were permitted to go on living our quiet and peaceable camp life. It is become quite a proverb all round—'They don't fight: their sword is their Book.' Aye: and may God right soon let them know in their souls how keen is the blade thereof."

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At the moment when Chindundumuna determined on war, Silva Porto endeavoured to make peace. He was rudely rebuffed, denied an audience, and threatened that he too would be driven out. Broken-hearted, the old gentleman, who was nearly if not quite eighty years of age, returned to his burnt-out home, massed together ten barrels of gunpowder in the building which had formerly been his private chapel (for he had been devout in his attachment to the Church of his country), spread thereon the large flag of Portugal which had for so long waved over his village and which he would not have fall into desecrating hands, and laid himself down on this strange couch. He lay there for some time brooding fiercely over the conditions of the country, which seemed to him to be the result of mismanagement and sloth, and which he felt to be a disgrace to his nation. He feared they were about to lose the lands to which he had given all his life. Being in great agony of mind, he could not lie still. He rose and paced restlessly up and down his village for a last time. He called about him all that remained to him of his once great horde of personal adherents, servants and slaves, and told them that when they heard sounds of the approach of the black king's army they must flee for protection to the missionary village. He then re-entered his chapel, and again laid himself on the gruesome flag-strewn couch.

There, then, he lies a great but unrecognized explorer, a courteous gentleman of Portugal and a tyrannical slaver of Africa, a disillusioned old man tasting the bitterness of final failure. . .

Above a sinister trail of black powder that snakes its deadly way into one broached cask the wrinkled old fingers fumble with their last match . . .

Boom! go the ten barrels. And the soul of Silva Porto goes out upon the crash to meet its God.

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Captain Courceiro, being driven from the country, the Portuguese settlements of Belmonte and Bonavista were plundered and destroyed by the Biheans. But they made no attempt again to molest the missionaries. The Portuguese authorities, at that time in conflict with British interests about their East African territories, looked with not unnatural suspicion on these favoured foreigners. The Captain-General of Bié and Bailundu strongly advised them by letter to withdraw from the country, stating that the authorities at the coast had evidence that they were in league with the rebel king of Bié. They stayed on, however; and in the issue were completely exonerated and exculpated from the charge of political intrigue against the Portuguese Government.

Captain Paiva was despatched from Mossamedes with a punitive force in which were a number of mounted Transvaal Boers. Chindundumuna's capital was raided. He himself fled, but was finally captured and handed over to the Portuguese by an alliance of his own chiefs. From that time, at the end of 1890, Bié was more or less effectively occupied by Portugal.

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But before Captain Paiva's arrival in Bié early in November, the long year of the shut door had come to an end. Toward April and May, 1890, the king gave permission for a caravan of his subjects to be recruited to take the missionaries on into Mushidi's lands. While five of them decided to remain on the line of communication, the other three determined to take advantage of the glad permission. These were Messrs. Thompson, Lane, and Crawford—to name them in the order of their seniority.

On June 3rd, they left Kuanjelula and went into camp at Kalusia, raising their standards. A very few days' journey eastward lay the Kwanza river, the boundary of

the Bié lands. Such were the uncertainties of the times in Bié that it took them no less than two and a half months to cover that short stage. It was not until August 16th, 1890, that they crossed the Kwanza.

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We must now return to August, 1889, when Dan Crawford, at Chisamba, first knocked on the door that gave exit from Bié into the Interior. It was then shut; and it remained shut for a full year. He "assayed to go," but "the Spirit of Jesus suffered him not." The lesson of the shut door is perhaps one of the most difficult that an ardent spirit has to learn from God. It is the true touchstone of a wholly surrendered will. There is nothing like the blocked path to show up self-will. During the year of waiting which might well have seemed tedious, unnecessary, Dan Crawford did not repine. He recognized that God rules by over-ruling; he believed in the leading of the Lord. His times were in God's hands, and he was entirely willing to re-shape his own plans, not sulkily but enthusiastically, as often as God was pleased to indicate His will, whether by political disturbances, by the advice of men of God, or by any other means. What concerned him was to be sure what was the will of God for him.

He knew himself to have one responsibility—to witness for Christ. From all anxiety concerning that responsibility he was completely, joyously free. God it was who best knew how to apportion the where and the when of Dan Crawford's task; and the increase, too, was His affair. If the door was shut in one direction, it must be that his labour was needed in another. His was no pallid, sighing resignation to a "Will of God" which he would not welcome. The adventure God sent him, that he undertook with self-regardless courage, joyously, zestfully, songfully confident in God the Over-ruler.

It was in this spirit, even then already characteristic of him and which he never lost, that Dan Crawford passed in Bié the year of the closed door. "For," as he wrote home, "you know that

‘ We are out on an ocean sailing
To a land beyond the tide,’

and it is our privilege to touch at as many ports as possible." And again, "We are thoroughly apostolic in having to break our journey to 'winter', as did Paul *en route* to Rome."

His great concern was to acquire the language, Umbundu, for without it he could not tell out his message. At first he was the guest of Mr. Currie, a Canadian, of the American Mission, at Chisamba, where he made his headquarters for three months. Later, when the rest of the party had followed him up from the coast, he joined them in building their village of Kuanjelula. The labour portioned out to him was that of shaping the rafters. As he finished them he leaned them against the framework of the house preparatory to their being fitted the following day. One afternoon two of them slipped, and, falling, gave him a heavy blow in the side. He was obliged to fix his position in bed for some days; and suffered considerable pain. Probably some ribs were broken.

He came to the conclusion very early that to live all the time with other whites was a handicap in learning to talk and to think black. The following considerations weighed with him. There is a temptation to confine oneself to conversation with one's fellow nationals, and to avoid the more difficult effort of talking with the natives. Conversation with other Europeans *about* the language and the native has this danger, that each one tends, by a perversity which appears to be inescapable, to perpetuate the mistakes of every other white. Moreover, the very natives themselves, in the vicinity of whites, far from speaking their own flowing idiom, resort to a stupidly simplified sort of child language, suitable to what appears to them to be the standard of intelligence of the foreigners. And since the surroundings near the whites are new and apart from their usual life, their very thoughts are for the time being estranged from what is natural and normal to them. Only by so obliterating himself, if that be possible, as to permit of their losing all consciousness of his presence, will a foreigner ever even so much as hear normal language from the Bantu amongst whom he is. Though difficult, it is probably possible for *one* alone to do this; but it certainly is impossible for a *group* all together. Crawford discovered this; and concluded that the thing to do was to live alone with the natives in their own surroundings. He

not only concluded that it ought to be done: he actually did it.

"I am sitting," he writes early in 1890, "in my little native mud hut—near the door of it, of course, for there is no window. You could not picture nor plan a more humble yet withal comfortable abode than this of mine. I don't say there is not plenty to evoke European growls! For instance, the little fire, lit of an evening, of which the smoke has just to make its exit the best way possible owing to the absence of anything in the form of a chimney. The solitary stool standing just a foot from the ground is made of a piece of raw hide stretched over a four leaved wooden framework barely a foot square. Add to this a narrow shelf-like native bed, a grass mat lying on the floor (upon which is laid all that these kind hosts of mine can ingeniously scrape together by way of food), and you have the exact inventory of the contents of my African hut. . . . While I am the guest of Lelenco, the headman, who is vastly kind, still I think there is not in the whole village a house which has not kept sending its gift of food to me; which is equivalent to saying that mine is a well-supplied larder indeed."

He thus describes life in his village:

"Every morning I am awakened about 5 o'clock by the thud, thud of the women's corn pounding. The mortar and pestle used for this are the same in size and shape as those given by Rawlinson in his *Egyptian Monuments*. About 7 o'clock the women are off to the fields with their little babies tied to their backs. There, with babies for the most part tied still on their backs, they set to work cultivating. Towards noon they lay down their hoes and fill their baskets with ripe corn. Then with big baskets on head and child on back I see them every day about 2 o'clock marching home in Indian file by little groups. Yesterday, of one returning from her field, laden, and with great beads of sweat rolling down her face, I asked if she were tired. Her reply was a laughing, scornful negative. They return to begin what I can only describe as another day's work. Immediately after their return you see them emerging from their huts with tall black earthen pitchers, some three feet high, on their heads, to go down to the brook for the day's

water. After that there is a constant sound of corn-pounding right on to sun-down.

"Turn to the men. Behold, the loungers* are squatting in a circle round a fire, some whittling sticks, some smoking from the large-bowled pipes brought amongst them from the Gangella country by the traders, others are handing round the snuff box. A huge pinch of snuff is, in the opinion of an Mbundu man, the indispensable preface to a palaver. In the evening all gather round the Onjango fire, where the talk goes on, only broken into by the arrival of each man's supper (brought to him by his youngest boy or girl) in two neat little baskets, the one containing the 'Iputa,' a solid porridge made of Indian corn meal, and the other what is called 'Ombelela,' the name given to relish of any sort. Ombelela varies; meat is the great event, the most common green leaves from a shrub which grows wild in the forest.

"It is this Onjango that I love to frequent, where one has always got an audience to whom one can lisp the sweet tale of Calvary. Oh, the joy that thrills one, after so long with one's tongue tied, to have a listening audience. I sometimes praise the Lord that the gift of tongues has ceased, because spelling out the old Gospel of John in another tongue gives one such fresh sweet glimpses of the Love of God."

He always loved that. "The happiest times of my life," he often said in his last years, "have been the evening hours of Gospel chat across the faggot fire."

* This is Bié. In later years Mr. Crawford was used hotly to defend the men of Katanga against the exaggerated charges of sloth almost invariably levelled against them by travellers of what he called the "run-in-run-out" type, and whom he used to chaff good-naturedly about the book they were surely tearing back to write, while they still were sure they knew it all. He would point out that it is the man who undertakes the arduous labour of clearing the forest and who first breaks the sun-baked soil every year before ever the woman touches a hoe, the man who builds the hut, who fishes, hunts, fabricates the bark cloth and dresses the skins for the family, he who makes the grass mats they lie on as well as defends them against their enemies, human and animal. Moreover, the crafts, such as metal-working in iron and copper, and weaving, and the arts, such as that of wood-carving, are—alas, one ought rather to write not *are*, but *were*, for they are almost gone—in the hands of the men.

" Borne across the valley from the line of villages on the other side of the stream, sitting in my hut, I hear (after nightfall) the sound of dancing and the beating of drums and the hoarse shouting of voices in devil-worship. May there steal across this same valley in the near future the hushed and holy quietude of the evening hymn. God speed the day.

" They tell me a man degenerates roughing it alone. It is by no means necessary. There is a sweetness about simplicity of habits of life. Lowly simplicity and a lowly Jesus—how beautifully they blend. More of Thy humble life, I pray, Lord Jesus ; that Thy servant may not be above his Lord.

" Let me tell you how gloriously contented I am (with this life in an African village). Never since the time when I ' first saw the Light and the burden of my heart rolled away ' could I sing to my Lord a happier song of praise than now." And he adds that all who are conscious that they are where God has placed them, will have the same confident song, in Britain as in Africa. " But only those who have heard and taken prayerfully into account the beseeching cry of the millions of dying souls to ' Come over here and help us ' can rightly make a decision to remain in their homelands. I am convinced that ' If there were more abiding in Christ there would be less abiding in Britain.' "

On one occasion a native was in great distress because his gun had been dropped into a deep part of the neighbouring river. Dan was sufficiently sorry for him, and enough of a boy still, to offer to dive for it, white man and black man though they were respectively. He was also sufficiently a Scotsman—or a Bantu—to want to learn beforehand what was to be the reward for finding it. It was to be a large pig ! He dived and dived—no result. He was very chagrined when it was later recovered at least fifty yards from the spot he had been shewn. In telling the yarn years after, which he did but rarely, and only when assured that it would be appreciated, he would grin, and say, " I wanted that pig badly ; I had eaten no meat for a long time."

Later on, looking back on what this time had done for him, he wrote in *Thinking Black* :

“ I am glad I went to school with the negro in his own town. The mere globe-trotter gets a poor enough chance of getting to know the real African. It is only here, stuck in amongst his own hovel huts, you at last reach the region of hard facts, and a few months of such ‘ slumming ’ is worth years of monotonous ‘ station ’ life. On a mission station the black boy is only a false, eager echo of the white man, whereas here, in his hamlet, you are verily *chez lui*. Lying awake for hours, note-book on pillow, you can listen to their talk, talk, talking, this cheeky chatter you hear being the natural and normal idiom of the native, not that ‘ wooden ’ Anglo-Bantu so common even among missionaries. True, for the first few days they are tongue-tied and excruciatingly bored by your spying presence; let a week pass, however, and you are truly and technically ‘ in.’ ”

The Luba proverb has it *Kumfwa i ku paramina*, which may be translated :

Truly to hear
You must get near.

Mr. Crawford, in this connection, used frequently to employ an aphorism of his own in the endeavour to impress on missionaries fresh to the country the uselessness of trying to learn a language by direct questioning. He would say, again and again, “ Remember, ‘ You only hear what you *overhear*.’ ”

During this same year he began to be disturbed on account of the prestige attaching to being “ white,” altogether apart from any excellence of character. “ One thing I often wish I had not,” he wrote, “ and that is a white skin. . . . Yet God gave it to me, and so I would not murmur.” He was even more perturbed when he came to realize that do what he would to reduce his impedimenta to the extreme of simplicity, even so few possessions as he did still retain represented great riches to the native, so that in their eyes the missionary was poles apart from the pilgrim poverty which he felt ought to characterize the messenger of Christ Jesus. He pondered much over this; seeking whether there might not be some “ ‘ more excellent way ’ of exhibiting how as God’s witnesses we are but pilgrims in a strange land,” and not men attached to great possessions. He knew in his heart that he did not

place undue value on earthly possessions, but he felt that the native gained the impression that he served God “not for nought.”

Considerations such as these led him to return to the records of the Lord’s own teaching and example. “I find that it is not sufficient allegiance to the blessed Word of God on my soul’s part to name passages of the Gospel of Matthew ‘the statutes of the Kingdom,’ and so to evade their force. The principles still remain applicable to us—as Christians. The more I read the Acts of the Apostles, the more do I see that those are the very principles on which the first Churches were built.” This has reference to the teaching, offered him for acceptance while he was still in Scotland, that the principles and precepts of the Kingdom of God announced by our Lord, and recorded by Mark, Matthew and Luke applied only to the dispensations of the Jews, and not to the times of the Gentiles, or to the Church in the present dispensation. The logical conclusion of this teaching denied the missionary responsibility of the Ecclesia and relegated the Great Commission of Matthew 28, together with all that had led up to it, to the Jews. The Sermon on the Mount, and, indeed, the whole ethic of the Lord Jesus Christ, so it was sometimes taught him, were not for the Christian of this dispensation.

Dan Crawford, on the contrary, was completely convinced that the prime duty of servants of Christ during this epoch is that of evangelization. During the year of the shut door he was continually about his favourite work of village Gossiping.

One day in April, 1890, he writes:

“*En route* we saw the grave of a great native hunter. Round it were long poles whereon were hung the bleaching skulls of animals killed by him. On a separate pole rested the skull of the bullock his friends had killed in memory of his death. ‘Verily they have their reward.’ When one sees these sepulchres of Africa’s dead, one cannot but bemoan that God’s saints were not afoot here centuries ago spreading the message of love. Their withholding more than was meet hath tended to poverty—what poverty! The Church which withheld? Is she to-day the ‘fat and flourishing’ tree, the ‘planting of the Lord’ of which Pentecost gave promise? The lopped branches of the

starveling make the answer. May God make us all fruitful boughs. 'The vessel was marred, so he made it over again.' God's regenerating power shall transform poor Africans into children of the Light through the preached Word. Thank God, however, times and seasons know no man : so I would be a man of one purpose, beseeching dying souls to 'kiss the Son lest He be angry.' "

In the course of his preaching he travelled in every direction from his village home, often going several days' journey. The furthest journeys at this time were made toward the coast ; for his village friends, when they had got to know him, were willing to help him in carrying up the loads of his fellow whites, so that he was able, and glad, to render them a service extremely valuable in those days of carrier scarcity. He was everywhere well received, and his message listened to. His frequent journeyings quickly made him known throughout the countryside. There were two important men, the chiefs of Utulumba and Chisendi, on the western side of the Kwito River (the king had his capital on the remote bank, that is, the eastern), both of whom desired him to visit them, which he did. Of the former he wrote : " The chief of Utulumba sent a messenger to-day to tell me that he would be pleased for me to visit him. I pray the Lord to grant me boldness for His glory's sake to declare the whole counsel of God." At this place the people begged him not to leave them, asked his permission to build him a house, and promised to support him in every way if he would only remain with them and teach them God's truth. Tempting though the offer was, for he saw the great need, he refused it, for he was sure that his call was to Mushidi's lands.

He was not a little exercised about the attitude proper for him to use as an accredited messenger of God before the great and powerful of the land. It must be remembered that in those days the chiefs had real authority, and to a large extent the white men were dependent on their favour—a condition which no longer obtains. He writes, for instance, on the occasion of a visit of evangelization to another chief :

" Just as I was entering the capital of Kapoko to greet the king that declaration of Elijah's entered my soul with liberating power : *'As the Lord God liveth before*

whom I stand '—oh the glory of the LIBERTY of seeing no throne but God's. . . . Pray that I may be perfect and complete in ALL the will of God. In this humble witnessing the busy Devil is ever confronting one."

He sometimes felt a temptation to forsake the policy of plainly announcing fundamental truths. The Devil would have persuaded him that God's high truth was unsuitable and incomprehensible to the villagers in their then state of ignorance. At other times the lack of visible fruit to his labours was worked on by the Adversary, who would have had him brood himself into a state of dissatisfaction on that account. "Oh, my soul," he cries, in his journal, after recording these temptations, "Oh, my soul, rebel not thou against the sovereignty of thy Lord: be thou the sower beside the many waters, which all—every one—flow down the slopes of Time into Eternity."

Concerning these village visitings of his, he says, "I have spoken almost exclusively of late on 'The Debtorship of the soul to God,' because I know my ground better here in regard to their idioms than elsewhere. Redemption through the Blood of a Substitute is my theme." In his preaching he studied from the beginning to think black, and to use idioms and illustrations devoid of any foreign taint. He did not attempt to conduct set services. His method was to join the group of the Onjango, the talk-circle; to contribute to the conversation going on; and so to lead it to the things of God. His expositions were therefore subject to frequent interruptions—comments and questions. He welcomed them, both as giving him indications of the difficulties which they felt in his message, and as a means of assuring their continued close attention. One question constantly recurred, of which he writes: "'But how do you know?' they often ask. Such queries present one with the opportunity—thrice blessed and sweet—of magnifying the Revelation of God, His own Word. To beguile God's witnesses beyond the record is the effort of Satan."

During this year of expecting, he set himself to learn by heart portions of the Word. His times, he says, of "laying past the heritage in my heart" were "seasons of holy joy."

In May, 1890, accompanied by Mr. Lane he paid a visit

to a *sekulo*, a trader, named Chiquomanga, whose home was some distance away, and who had thoughts of going into the Interior. He received them in high style, gave them a whitewashed room, a new cane bed, and snow-white sheets. He dined with them in the evening, manipulating knife and fork with every evidence of being at home with them. The dinner was served on to a table round which they sat on chairs, the service was of china and every piece matched, and there were table napkins of well-ironed white linen. The food was of a quality and abundance to which Crawford, accustomed to the unimaginative though kindly cooking of the white-haired old grannie who cared for him in his village life, had long been a stranger.

“ I shall,” he wrote, “ divulge the bill of fare : Macaroni soup, followed by beautifully tender meat, both boiled and fried ; an abundance of rice and sauce, and most delicious mush ; by way of conclusion, strong black coffee. Our host is perhaps one of the richest men in the country. Like most natives hereabouts, he endeavours to ape the Portuguese traders of Benguela. When we arrived, we found him in ordinary *sekulo* attire—that is, five or six yards of patterned calico hanging loosely round the body. But he disappeared into his house and soon emerged again clad in a well-fitting jacket and yachting shoes. Poor fellow, all his loud talk went to prove that his civilization was a whitewash, and not a wash-white of the soul. After supper our host called in his two head wives, and God seemed to bless me with utterance in the Gospel for several hours.”

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In this same May, 1890, Chindundumuna gave permission for carriers to be collected for the journey to Mushidi's. Crawford at once determined to take advantage of it ; he was touched and delighted to find that the men of the villages where he had been living offered themselves without delay to him, so that almost at once he had sufficient to carry not only his own few loads, but also all those goods of Swan and Faulknor, which had by then come up from the Coast. In the then unsettled political state of the country, Arnot felt that he and his wife could not proceed further inland away from the governing bodies ; Fisher, Munnock, and Miss Gilchrist also determined to

remain with them. But Thompson decided to accompany Crawford all the way in ; and Lane desired to go with them as far as Nakandundu, purposing to remain at that place, where he heard there was a large population.

Accordingly Thompson, Lane and Crawford went into camp, hoisting their standard—the technical preliminary to finally arranging the caravan. There at Kalusia each of the three collected round him, under his own separate headman, his own division of porters. Of the three Crawford was the youngest, but apart from the natural abilities which made him leader, three circumstances forced that position upon him from the outset of this final stage of the long journey. In the first place he only of the three was versed in the language of the carriers, namely Umbundu ; secondly, his carriers were more numerous than the other two groups owing to his having charge of the goods to be taken to Swan and Faulknor ; and, thirdly, he only of the three wore a beard ! He had left his razor behind in England and from the day he had sailed had allowed his beard full play. The African, being himself unable to grow hair on his face until middle age, regards a beard as significant of full manhood. Accordingly, the smooth cheeks and chins of Thompson and Lane to the Africans bespoke their youth, while Crawford's beard was irrefutable evidence of his seniority. Accordingly, to him it was that they appealed in all cases of dispute, for the African fully appreciates that a man cannot serve two masters, and, other things being equal, looks for leadership in seniority.

From that time, in the diaries and letters of his companions begin to appear entries indicating that they were glad to leave matters in Dan's hands, for, though he was junior to them, they recognized that he was better equipped at that time than they to deal with the African, of whom he had obtained already such an intimate knowledge. " Praise God, he was told by Crawford of God's love in the gift of His only begotten Son." " Brother Crawford explained that we could not give the blanket." " We sat for a full hour discussing the matter of refusing to give powder ; our men were simply trembling at some of Crawford's remarks about it." Such entries are typical. His own diary does not reveal this development in their affairs.

Possibly it was the overhaul of his few possessions, which he was no doubt forced to make when packing up for the long delayed start, which caused Dan Crawford suddenly to realize a few personal needs, which he had been too busy to notice before. He had been in Africa a full year; he had lived a life of no little hardship and of continual movement during that time. No doubt the contents of that famous "one hold-all of personal requisites including bedding" were showing signs of wear which even he could not overlook when he came to consider them in view of the probability that, if his health kept good, years might pass in the Interior without any opportunity to re-fit. At any rate it was at this time that he sent home for the first time an order for personal outfit. Observe the extravagance of this first-in-more-than-a-year order! The items which comprise it are these:

One pair of slippers,
Two pairs of strong rough trousers, with a wee
bit of cloth for patches,
A foot or two of leather for soling boots,
A few shoemaker's waxed threads for sewing same,
A soft felt hat,
A belt,
An overcoat of some kind.

And "on thinking it over" he added an eighth item:

A pair of rubber boots @ 10/6 or so.

To his mother, whom he desired to buy and despatch these goods, he transmitted £10. This £10* he ordains

* With the meagreness of resource actually in hand which this reveals, the backing may be contrasted which is given to the high-minded men who undertake scientific expeditions. The Central Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History drew on a fund of 400,000 gold dollars, "money freely given for the cause of science with no thought of material return."

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One's memory insists, too, at this point on intruding a vision of certain sportsmen who have left civilization to "rough it" through the wilds of Africa . . . they are garbed in dinner jackets and their collars are stiff; they are seated in patent portable chairs at a patent portable table; and under the forest

must buy the rough trousers and the half-guinea rubber boots and all the rest of the items, and it must also stretch enough to case them and transport them to Africa. If it could not be made to cover so large an order, would his mother please exercise her discretion as to what to omit. Dan Crawford had no money to burn, and no expensive outfit. But he was a sportsman—none better. He bundled together his few possessions and in the knightly spirit of true adventure went forward, serenely confident in his God.

“Oh, the kingliness of the pilgrim life!” he writes. “Princes we are. Therefore the world knoweth us not. I think of Jesus, the suffering dying One; and I muse upon the wondrousness of that life of His; and I plead that my musings . . . may stamp indelibly on this humble life of mine marks of sacrifice and of purpose: purpose of heart to follow unflinchingly the path of God. Not to be exchanged for all that time’s votaries can offer is this joy of mine, that for my God I am a witness in the darkness of heathendom.”

“In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me,
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.”

The shut door was about to open. But slowly, very slowly, did it swing on its hinges.

In May it was that they left the mission village to go into camp. But even then still further delays occurred, and it was not till August 16th that at long last Crawford had the satisfaction of overseeing the tedious business of ferrying the caravan across the Kwanza River, a few miles only from Kuanjelula.

trees a five-course dinner is being served to them, while they growl in great good nature because there is no ice for the champagne bucket. The missionary, with his milk-and-water ways, is the curse of the country, y’know; makes the nigger soft.

VI .

FROM THE KWANZA RIVER TO MUSHIDI'S CAPITAL

"THE 16th of August will ever remain a memorable day among my African dates. *We crossed the Kwanza!* An ombala rests upon the top of the rather steep slope which leads down to the sandy beach crowded with canoes, and this village is so much the key to the crossing, that you must enter by its front gate, pass through the village, and make your exit at the back ere the shore can be reached. We don't stand long ere there files down to the beach a huge trading caravan, and this with ours makes a fine babel of noise in the bidding for canoes. Brethren Lane and Thompson cross over to receive the loads while I remain behind to direct the crossing. While so doing the old chief came down, and we sat together for over an hour. Poor old man, so withered and frail, with one foot almost in the grave! He queried me regarding our going to the Interior in quite a wondering way, and, of course, could scarcely take in the fact that we were not traders. His kind face, if nothing else, made one tell him with tenderness of God's wondrous purposes of love towards this poor world. He was interested, I can truly say that, but you could see that to him, with his bunch of charms round his neck, it was all so bewilderingly new! Ah! drop with me a tear for the poor old men and women of Africa who hug their fetishes, and whose hearts are the dwellings of the blackest darkness.

"The canoes at this part of the Kwanza vary in size from 10 to 12 feet. Of course, no thought of clinker build ever entered into their primitive notions of boat building. The tall tree growing near by is felled, barked and laboriously dug out, until it assumes shape, a simple and solitary paddle being all that is used as a means of propulsion. But to see the men cross four at a time in their canoes is perhaps the most ticklish affair one could wish to see. Often not even a head pops up, all the occupants lying

flat on their faces in the bottom of the canoe for very dread."

That perpetual, "One more river to cross," is one of the bugbears of African travelling. Rivers, rivers, always rivers to cross. When one reaches one of them there may or there may not be a ferry. If there is no dug-out, why, that's very awkward. And if there is, why, that's bad, too. Mr. Ferry-man has a monopoly, and he is going to strip his victim as naked as he can. Your necessity is his opportunity. Therefore, prepayment is the first requisite. Haggle, haggle, haggle, until at last one has made a bargain, and embarks in the coggly canoe a considerably poorer man than when one left camp in the morning. In midstream the paddle ceases its flashing, and Charon makes further and even more extortionate demands from his unfortunate passenger. He threatens refusal to cross at all: and one realizes uncomfortably that he holds all the trump cards. The local crocodiles that infest the river are all, so to speak, in his pocket, who is a local man paying due respect to local river gods, but they certainly are no friends of the passing stranger. A capsized canoe in midstream is nothing to him, but to the passenger it maybe spells ruin and even perhaps a nasty death between the tearing teeth of those nasty crocodiles. So one promises frantically all that is demanded. But your ferryman is a thorough-going sceptic, probably not without reason, and he quotes a proverb at you:

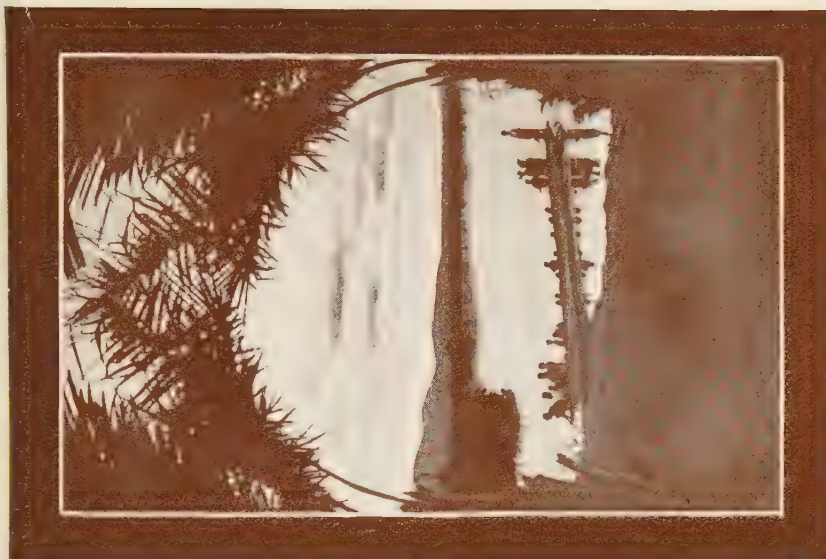
"In midstream to pay up he'll agree;
Once across—I don't think! He'll just flee,"

and he insists on cashing in on all the promises before landing his prey.

Dan Crawford, boring into the interior, at one crossing at least, found a way to checkmate the capsized gambit. Mr. Ferryman with a valuable load on board came inshore under the bank from which he, as caravan leader, was supervising the transit, and demanded more pay, much more pay, than had been agreed upon. Upon meeting with a point-blank refusal he pointed out the ease with which a capsized canoe could be arranged. In one jump Dan Crawford was in the canoe behind him. Luckily the canoe



Photograph by
G. E. Tilsley.
DAN CRAWFORD SAFELY CROSSES AN AFRICAN STREAM.



Photograph by
G. E. Tilsley.
A CENTRAL AFRICAN RIVER FERRY.



was not swamped. It was very small and very coggly : the caravan was large : the crossings back and forth were very many : the unshaded sun was intolerably hot—but that chagrined ferryman paddled the livelong day with Mr. Crawford's arms clamped around his waist, and with Mr. Crawford's earnest assurance in his ears that whether in the boat or in the water those arms would still continue to cling. The caravan crossed without losing a single load.

At another crossing a boatman did tip out a load into the water—no doubt at a conveniently shallow spot where later on he could fish it up. A violent dispute at once commenced between the carriers and the men of the village to whose chief the crossing belonged. Things began to look ugly, the one side demanding payment, and the other disclaiming responsibility. The old chief, sitting on a knoll, overlooking the scene, was as loud as any of his followers in rebuttal. But Dan Crawford had not lived in a native village for nothing. Quoting a proverb he quietly said to the old man :

“ Though, in crossing, the crocodile he gets your stuff,
’Tis the ferryman pays : and must pay you enough.”

The old man could hardly believe his ears. What ? A white man quoting a real proverb ! Impossible ! When he was finally able to take in that the portent had indeed actually occurred, that the white man knew his own wise lore and age-old sanctions, then the palaver was settled on the spot, and he spent the rest of the day chuckling at the joke on himself. With princely liberality he paid over more than the value of the lost goods, giving good measure as the price of his enjoyment. “ The cash value of proverbs,” Dan Crawford used to say, “ then it was that I learned the cash value of proverbs in Africa, and I have been collecting them ever since ! ”

“ *August 17th.* Having crossed the Kwanza we are amongst the Loimbe tribe, which talks a dialect of its own, and in other respects is different from the Ovimbundu. There is a painful scantiness of clothing, full-grown men wearing only a skin or two around the waist ; and the women have the same meagre covering. There is a great deal of rivalry about their fantastic head-dresses. Our

Biheans have a lordly and patronising way of talking about these Loimbe, and disparage everything they have. But with simple looms they weave a rough, stout-textured cloth with an orderly pattern in three colours, which would grace any table at home. There are dozens of beautiful little nick-nacks, ear-rings, etc., which one might be tempted to buy if journeying homewards instead of inland. At this place we rested two days buying meal. On our paying the old chief a visit with our tribute of sixteen yards of cloth, he chided us for not bringing guns and powder. We told him we were messengers of peace. In a feeble measure, I was able to tell him of the love of God."

"*August 25th.* To-day we entered the great Chokwe country, about ever getting out of which Livingstone had such grave doubts in 1854. Early in the day we passed a solitary village in the forest. The huts are built with conical roofs, almost spiral. And we, do we sleep in tents? Nay, we creep into our tiny grass huts at sundown, and roll out our rugs on a mattress of fresh green grass or leaves. Camp at Ndandula."

"*26th.* To-day we made strides through this 'hungry country,' the carriers being eight hours on the road. Much of the travelling was hard to-day, owing to the irregular country—long, pure white sandy slopes being often encountered, which were not a little trying.

"Although I write this entry with the setting sun, I have still vividly before me a sad, heart-revolting sight which I saw to-day—a slave caravan on the march. It was a monster of perhaps 800 all told, drawing near to the close of its long journey from the far-off Luba country. This travelling mass of humanity had been months on the road, and was just emerging from ten days of hungry country. An hour ago I could not have trusted myself to write of the harrowing sights. There were aged men and women, whose shrivelled forms told of a soon-coming welcome release from the mortal coil; mothers with babies on their backs—one born just that morning; and young women and girls, some with fine features, carrying heavy loads. One of these had fallen behind, seemingly with no more strength left for her load. I appeared on the scene

just in time to see her inhuman owner beat the poor girl unmercifully on the head with a club, yelling out a threat with every stroke. This was more than I could stand, so I sprang at the brute with the stick I was carrying ; but the coward did not venture to resist a white man, and fled into the bush. Saddest sight of all were the scores of little children crawling along naked, many of them not above four years of age. Smile to them as assuringly as one could, they would only dart fear-stricken into the bush. And no wonder ! For, after all, it is the white man who buys the slaves. Camped at Lialowa."

" 27th. A long day's journey, commenced in the cold morning in order to escape as much as possible the scorching sun, which towards noon gets simply unbearable. If yesterday was hard travelling, to-day was doubly so. The country was of rough hilly order, the hills so huddled together that the descent of one faced the ascent of the next ; and this was an all-day affair. To-day I note a change in the style of the ant-hills, which now are as though roofed, with overhanging eaves. Camped at Munyange."

" 28th. Still journeying through this wilderness, beautiful but deserted. To-day encountered a homeward bound caravan flying through it. Camped at Kotata."

" 29th. Heat more excessive than before. Camped at Sachanga, where were two little villages, each of about a dozen huts. Crossed to greet the chief, and give him a few yards of cloth. These people are all alone, cut off even from their own tribe. The huts had the spiral roofs mentioned previously, but walls not mudded, the substitute being a tight, neat thatching. I endeavoured through the headmen to tell the wherefore of our coming. The name of God they know not.

" This Chokwe country is the great home of honey, and though the season is not come yet a number of young men went off to the woods to procure us some. We left with the luxury of a fowl and quite a quantity of *ombowi*, an article of food which I most enjoy of all the native foods. Some cannot bear the smell of it, much less the taste. Mr. Currie and I, in his little Chisamba cabin, used to consume it in quantities. To me it has the far-off taste of bread

and cheese, and quite artlessly I eat away at it with this idea in my head. Actually it is the manioc root soaked for four days in the brook till it is decomposed."

"30th. A good five hours' march over country far more hilly than any yet encountered. Climbing the slopes was real hard work under the unbearably hot sun. Camped at Kalosema."

"31st. To-day we started with thoughts of making Peho, but our hunger-stricken caravan could not make the distance. Often we have compunction in taking our own meals, frugal though these are indeed, with the knowledge that our men are feeling the pangs of hunger."

The white men were living on native food, just what could be found *en route*. Of European foodstuffs Dan Crawford took in only some tea. Not a single tin!

"The men commence their heavy day without a morsel of food, and journey under a burning sun, tasting nothing till sunset. Then perhaps ten of them gather round one pot, not by any means abnormally large. Camped at Tenda."

"September 1st. An easy day's journey, devoid of any hard climbing. By the way we greeted a party of travellers going west who had a doleful story to tell. They had been trading in the interior, and on returning were attacked in the Luvala country, all their goods being taken from them, and a number of their people stolen. They were able to sell us a little *ombowi*, which we thanked God for, as all our meal is done, and this morning we had to start without any. Camp by the Saleno river."

"2nd. Last night we bundled up our tribute of thirty-two yards of assorted cloth, and early this morning crossed the Saleno prepared to meet the chief Peho, upon whom we had prayed God to put His fear. The marvel of the day was that his lordship did not put in an appearance, and to-morrow when he arrives at our camp it will be to find the birds flown. Camping in a beautiful forest we sent back to the chief of this district our gift of cloth, who received it kindly, and sent in return a large rooster

and baskets of meal. The good Lord knew that these last two days had seen an empty meal bag, so to-night He gave us a song to sing over this gift. From this point onward we shall encounter numbers of people, and an increasing quantity of food. Camped at Ono-Yaluenä."

"3rd. Sent eight handkerchiefs to the chief, and received in return a fine goat and supply of flour. Camp, Changa."

"4th. We passed the greater part of the day traversing virgin forest, densely thick and quite impenetrable beyond ten yards from the path. Monster creepers abound, coiling themselves around trees, reaching across to others which they hug in tenacious grasp, crossing and re-crossing. Real wild jungles these are, and one likes to have one's gun-carrier hard by. We found a part of the road strewn with slave shackles. This was the scene of a big plundering which happened lately. A large Bihean caravan was robbed by the natives of these parts who had lain in ambush along the path. I timed the passing of one of these caravans: it took two hours to pass me. So one sees how easy it is for an enemy to cut off stragglers. On this account I brought up the extreme rear; yesterday and to-day with the headman endeavoured, amid their loud talk of what they would do if attacked, to expound the principles of our errand of peace. Camped on a height at Mushiko's, to whom we gave twenty-four yards of cloth. In response he intimated the coming of a present on the morrow; but will preface it by sending to-night a band of minstrels to dance and sing in our encampment. Our beseechings to the contrary are all in vain. May I sleep to-night!"

"5th. All night long, commencing about 8 p.m., until breakfast time, the minstrels made their noise, dancing and singing around a huge fire to the accompaniment of two large drums. The chief came with a crowd of followers, and brought a fat sheep as a present. To-day we spent in camp rationing our men, each man receiving two yards of cloth and one small tinful of beads."

"6th. Camped at Boma on the Usimoi river. Sent the chief thirty-two yards of cloth, to which after

beseachings and demands on his part we added a small quantity of powder and salt. This is the first time we have given powder by way of tribute, and we only did so on being given a guarantee that it would be used only for hunting. We have been plagued with requests for powder, but notwithstanding its high market value for food have refrained from giving any, because of what a mighty scourge it has been to this continent."

"7th. All night long a dancing party serenaded us, and this morning the chief crossed with a nice goat and two baskets of meal. He had much more the look of a chieftain than Musiko, and wore a most imposing head-dress. The further east we go the more fantastic do these head-dresses become. At Musiko's and again here the natives mark their bodies with great splashes of red and white colour, which gives them a fierce, hideous look. To-day's journey was grievously short. At this camp—Sakuita—we have to deal with two chiefs, each of whom claims tribute. One received twenty-five yards of cloth, the other twenty. In return we received two fine pigs, one fowl and four large baskets of meal."

"8th. To-day we stumbled across a large Bihean caravan, homeward bound, bearing letters from our brethren at Mushidi's." (On account of what he read in these letters from Mr. Swan, Mr. Lane decided not to remain at Nakandundu as had been his intention but to accompany Crawford and Thompson into Mushidi's.) "This caravan was a mixed crowd. Its leader I knew. Mr. Arnot's old interpreter Antonio—a low cheating fellow—was there. Also two wandering Zanzibari, strange phenomenon for these parts, who had crossed over with an Arab caravan from Zanzibar and were bent on seeing the other side of the continent. They had taken five months to do the journey, and wore the little skull caps and long blouses of the Arabs. Another detachment was led by one of the counsellors of the king of Bié, who had been to Nakandundu, discussing a law-suit with the queen there. The last important person was a messenger of Mushidi's going to Benguella. All these reminded us how acceptable a small present would be, in view of the hungry Chokwe country ahead! In such an encounter on the road, the one interior-bound generally

fares badly. Polygamy gives the ordinary Mbundu a fine number of relatives. If he meets any of these in a strange country he is in honour bound to help them. The large slave caravan which passed us on August 26th proved an effectual drain on some of our men. I asked one man where his shirt was. His reply was an indignant query. 'Are they not my relatives?' 'Who?' I asked. And he explained that he had met some friends that day, etc., etc.

"This morning, according to custom, the men rose up with nothing by way of breakfast, shouldered their loads, and journeyed on for hours, until a fine bit of wooded country was reached, and they were told it was the camping ground. Soon the forest is ringing with the sound of hatchets and of falling trees; by-and-by the framework of a good-sized village is up waiting a roofing of leafy boughs. By dusk all is finished, beds built, etc., and not till then do pots mount the fires."

"9th. Sumbula visited us and was quite beseeching in his request that we should take an ox, but we stoutly refused. We suggested a pig as an acceptable return present for our thirty-two yards. I was struck with the old man's kindly smile, which had all the look of reality which one could wish for."

"10th. A very short journey. In the vicinity of some villages we saw native blacksmiths at work. On a flat mound they have an earthen fireplace and an anvil, which are roofed over with thatch. With two little boys blowing the bellows the smith goes to work with scarcely less primitive tools than Tubal Cain had. As far as hatchets are concerned, the results are splendid. The blade is V-shaped, and at the edge not much broader than a chisel. It is reversible, and can be used as an adze. We camped at Onoya Chonga. Five minutes after our arrival the camp was filled with a seething mass of natives."

"11th. On the march by six. Great crowds of villagers came out to 'coo' us off. We crossed a great flat plain and reached our camp in the midst of a number of villages (at eight o'clock). There is a grim necessity for this snail's pace. To-day we have left the Chokwe country behind,

and have come among the 'People of the Flats,' or Luvale. We were not able to make Kangombe's capital to-day, because here, right on the western border of the Luvale country he has set down his nephew Kasenga with power to demand tribute. Kangombe himself has gone to Lake Dilolo to build another ombala, not forgetting to leave in his ombala near by his wife armed with full tribute-demanding powers. Here, as in Chokwe, petty chiefs abound, dressed in sufficient authority to inconvenience the traveller, but all owning the supremacy of one king. This supreme individual in the Luvale is not Kangombe, but Kakenge, of Chinyama, whose capital is somewhere to the south. Nakandundu and Kangombe are both his 'children,' and tributary to him. In these parts many speak fluent Umbundu and to-day I had the joy of explaining God's way of life to an elderly *sekulo*, seemingly of some importance in the country. Oh, may God send soon to these parts a waterer of the seed, and a reaper thereof for His glory's sake! Oh, these thronging Kangombe crowds!

"*Later* (by the camp fire). We have had not a little trouble over the tribute question, and finally after having given the chief thirty yards of cloth, one merino vest, and quantities of salt and powder, we received nothing in return. Thank God, our larder was not dependent on him for its stock, and even though it had been low, 'it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.' However, our King made us glad by the coming to us at nightfall of a small chief, who, having heard of our arrival, had come a long distance to greet us, bringing with him a fine goat, and a large supply of meal as white as driven snow. The last event I have to record is that of the death of one of our men. I was called in to see his lifeless body, yet warm. It is a great comfort that he carried only our meal bag, which to start with was under weight, and daily became lighter. His companions buried him secretly in his hut at midnight, lest the news should reach the ears of the natives, who, if they heard it, would make great use of the occasion to delay our caravan, perhaps for weeks, and to extort all sorts of things by way of a fine."

"*12th.* Struck camp at six a.m., with a mutual understanding that, if at all possible, we would get past the

ombala of Kangombe by simply handing in our tribute to the chiefess. Alas ! on coming to the tall ombala sycamores we were surrounded by the chief's counsellors who would not hear of our passing the ombala that day ; these were soon joined by the chiefess herself, whose voice in the matter quite determined our stay. So here we are pitched ! Food about here is abundant. Salt can buy almost anything that is for sale, although there is quite a clamour for tobacco. Bananas and tomatoes are fairly plentiful, also sweet potatoes, the first since we crossed the Kwanza. One cannot but plead for the occupying of this country by a herald of the Cross. It is only one hour and three quarters from our last camp to here. But thousands of souls in that small distance are wrapped in the darkness of death. Our tribute is thirty-two yards assorted cloth and salt."

" 13th. Crossed a marsh, and were met by crowds of people who had come down for a last look at us. All along the route to-day there are numbers of villages on either side. Camped at Kavongo."

" 14th. Tribute sixteen yards check cloth and quantities of salt and powder."

" 15th. Awakened this morning by a noise of excited speaking, and was informed that during the night a carrier had been robbed of a bale of cloth, one barrel of powder, a blanket, a bag of meal, and a gun. The goods belonged to the man himself. The chiefess crossed with her husband, bringing a present of two fowls and a supply of meal. She remained for a long time, and expressed her sorrow for the theft, deprecating her inability to track the thief. Divining was suggested as the only true means of bringing home the charge to the right man, but the fees of the local diviner amounted to something like forty yards of cloth, which the now poor trader could not afford. We were appealed to for help in the matter, which afforded us the opportunity for rebuking such devilish doings. Poor blinded souls ! They do not seem to apprehend what weapons of hell they are handling. One wonderingly asked if it was, then, wrong to try to find out where a man's stolen goods were. I would be singularly failing in my commission were I only to rebuke these people's evil doings and there end ; I seek

rather to bear down on the great controversy which God has with man about the rejection of His Son.

"A kind friend sent me when at Benguella a number of brass curtain rings as a probable help in tribute paying, and to-day for the first time I hung one round the neck of the chiefess, to her great surprise and delight, the whole camp gathering round and expressing unbounded admiration."

"16th. We had been on the road just an hour when there sallied out from a tiny little group of huts a well-dressed native in company with a small crowd of men and boys. He beckoned us to stop, and we were soon listening to his assertion that he was a chief, and that we must not pass his place that day. He pointed us to the ruins of an old burnt camp and ordered us to camp there. Our poor frightened lot of Biheans gave in at once, and we were soon in the burnt camp, our road-blocking friend accompanying us. Now, a big caravan of the Ovimbundu act in a pretty independent way when on their long journey, and this was an opportunity of getting the carriers under control, not excluding the headmen. Calling the leading man, who was cowering in the background, I asked him to interpret my words truly to the chief, which were to the effect that we had resolved to make Kalundu to-day and God willing we would do it. There and then the Lord gave us the victory. Hallelujah! Permission was given on condition that tribute was given, which we did to the extent of twelve yards and salt.

"I merely note this incident to show how possible it is for many such blocks to be strewn across the path of travellers going east. Humanly speaking, the chances are that these will increase, and if one were inclined to peer into the future, he might have very apprehensive thoughts about whether this road will be practicable five or six years hence. And yet after all difficulties reckoned and duly debited, what a sublime position is ours! Here we are thrown hard back upon our God, who is able to go before and make for His heralds a way of peace right on to the desired haven. Momentarily, a feeling of supreme contempt comes over one when confronted by these petty road-blockers. That our caravan, containing many men armed with their own weapons and out-numbering all the

men such a petty chief could muster, must hang about for a day is hard. But all such thoughts are carnal and fleshly, and, fully developed, would end in bloodshed. Wondrous thought—'there is no *power* but of God,' *ergo* resistance against the *power* is resistance against the orderings of God. Desire to arrive in good time is laudable enough, but joy in these ordinances of God supersedes all. Moreover, the thought of one's real pilgrimage home, with that other that our Coming One may intercept us en route, has a wonderful adjusting power on one's soul.*

"Restarting, we continued to the ombala of Kalundu. It is built at the south west corner of Lake Kalundu. This is the first African lake I have yet encountered. I would judge it to be a good three miles long by one and a half wide, most of it being bounded by thick waving grass. We had the whole area in sight, the ombala at the furthest corner, two large villages on the left along the shore, and numbers more on the north side. It was a sight deeply pathetic, when viewed in the light of Calvary. Tribute, twenty-four yards, and salt."

"17th. To-day we were just about an hour and a half on the march when we reached Kalunga Kamanya. Here we rest to-morrow in order to ration our men."

"18th. Had to rise at midnight and clear the encampment of a company of musicians who had broken through our stockade and commenced their brawling in the camp. We had resolved to tolerate such things no longer. In a country infested with robbers, their noise affords a fine cloak for a thief to remove the thatch of a hut unheard, and to steal everything within."

"19th. This morning a pressing message came across from the chief, begging us to remain with him another day, as he wanted to part upon terms of blood friendship, but we declined the honour, knowing that it meant a further present of cloth. His 'blood friendship' idea in reality

* In later years Mr. Crawford continued to believe that The Lord would "come quickly"; but not that He "might come at any moment." He considered the teaching of the Bible to be that predicted events must be fulfilled before the Parousia, but that those events were of a nature such that once begun they might quickly come to their appointed end.

was one of 'bleeding' us. Notwithstanding our refusal, we parted on good terms. Camped at Nakawesa in full view of the long expected Kifumadzi Flat. Our first choice of a camping-ground was unfortunate, being close to the burial-place of the chief; so rather than be a cause of annoyance to the natives, we moved nearer the village. To-day we were grievously pained to see in our encampment—that of three heralds of the Cross of Christ—a slave shackled to the ground. His master had gone to cut trees for hut building. While Mr. Thompson held the poor man's feet up, I esteemed it no small joy to send the bolt flying. He was a poor frail middle-aged man, who had been bought at the last camp for an old gun. Oh, to think how helpless we are in all this hellish trafficking in human flesh! I fancy the men have got a bit of a fright over this matter, and will refrain from any more slave-buying while with us. But it is certain—sad am I to write it—that every man of them, with the pay he receives, will buy a slave (in the Interior to return with him to his home) and if funds permit will load him with a tooth of ivory. Tribute, sixteen yards of cloth."

"*20th.* In the old maps, I believe Kifumadzi Flat is called a sea. This is wrong altogether. But looking out from our camp across the expanse of desert it did seem as though we were on the beach of a great ocean of sand. Nothing ever grows upon it, save dry withered-looking grass. There are ponds where fish of some kind abound. For five hours we journeyed through this waste, and though the path was level, the sinking sand made it very toilsome work. Wells, dug by former travellers, began to appear, and these were anxiously peered into for water, but all were dried up. At last the men, fagged out, would be beguiled on no further, and declared that they would dig for it. This they did under a broiling sun. After an hour or so of digging, men's heads began to pop up above the tops of their wells with exultant shouts. At first the water, which we had to drink, had the appearance of dirtiest gutter-water. But the morning found all the sediment settled, and fairly clear water the result. The Biheans declare that journeying due south for ten days nothing would be found but this same sandy waste. If their statement is true the Kifumadzi Flat should be much

enlarged on the map. But until this part is explored the question must remain an open one."

" 21st. Slept last night under canvas, there being nothing worth calling a tree for miles around. Our caravan scattered itself in groups, camping on the tops of large flat ant-mounds which are a feature of this desert. The men inform me they become islets when 'the floods burst.' To-day we spent over five hours on the Flat. Tired and exhausted, the men set to the laborious task of well-digging. After a while I went to take a look to see what progress was being made, but the first man I approached looked up aghast and begged me to go away, else my 'boots would drive away the water!' 'Boots,' quoth he, 'are not for desert sands.' This evening we remembered our absent—yet sweetly realized to be present—Jesus, after the manner of His own appointment. We were glad when we saw the Lord. Hallelujah!

" God hath His deserts broad and brown,
A solitude, a sea of sand,
On which He lets heaven's curtain down,
Unknit by His Almighty hand.

Camped at Chapasoka."

" 22nd. To-day, after two hours' good travelling we sighted luxuriant vegetation on the Kifumadzi River, about a mile and a half on our left; and journeyed on for three hours longer to camp not far from its banks."

" 23rd. Our route to-day lay alongside the river for four hours, and finally crossed it at a point where it was both shallow and narrow. It was an agreeable surprise to see fishermen coming up to our path with fresh fish for sale. They were poor hunted-down Lunda, who live a very frugal, hand-to-mouth existence in tiny huts built by the river's bank. Camped at Olohuku."

" 24th. To-day lost sight of Kifumadzi River, and journeyed due north over flat grassy plain to Lake Dilolo. Here we found Kangombe. In the evening we accompanied our headmen to greet him, and hand in our present. We found the chief sitting on a skin (in true Luvale style)

on the ground, under a fine spreading tree. Encircling him were a number of his old counsellors. I saw one of these join the group; having fallen on his knees at a respectful distance, the courtier bent to the ground and picked up some sand which he rubbed on his breast, and then clapped his hands about a dozen times chiefwards. Having received a gracious response, the new-comer turned to the company generally with the same profuse hand-clapping. Kangombe, the centre of all this, was the most diminutive-looking of individuals. One of his eyes had an approach to a squint, and the whole face told of cunning. He has parcelled out the country, garrisoning every little district with some relative of his armed with full tribute-extorting powers.

"Our present of sixteen yards of cloth and a coat was quietly returned before our eyes, and a demand made for a larger. The conclusion of the matter was that we gave our friend forty yards and a white vest. When we told him of all we had previously paid at his former haunts, his only reply was that he had authorized their receiving tribute. Kangombe informed us that he had cut off Katema's head (Livingstone's old friend) and placed in his stead one of his children."

"25th. Remained in camp to-day, by command of the chief. Nothing but a definite edict would keep us. We offered eight yards of cloth to buy his permission to start, but he would not hear of our going. He desired our men to go to his ombala and fire a salute in his honour, and then he wished to pay a return visit. The salute firing was the men's affair, not ours; I believe there was a muster of only some bold ten. Kangombe came down in his *tipoi*a (that is, carrying hammock), with a large crowd of his people. He had only one request to make and that was a cover for his *tipoi*a. Later on in the day another local gentleman turned up and rather daringly (with Kangombe hard by) presented his claims for tribute. A stout defence soon put him *hors de combat*. The chief offered us a slave for a *tipoi*a net."

"26th. Off at daybreak. Kangombe showed his greatness by sending us a tiny fowl by the hand of his oldest counsellor! Our path led us into full view of Lake

Dilolo. The opposite side may have been five or six miles off from its hazy appearance. For over an hour we journeyed along the west margin, until we reached a broad lagoon at the north end of the lake, which the men crossed in a little canoe. Though neat it was 'coggly,' and I was glad enough of the excuse to swim across. In another hour we had our last glimpse of the Lake. To-day in all probability we crossed Dr. Livingstone's route going north-west to Loanda in 1854. Touching it was to think of that old warrior trudging along these parts, coming up from the south about 23rd-25th of February, 1854. Tribute, sixteen yards."

"27th. In the early morning we descended to cross the Lutembwa. Reached New Katema's to-day, and found a tall young Luvale chief named Katombolo in possession. Katema is killed, and for the last ten months Bihean caravans have done a big trade in the Katema slaves. Tribute, twenty-four yards. One fowl in return."

"28th. The chief inclined to part on good terms, despite the slightly 'breezy' time I had with him over the tribute last evening. Camped beside the Lufuwa River at Kuendende. Sixteen yards tribute was taken gladly by a kindly-looking old man who came down to see us with two fowls and two large baskets of meal. In the afternoon a man rushed and begged me to kill a snake which was coiled in his hut. The reptile was of the deadly kind, and about three feet long, but I found a thick stick able to do all the killing necessary."

"October 1st. A raw Luvale native, asserting the quality of a certain fowl he was selling, picked up some sand and rubbed it on his tongue, saying, 'It is as true as God (*Njambi*) sees me.' Whether this is a prevalent custom or not amongst these people I know not, but it reveals their knowledge of a God and of His all-seeing eye looking down upon them. These heathen tribes know more than we at first credit."

"2nd. At Kaluvali we found a group of villages governed by a chiefess who had no existence as such when Mr. Arnot went in, but who has since been seated

by Queen Nakandundu. Tribute, twenty yards of cloth. One feels dubious about paying tribute to such hitherto unheard-of individuals; but this chiefess is not here unsupported, and an old Bihean who, marvel of his tribe, does not speak much, said to me: '*A tortoise does not climb on to a tree stump—someone puts him there.*' "

" 3rd. Our first sight of palms, three lordly ones. These tropical clumps look so odd in the midst of what is ordinary temperate zone scenery. Camp at Samativi's, a son of Nakandundu who, since 1885, has gathered round him quite a number of people. His ombala is quite a sight for neatness, and has round it what I have not seen in any other Luvale village, a stockade after the Bihean style. The chief was bent on trading ivory with us, and seemed disappointed, if not amused, at our statements regarding the objects of our journey."

" 4th. After four hours good journey we marched into Nakandundu."

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The town of Nakandundu was at that time of considerable size and importance. It was surrounded by scores of villages on good ground, whose inhabitants made an excellent living by selling the proceeds of their very productive gardens. It was a *rendezvous* for Biheans returning homewards. Eastward of this Central African Clapham Junction, scores of trails went twisting away into the "Long Grass Lands" of the Interior, diverging like the ribs of a fan from its handle, some going northward and north-east into the lands of the Congo tributaries, others more directly eastward into Luba land and Mushidi's empire, and yet others again making southward into the lands of the Zambesi sources and the Lamba tribesmen. Along them all the traders passed in and out, each caravan of a few tens sufficient unto itself, and fairly safe from any extensively organized plundering. But to the westward, along the one road which was the handle of the fan, the state of affairs was quite otherwise. Only considerable bodies of men dared to venture through Luvalerland, where pillage and plunder were the everyday rule.

The individual traders, therefore, their business once

accomplished, were accustomed to foregather for the return journey into powerful caravans numbering never less than several hundred, and rising at times into thousands. It was at Nakandundu's that they hung about for each other.

The sovereign of this important territory was Queen Nakandundu, at this time in vigorous middle age. She was neat and trim in person, not entirely devoid of feminine vanity, for her arms and legs were extensively covered with bangles of copper and brass, and her fingers almost invisible under numerous rings, and she had every appearance of being entirely capable of administering the affairs of her kingdom.

From the three missionaries she accepted forty-eight yards of cloth very tranquilly, and then visited them in their camp to suggest a little something to wear. A length of patterned handkerchiefs was offered; this she objected was too light, and asked for something darker, at the same time retaining it with the remark that it would do very nicely for her husband. Eight yards of dark material contented her royal highness, who took a brisk but stately departure.

The party remained with her for a week, finding the country round full of large companies of Biheans homeward bound, waiting for their numbers to swell yet more. When at Casenda on the 30th of September, several of their men had thrown down their loads declaring that they would go no further, and the whole caravan had seized the opportunity to demand pay. This was not due to them before Nakandundu's, and Crawford refused to be intimidated into making any advances. But at Nakandundu's they were given exactly what under agreement was their due, namely, twenty-four yards for each load. Then burst the storm! What? Nothing but just the bare pay? They would go no further! They would desert forthwith! They would this and that—all at the tops of their voices. The Bantu is an adept at the art of grumbling. And all this was an old game in Africa. But it got them nowhere with Crawford. He and his companions counted up the amount of tribute already paid out—more than a thousand yards, and took stock of the journey still remaining—not less than twenty-seven days. No, it was evident that they dare not add one jot to the agreed pay. And they did not! For three days the siege lasted: the headmen in despair washed their

hands of such hard-hearted white men (or was it hard-headed?). But when the men finally saw that they could not move them, they gave in. Amicable relationships were resumed on the old footing, which is also typical of the bested African, and they prepared to take up their loads again for the last lap.

To his mother and sister Dan Crawford wrote :

"As the separating belt of country grows wider between us, my affections refuse to move farther away—rather the other way. To write the above heading [Nakandundu's, 10 October, 1890,] is to raise a lordly Ebenezer, to extol the goodness of God. Thus far it has been all well with us, and right along the whole journey a wonderful measure of health has been granted us.

"In 27 days we hope to greet with our brethren Swan and Faulknor! Mushidi's is no longer a far-off country. . . . The many inroads made by petty chiefs into our cloth supply have brought it very low. But our Hope is in God.

"Say not my soul, from whence can God relieve thy care?

Remember that omnipotence hath servants everywhere;

His methods are sublime! His ways supremely kind.

God never is before His time, and never is behind."

Here at Nakandundu's they were joined by a party of Mushidi's men, who had been on an embassy to the queen to buy two oxen. Here, too, they bought some rice from a caravan from the Interior: they blessed God for such a delicacy of diet, girded their loins, and so set off on the last month of the long, long trail.

"11th. We marched off through the ombala, and entered upon a lovely country with dozens of villages. Doubtless it will be upon the east side of the town that any mission station will be built later."

"12th. Camped at Kapenda's, where there is a colony of Lunda-speaking people, which is tributary to Nakandundu however. In Livingstone's maps a great expanse of this country is covered by the name of *Muata Yanvo*,* king of the Lunda. To-day Kangombe has completely shattered the old-time power of the Lunda tribe, and Mwata Yamvo's head has been cut off. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. His son has gone to Loanda to learn the wisdom

* Also spelt Mwata-ya-Mvo.

of the whites, so that he may come back one day able to drive out the Luvale intruders. Do I, a pilgrim, ask the 'wherefore' of such things? My King answers from His Throne: '*I will overturn, overturn, overturn, until He come whose right it is to reign*' (Eze. 31. 27). Know, O kings of the earth, that God '*putteth down one and setteth up another.*' (Ps. 75. 7)."

" 13th. To-day a young man belonging to Mushidi joined our caravan during the march. On arriving at camp, he came into my hut beseeching protection. Having come from the Interior with a company of Mushidi's men, he broke down on the road with a bad leg. Kayamba found him and enslaved him. When we, visitors to Mushidi, passed, under cover of night he escaped and joined us a day's journey off. Our Biheans declare that if we permit him to accompany us, on their returning they will be plundered by Kayamba. Mr. Lane and I therefore agreed to redeem him."

" 14th. In the grey dawn Kayamba himself stalked into camp to rouse us from slumber. He had been following us for two days, travelling only by night. The talk lasted several hours. [I stated] our position, namely, that we were not defiling our hands with the loathsome barter in human flesh, but redeeming a man. He was liberated on our adding powder to our price of fifty-six yards of cloth."

" 15th. These Lunda are a religious folk. Neatly-built little spirit huts carefully thatched and containing a cooking-pot and a seat are often met with in the day's march. Also clearings by the wayside leading up to either a large spirit hut or an ant hill upon the pinnacle of which the spirit is presumed to perch. Such things, saddening to God's witness passing by, are so many 'requests for prayer.' O saints at home, how long will ye take to learn that the night is dark out here? "

" 18th. To-day a short journey of two hours, before starting on long strides through the remaining part of the Lunda country. Mr. Lane and I visited the Zambesi River some ten miles due south, at a spot where it was broad and broke into falls.

" A pathetic incident to-day, which shows that amongst these wild Lunda folk the family bond is dear. During our stay at Nakandundu our blackguard Biheans were carrying on in secret their infamous traffic in slaves, and among the purchases was one pretty little girl of about ten years of age. Poor little soul! I used to watch her brooding over her ill-fortune, with as touchingly sad an expression on her face as it was possible for any face to assume. Her history, hitherto unknown to her owner, came to light to-day. It appears that in the Luvalé raids she had been carried off from her home, which is on the other side of the Zambesi, somewhere near where we visited to-day. At our last camp one of the Lunda recognized her, and bore the news to her father. He crossed the Zambesi to-day to redeem her. He was only a poor man, but the shrewd Bihean had no mercy on him. While the price was being struck the girl hugged her father, sobbing, and the father caressed her assuringly, saying, ' Never mind, child, although I should have to borrow, I will have you home with me to-day.' He paid two slaves, twelve fowls, and a gun."

21st. " Remained in camp to-day on account of one of the carriers who has a very bad leg. He accuses some carrier unknown of having bewitched him, and asserts that it is because of the evil spirit in his leg that it is swollen. We have in our caravan an old *sekulo*, who wears an old tall hat that has seen the gloss of better days, and who fulfils the office of camp crier. It is only on important occasions that his wonderful vocal powers are requisitioned, but when he does give his preliminary roar the babel [of the camp] instantly ceases. Last night he orated for a long time on the bewitching business, and exhorted each one not to kill his fellow by witchcraft, but to help."

" 23rd. To-day we crossed the track of a large elephant, and the fresh spoor of a troop of buffaloes. I measured one footprint of the former in the soft sand and found it to be, from the round toe marks to the heel, about 2 ft. 3 ins. Make deductions for the soft sand. Swam across the Lukoleshe river. The flow was northward, which tells the tale that we have left behind the last feeders of the Zambesi."

"24th. We were joined by a company of Mushidi's men going back to their country."

"25th. Two hours' journey brought us to Kapa, a small place as far as people and villages are concerned, but immensely important as a junction. The traveller is confronted by two ordinary paths, each a foot wide, and has to choose between going north-east to the Samba and Luba countries, and east to Mushidi's. It is a standing marvel how the most ordinary Bihean can manage his way through these strange countries. Often one finds oneself at a standstill before perhaps four different paths. In such a dilemma the safe rule is not to be the officious white man, but humbly to plead guilty to not having the bump of locality and to follow the Bihean—he can *smell* his way!"

"26th and 27th. Two days in camp. We are now in the Samba country. War is going on up-country. Large companies of finely-built men marched through our camp. Each man wore a red feather on his head, and many were armed with surprisingly good flint-lock guns; others, in the minority, had only the primitive bow and quiver of arrows.

"One or two of our men refused to go on. One of these, a reckless, cruel fellow, had a tiny baby girl slave, whom he bought at Nakandundu. She cannot walk, which latterly made her a drag on him. Her fate seemed [likely to be] an ugly clubbing on the head, and a pitch into the bush. Biheans can boast of doing such things. I realized I must rescue her, and the only means was to redeem her, which I effected for thirty-two yards. So here I am with a little child in my care to instruct in the way she should go. May God the Lord soon guide her feet into the 'way of peace.'"

"30th. To-day's journey was most toilsome. Passed within a stone-throw of the great Mirambo copper mines. The first of these rises on the right, a huge, long, stretching mass of rock of greenish colour, riddled on all sides with the marks of excavations which have been carried on for years by the natives. About half an hour beyond another long ridge of rock, similar in appearance, ran alongside our path for a long distance. There are no villages in the vicinity, and I am told that natives come long distances to dig for the metal, which they carry to their villages for smelting."

" *November 1st.* The path sloped gently upward this morning for an hour, then the Lualaba valley came into view, stretching away for miles to where a great range of mountains raises an outline of faint blue against the sky. It made one's joy brim over, just to behold that long looked-for sight—*Mushidi's lands!*

" All hoped that a crossing would be effected to-day. But we found a crusty old gentleman who would not hear of it. 'No, no; you must camp on this side to-day,' said he. And we were compelled to do so, despite the fact that no food could be bought, and our men were well-nigh dropping with hunger."

" *2nd.* The old Zazembe, whose name figures prominently in the map, became famous by shutting up this entrance to the empire; so much so that Mushidi cut off his head! The present Zazembe left his father's village, which is now a ruin, and built on the west side of the river. His authority is nil. Mushidi has set a man of his own named Kangombe on the east side.

" This morning we went to Zazembe's village. He demanded a gun, which we refused to give.

" We offered a present of thirty-two yards of cloth. He refused it, and threatened that he would refuse a crossing—impudent arrogance, nothing less. We intimated that we were the bearers of Mushidi's invitation, and cross the river to-day we would, carrying with us our rejected present. We returned to camp, and ordered the march to the river. Immediately we reached it, every dug-out put out into the river. But not for long! The Lord was with us! Hallelujah! Zazembe caught fear; took our gift—yes; *gift*, not tribute—and the canoes were recalled. A long day's business, that crossing, what with refractory ferrymen, and impatient Ovimbundu making a rush at every boat. Dreary, and, if one had let it be so, soul-withering."

Once across, Crawford sent on word of their coming to Swan and Faulknor at the capital. There being ample food in the many villages encountered, they journeyed on slowly till the 8th, when a letter from Swan found them asking Crawford to come on alone to the king's, leaving the other two to follow with the caravan as far as Candenda's.

" 11th.* Accordingly I made an early start, and after a good long journey, a turn in the path revealed the little village of God's witnesses in this dark land. 'Don't you see it?' queried my Biheans excitedly. And, indeed, I scarcely did for tears, blinding tears at the thought of God's goodness in guiding us so far, so tenderly, and so well.

" When about half a mile from the village I fired the pre-arranged signal of five guns. A nearer approach revealed a Union Jack fluttering in the breeze, and when I reached the bottom of the hill on which the village is built my *tipoi*a was surrounded by a crowd of excited young men and boys, firing salute after salute with blank cartridge.

" Deep, deep joy! Brother Swan comes down and meets me coming up the hill. Glorious recompense that, to meet a saint of God, hitherto unknown, in these dark habitations of cruelty!"

Their hands met in a long clasp. What did they say? Dan Crawford never knew. The communion of a common emotion outran expression—had, perhaps, no need of it. But, as they turned to climb together the rest of the slope to "Mountain View" the little mission hut with the dark thatch, Swan says: "Where *did* you get those boots?" And indeed of the ragged kit which covers, in places, the spare form of this blue-eyed and brown-bearded boy, who, of all the Church of God, has at last bored through to their relief, those boots are a remarkable item enough. Yellow, they are—bright yellow; and the toes come to an elegant point that coils over backwards. Remarkable they are, and they have a remarkable Brook-Cherith kind of history. Way back on the trail, he tells Swan, his boots, his only pair of boots, had begun to crack in the soles, and then to flap in the soles, and then to have no soles to crack or flap. Then he had limped along in a pair of slippers tied on with rope stripped from the inner bark of forest trees. They, too, had fallen to pieces and he had been talking with his men about making raw-hide sandals, and had meantime bandaged his feet over two pairs of socks, when, here in the middle of a bare-foot continent, pat to the moment, come the boots clamouring for sale! Mr. Nigger had

* There is some doubt about the date. Crawford thought it was the 11th. Swan's diary gives it as the 9th, he then corrects it "on enquiring" to the 11th; but in a letter dated January 12th, 1927, asserts that it was the 9th. Thompson thought it was the 12th.

procured them down at the coast from a Portuguese convict. Mr. Nigger had brought them into the far Interior. Mr. Nigger had been chagrined to find they created little stir, and pained to find they pinched his toes, and so he had dropped them down, raven-wise, very much at the feet of God's prophet in the time of boot famine. "Do they fit?" "God's provision always fits."

So it was that on that memorable eleventh of November in 1890 the convict's yellow boots strode up the hill by Swan's side, and so it was that . . .

"Arriving at the village I meet Brother Faulknor, looking ghastly pale, and quite lame on one foot. He is just emerging from what must have been a long, painful illness.

"Then I turned to the right to behold a most important personage, bedecked with lots of calico, and sitting in state in a little green tent. Yes! It was the much-heard-of Mushidi—really he! He received me most graciously and kindly, and after handshakes asked me to sit on his right hand. The old man can speak in a wonderfully kind tone, so much so, that one can scarcely believe he could (as, alas, he often does) in cruel tones order the death of his subjects for light offences. Came queries about my two companions, and when he was told they were at Candenda's, not far off, he turned to one of his men, '*Son of the dust, go, bring them!*' It was not long before they put in an appearance, to receive an equally hearty welcome. On the principle of 'Where the king is, there is the court,' there was a large crowd of his people with him.

"When all were gone, and evening was come, what notes of praise were ours, mutually extolling the goodness of the Lord! Hand in hand we could tell our King with truth that . . . '*If it had not been the Lord who was on our side—if it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us, then had they swallowed us up quick. Blessed be the Lord who hath not given us a prey to their teeth.*'"

On the seventeenth the missionaries pay their state visit to Mushidi, whose guests in a gruesome way they now are. Dressing themselves as well as their wardrobes, never lavish and now sadly depleted, will allow, and donning the stiff starched collars specially brought for the occasion (!),

they find the king at the village of his favourite wife, Mahanga, she who had come into the country with her lord at his first entry as a simple trader. Her village is a large one, and surrounded by a stockade of stout poles. Each of these is seen to be topped by a white ball. They come nearer, and suddenly they realize, with a sickening sinking of the stomach, that every one of the grim ornaments is a human skull. Extensive though the palisade is, there are too many skulls for it to bear them all. At the gates and within the enclosure are rude tables of bamboos and withies erected on upright forked sticks, and these are piled high with more and yet more skulls. Not even there does it end. The very branches of the trees are festooned with the same mortal fruit. And as they pass through the shocking avenues of death to the living Death-dealer* a buzzing cloud of bluebottle flies rises for a moment and then resettles on an abomination of flesh and stench that but the other day was the head of a man made in the likeness of God.

In the space before a large thatched hut of mud and wattle, a crowd of men and women is huddled, and over against them are squatting three sinister savages, bedecked with beads, and invested with bloody axes—horrid sign of an awful profession. They are Mushidi's chief executioners; seldom the day when they do not ply their terrible trade.

On the verandah, raised from the ground, of the queen's palace, are two Arabs, secretaries, busily scribing their strange hieroglyphics. And there, too, occupying the central place, is Mushidi himself.

After an exchange of civilities, the old man, for he is white haired and aged now, invited them into the house to present their gifts. These were: forty-four yards of double-width blue, called *infestado*; seventy-two yards of double width blue, called *pintado*; seventy-two handkerchiefs, coloured and printed in patterns, one sash, one of the famous brass curtain chains, one costly robe of Indian silk, and eight yards of turban silk. The king would don the robe and the turban immediately—was immensely pleased—preened himself, turning his head over his shoulder to admire the trailing back—and called in his chief counsellors to admire and exclaim. He refused to show

* Mfumu, a king, literally signifies "The Death Man," from the great root FU, death.

himself to the commonalty in his new garments. He expressed himself as delighted to welcome missionaries to his lands, but desired that all white men should understand that he will never consent to allow their traders into his country to dig for his gold and copper. He desired the little party to sing him hymns, which they did ; he listened without interruption to several, sung, of course, in English. He was delighted that Crawford could speak efficiently in Umbundu, in which he could communicate with him directly. Food was brought in for the whites, which they ate in his presence, dipping their fingers into the bowls of native pottery and finally washing in water poured over their hands by a slave. Mushidi kept them by him for several hours before allowing them to take their leave.

" We returned with mixed feelings," writes Dan Crawford, " of the man who could be so kind to us, and yet so harsh and cruel to his subjects. He will scarcely tolerate the Word of the Lord spoken to him. Yet, in the light of eternal realities looming ahead, spoken it must be. For this, grace, sterling grace, is necessary. Oh for that holy grit and tenacity of purpose which shall unswervingly do the will of God. 'Wise as serpents . . . harmless as doves.' Yes, and how desirous is this weak cringing flesh to be ALL tact, ALL diplomacy ! How shrinking from bold fearless testimony in the Spirit ! My soul, look thou upward to the throne, gaze upon thy Sin-purger there. Be thou stirred up to praise and magnify His Name. Rejoice, for He hath overcome the world. Satan shall be bruised under His heel."

So it was that Dan Crawford looked ahead to his life in that dangerous African Babylon ; and so it was that his first letters home, despatched very shortly after his arrival there, asked his friends to pray for him on these counts :

- " 1. That I may be strong in God, and bold as a lion.
- " 2. That I attain fluency right soon in speaking the Luba language.
- " 3. That I may daily realize that ' CHRIST LIVETH IN ME.'
- " 4. That many souls may soon be born of God.
- " 5. That God in His Sovereign Grace may be pleased to save Mushidi."

THIRD PERIOD

In Mushidi's Empire.

1890-1891.

- I. THE KING AND HIS ENTOURAGE.
- II. THE EMPIRE : GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.
- III. LIFE AT THE CAPITAL.
- IV. 404 DAYS WITH MUSHIDI.

I

THE KING AND HIS ENTOURAGE

"THE trials of the long journey were now over," writes Mr. Baker in his life of Arnot, "but they were confronted with fresh difficulties which might be summed up in one word—*Mushidi*."

That was true. It was true because, in a sense which has not been true in Europe for many a long day, the king was the kingdom, Mushidi was the empire. During the 404 days which still remained to the old despot after their arrival, Dan Crawford's life in and around the capital was caught up in the mesh of empire affairs, and those affairs revolved about one centre, the person and presence of Mushidi. Every man, woman and child thereabout lived in the shadow of a surcharged thunder-cloud. The lightning—where would it strike next? To be in favour was the aim of all. Existence was by personal permission of the Sovereign. And yet to have attained to favour was itself dangerous: it was like living on the spike of a lightning conductor with one's head in the storm clouds. The atmosphere, in short, was one of high tension, and that perpetually. There was no relaxation. Nerves were permanently on the stretch. Sparks flew on the slightest provocation. And by night as well as by day it behoved every one to keep a close eye on the barometer, to be aware of the state of the extremely jumpy temper of his very supreme majesty Mushidi.

The state of affairs which Dan Crawford found obtaining in Mushidi's capital cannot easily be realized by a twentieth century white man. The machinery of the latter's social and national life has been so developed and elaborated during centuries that for a vital emergency to leap out at him, demanding action so immediate that it will be effective only if the instincts respond without waiting for volition, is to him unthinkable. Almost every part of his life is lived for him by some organized institution. In moments of danger his reaction is to ring for Jane to inform the

policeman. His personal emotions have been disciplined, for the sake of others, into kicking their heels in the waiting room until the correctly ordained secretary politely motions him into a solicitor's comfortably appointed sanctum. In the light of reason, slightly hazed by cigar smoke, the wrong he either has suffered or contemplates inflicting, the next move in the legalized game of grab will be examined in all its bearings, and action may or may not be taken. And as with personal matters, so, *a fortiori*, with corporate dealings of boroughs, counties, parties, states. Even a Mussolini must run his emotional determinations through constitutional channels. By no means so in Mushidi's kingdom. John Smith's best chance of getting a vision of what life in his vicinity really was like is to approach consideration of it warily along the by-ways of phantasy: to catch it unawares while actuality is sleeping and his mind, some evening, is freed from its trammels. Let him re-read himself into the Wonderland of Alice, and then, when he is shivering with the painters because the roses are not yet all painted the ordained colour, and when he is shuddering at the terrible Queen's constant "Off with his head . . . off with their heads," then let him suddenly say, "Such was life with Mushidi." More nearly than many pages of description could convey it, so it was.

The whole vast structure of the empire was based on one powerful personality. And the keynote to all its policy was an insatiable *egalomania*. Mushidi was great: greater: greatest. "I must increase, he must decrease," was the fundamental rule of his philosophy. All that made for his personal prestige and greatness, that Mushidi welcomed. Anything that exalted any other man was necessarily inimical to himself, and therefore must either be absorbed into himself, or be annihilated forthwith. Everything, not only in others, but in himself too, must subordinate itself to the necessity for his swelling greatness in the eyes of his world. "His might was his god." To it he sacrificed everything. This is the touch-stone by which every action and every attitude of Mushidi's must be tested. To understand him, even in measure, self-seeking must be recognized as the essential basis of all his life and its actions.

He invented great swelling names for himself by which to express his exalted dignity. Mushidi, by which name he has become famous, signifies "The Soil," in the primitive

sense of the supporter of all life upon it, the essential base of all things. Another name by which he called himself was this, "The Gapless Covering Heavens." By it he wished to signify that as the heavens, with their unbroken encircling horizon, shut in the land, so he, too, was everywhere—there was no gap in his power by which anyone might escape him. By this name he used to threaten the white missionaries when he supposed they might be giving place to thoughts of leaving him, which he had determined they should not all do at once.

His impious pride carried him to the very pinnacle of blasphemy—he called himself God. And when he heard that a tributary chief in his empire allowed his people to arrogate to him the title of God, namely *Muungu*, he sent forth a fiat for his punishment or his death, saying, "There is no other God but me." He recognized that there were unseen powers of the spirit world, but refused to countenance the suggestion that the power of any of them could exceed his own. On one occasion he was stalking reed-buck, and was about to "draw a bead" on one of them when there suddenly came a blinding flash of lightning which left Mushidi and his brother Likuku, who was with him, quivering. When they were again able to see clearly, behold, nearly the whole herd of buck were lying dead, killed by the discharge, whereupon Mushidi, in a generous "pat-God-on-the-back" mood, exclaimed, "Fancy! God beating *me* at gun-firing."

The African of Mushidi's lands has a legend by which he accounts to himself for the existence of mankind in these parts. He supposes that in the ages of the long, long ago, a certain Kara ya Rova was Chief of All People. If he was the creator of humanity, or if he were appointed to the chieftainship by God, seems not to be clear to them. In any case his authority was supreme on the earth. He was of great size, and led his followers from the south toward the north. Some of them, tired of their long journeying, and attracted by the possibility of a lazy lotus life in the prolific lands of Katanga, dropped out there from the caravan. He allowed them to do so, but penalized them by causing them to become black. Those who continued to follow him to the north lands he ultimately rewarded with great riches and great wisdom, and their descendants to-day are the Europeans with their

greatly-to-be-desired white skins. As he passed by the mountains of Kayumba, near the Lualaba, he left to them in the solid rock imprints of his feet for an everlasting memorial. There are, indeed, deep marks in the rocks which strongly resemble footmarks of a great size. Mushidi seized on the idea of this, which was the only record of real permanence known to him; and, accordingly, went solemnly to the mountains of Kayumba and caused the pattern of his feet to be marked out in the rocks as he stood upon them, for all the world as though he were being measured for a pair of sandals. His cunning workmen then chiselled out the shape of them, leaving, as he trusted, a memorial to all times of the greatness and godhead of Mushidi. Thus did he mark, or desired to mark, his standing as a peer of the Originator of the Race.

To the maintenance of his personal pre-eminence his system of government was moulded. No wielder of power must live in his presence. Counsellors—yes. Visits of state—yes. Triumphs of conquering generals—yes. But no habitual living close at hand of any possible rival to detract from the one glorious vision of supreme greatness, himself. Powerful men might live within his kingdom, he welcomed their presence; but it must be out of sight. With any man, usually an hereditary chief, who displayed power, Mushidi's method was to take him with great éclat on to the pinnacle of a suggested alliance with the Great Mushidi himself. From that dizzy height he would show him all the chieftainship already his own, and say, in effect, "Behold this land, and this people: all this I, Mushidi, will give to you. Only let you fall down and acknowledge my supremacy." As a kind of inconsiderable afterthought he would add, "And oh, by the way, you had better send me along a little annual tribute. Sixty or eighty per cent. of your income will be quite enough, I expect. It will remind us both of your subordination." They had nothing to say. Refusal meant war. War with Mushidi meant annihilation. The only alternative to knuckling under was to flee beyond his confines and start all over again.

In effect, under him, they did retain their proper authority in their own lands, provided these were sufficiently distant. His method was that very method now coming so forcibly into fashion in Africa, and which has been re-introduced

lately into Mushidi's lands by the Belgian Government namely that of "Indirect Administration." He applied it somewhat more ruthlessly than the present white overlords of Africa, certainly; but on the whole the idea underlying the systems was the same.

Near the presence, however, he would brook no display of power. To prevent it, he developed a system of women governors. Women could not become rivals. Any glory which might accrue to them automatically added to his own prestige, for they were each and all of them possessions of his. Most of them were wives; a few were female relatives. Among the tribes ruled over by Mushidi, the wife was a chattel of the man as long as she remained with her husband. Females of the clan were disposable by the head of the clan. Accordingly governors who were wives and relatives of Mushidi's could only add to his power and prestige; however considerable their greatness it could never be anything but an appanage of his own. They were jewels in his crown, and could never be rivals.

But this was not their only utility. The accumulation of *mutika* (prestige) is the basic passion of every Bantu. Every one of them aspires to a position of authority wherein he shall dictate to at least some others the shape of their destinies. He wants to be chief of some crowd, even though at first that crowd be small. It can grow. Upon this Mushidi played. It was open to any man in his empire to apply his talents to the appropriation of a position of power in his group. BUT he might not exercise authority until and unless he were recognized and confirmed in it by Mushidi. Apart from considerations of tribute, and apart also from the high aristocracy of the Omande Shell—admission into which was very costly—every man who aspired to recognition as a chief was obliged to furnish a female relative into Mushidi's harem; and subsequently to approach the king only through her as intermediary. Not only so, but he was obliged to make known all those who held office under him, and they too, were obliged to give the most attractive of their female relatives to Mushidi to wife. These women Mushidi installed each in a village of her own near his capital, granting them jurisdiction according to their social standing or personal ability. They were obliged to keep him in touch with affairs of

state in the chieftainships from which they came, and he was able to check their representations by inquiring of others of his wives, relatives of underlings of each chief.

Notwithstanding the definite advantages of this system it had disadvantages which were equally decided. Not only did there exist a vast amount of troublesome enmity between wives of different tribes, but the job of policing a harem of between five and seven hundred of the most attractive women of a great empire who lived in scattered villages was a nightmare even to Mushidi. Scores, hundreds, of men were killed over it. But without much avail. Of all the tribe of youngsters born to Mushidi's wives, there was only one who resembled the king. This was Mwenda, the present chief, who alone of them all has the peculiarly shaped skull which was Mushidi's most marked physical feature.

In those parts of Bantu Africa where cattle are not reared, the extent of his harem is almost the only demonstration a man can make of his importance. It was a matter of perpetual satisfaction to Mushidi that his harem was so numerous. As has been said, his wives numbered between five and seven hundred. However, not only quantity but quality was to be considered. And Mushidi dreamed one great dream for years—he wanted that which no other African king had—he wanted a white wife straight from Europe. He possessed two women whom he called his White Wives (*vasungu*). But he wanted a wife with no taint of Africa about her. This could not be said of Maria and Matayu. When he allowed Arnot to leave him in 1888 he laid solemn injunction upon him that he was to return (which Arnot promised to do) bringing him a white wife (a proposal which the missionary refused point-blank to consider). Nevertheless, when Mushidi learned from Crawford on his arrival that Arnot was in Bié with two white women, of whom only one was wife to the missionary himself, he could not be disillusioned of the fixed idea that Arnot had, after all, thought better of it, and that this second lady, Miss Gilchrist, was to be his wife. So persistent was he in this notion that Mr. Swan felt obliged to write home strongly representing the possible dangers any unmarried white missionary lady might run in coming in to Mushidi's—a possibility which had, indeed, been under consideration.

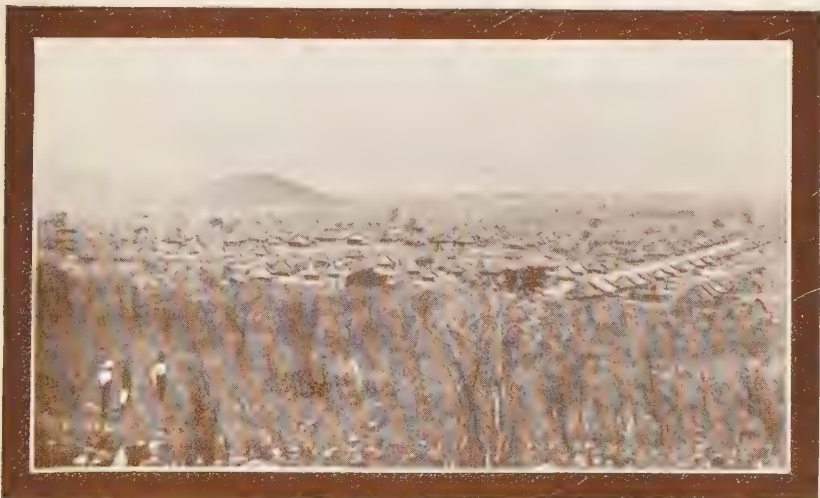


Photograph by

G. E. Tilsley.

MUSHIDI, AND ONE OF HIS SIX HUNDRED WIVES.

(The former from an engraving in a Portuguese book ; said to be from a photo).



Photograph by

BUNKEYA, FROM "MOUNTAIN VIEW."

P. B. Last.

On the sugar loaf hill, Capt. Stairs built his fort.

To face page 120.

THE KING AND HIS ENTOURAGE

Another attempt which Mushidi made to fulfil this exalted dream of his was to send a caravan to Loanda with a gigantic tusk as a present to the governor there, together with a letter, written in Portuguese, in which he presented his kingly compliments to His Excellency the Governor of Saint Paul de Loanda, and requested the hand of any one of his young daughters. He promised thirty large tusks (say, roughly, £3,000) as a bride-price. In this his motive was complicated by the consideration that between himself and the Portuguese of the West Coast were the Luvale and the Ovimbundu, who were accustomed to treat *his* caravans in very Rob Roy fashion, though they did not usually dare to touch those of the white men. He hoped by effecting a marriage alliance with the Portuguese to protect himself from these depredations, since, he argued, they will not dare to stir up the might of the white men by attacking him, Mushidi, once he has become their *bukwe*, that is, their "in-law." This mission failed.

It was along the Benguella road that he partially succeeded in his quest for a white wife. With a big price in ivory, he clinched an alliance with the proud and aristocratic Portuguese family of the del Fonsecas. An officer of that noble family contracted to him in marriage Maria, his daughter by a half-caste mother. Her colour was a light *café-au-lait*; but she was always condescendingly referred to by Mushidi as "our white sister." She was niece to that Senhor Coimbra, the notorious Congo slaver, whom Lovett Cameron saw in 1875 in Lubaland with a band of 52 slaves tied together in gangs of 17 or 18. Mushidi was flattered into the belief that this marriage linked his capital directly with the courts of Europe; and upon her arrival in the Interior, as a comparatively young girl, he added to his already long list of boastful titles by proclaiming himself to be — *Telwatelwatelwanekumwainemputu* — all of which signifies, "The - always - ever - spoken - of - one - yea - even - in - Europe - itself."

Maria made the best of her situation. She possessed a great advantage over the other charmers—time could not rob her of her outstanding beauty, the pale skin. Her town was always the cleanest in all the capital. She always desired to be on friendly terms with the white men who eventually came to the capital, whom she called her "brothers", Crawford excepted. Him she called "Uncle," and submitted

somewhat to direction from him. The reason was that Coimbra, who was at the time the head of her house, had made out a deed of guardianship, committing his empress-niece to the care of Dan Crawford. To her husband she was not always very polite. On at least one public occasion she was heard to anathematize him as "Pig! Pig!" When Crawford knew her, she was used to affect loud velvets worn in voluptuous folds, one day blue, red or yellow, and the next brown or green. He says of her in *Thinking Black*:

"Here she is frivolling about the capital, and hating the whole harem of rivals. Many an envenomed glance she shoots at an enemy, and many a plot she hatches for the downfall of some poor harmless soul. Talking Luba with a fierce flippancy, she it is who, Lady Macbeth-like, urges Mushidi on to his deeds of blood." And again, "Aggressively self-conscious to the very end, her dying charge to me, her 'uncle', was that her white skin should be buried in a white coffin! Preached to for many a weary day, she spurned the Christ, whom she thought 'a fool' for 'dying like a sheep'. Once only to my ken she patted Heaven on the back approvingly for having a toilet of 'white robes', which she thought would suit her complexion. One day, with tears in her eyes, she broke down and sobbed, 'A slave! Yes! They sold me like a mere chattel when I was a young girl.'"

After Mushidi's death she was "inherited" along with the other wives by Mukandavantu, and hung about the Lufira flats for several years. Finally, being often sick, she decided to move across the Kundelungu to the care of her "uncle." She was actually making the journey when illness prevented her getting further than the Lomotwa country on the western edge of the range, where she died, early in 1894, of a "leprous sickness." (This was Mr. Crawford's usual euphemism for specific disease.)

The presence of Maria in the capital so swung Mushidi's favour, and his trade, toward the west that the Arabs from the east brought him a very beautiful and seductive woman to offset her influence. The name of this beauty was Matayu. She was said to have been an Arab of high lineage. Probably that was true only of her father's side.

THE KING AND HIS ENTOURAGE

In all likelihood her mother was a Swahili. However, in Central Africa she ranked, like all Arabs, as a *musungu*,* that is, a white. To have two *vasungu** wives was one of Mushidi's proudest boasts. It distinguished him above all other African kings. This Matayu, *Mukodi wa Kavanga*, Lady of the East, turned out to be a very Jezebel. Her lovers were legion. Poisoning after poisoning was brought home to her.

At length it was alleged that she had brought about by witchcraft the death of her own son (by a former husband). This so roused Mushidi that he was heard to mutter something like "Who will rid me of this turbulent whore?" much as Henry had groaned under the activities of Thomas à Becket. Nor did he lack his barons. Taking no thought for political consequences, two redoubtable warriors, Tete and Kavalo, generals of the army, crossed over to Munema, her village, and entered her courtyard. She smirked at them, and greeted them with, "*Mutende?* —Is it Peace?" They passed immediately on into the privacy of the dark interior of her house. Coquettish as ever, she followed them expectantly. As she stooped to enter the doorway, they reached out and drew her by the throat into the obscurity behind the reed door. "What peace," they hissed, almost exactly in Jehu's words, "What peace so long as your whoredoms and witchcrafts are so many?" And with their bare hands they strangled her there. Stripping her of her ornaments they flung her naked body out on to the Lunsala Flats, where the scavenging hyenas tore limb from limb and licked up the blood.

As a consequence of her death, Mushidi found himself involved in an eastern war with her Arab relatives.

**mu-* is the prefix of the class of sentients in the singular; whereas *va-* is that of the same class in the plural. The root and suffix in this case—*sungu*, remains unaltered. *Musungu*—one white; *vasungu*—two or more whites.

II

THE EMPIRE: GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

At the time when, as we have seen, Crawford, Lane and Thompson first reached Mushidi's empire, that monarch had been in the building of it for certainly more than thirty years. Its boundaries were not, of course, designated by treaties, and they were certainly not delineated on any maps. In fact, they were constantly in dispute between Mushidi and any border chiefs who felt themselves temporarily powerful enough to refuse tribute. But the situation can be indicated of the lands which formed what may be called his home kingdom, and which may be estimated to have comprised an area of about two hundred thousand square miles.

The Congo, mightiest of Africa's giant rivers, rises in the streams which feed Lake Bangweulu. From the southern marshes of Bangweulu it emerges, close to longitude 30°E , as the Luapula, in the attempt to reach which river it was that Livingstone died in 1873. This great river takes a sweep south and west to dip below latitude 12°S , before turning to flow northward near the line of 29°E , into Lake Mweru, from which it emerges again as the Lualaba, (in some maps called the Luvua.) Still flowing northward, with some westing, it crosses latitude 7°S , and then receives a large tributary from the south, the western Lualaba. This big river derives its early waters by a number of streams from the north and east aspects of a watershed which runs diagonally across the map from 11°S by 25°E , to 12°S by 26°E , and from the opposite aspects of which, that is from the south and west sides, the Zambesi takes its origin. This Lualaba, the western, flows northward by way of valleys to the west of a ragged mass of mountains called *Mitumba* on the maps, which signifies simply "Mountains." From the same hills where lies its source, other springs flowing eastward form the Lufira, a large river which finds a way through broad lowlands to the east of the *Mitumba*, and eventually joins the Lualaba after an independent course of some three hundred miles. Between the two Lualabas, outlined by them and by an undefined

base line to be imagined as running more or less east-and-west amongst the mountain lands between 12°S and 13°S , lies the country, roughly triangular in shape, which, in 1890, was directly dominated by Mushidi.

Besides the waterways mentioned, it presented one other outstanding geographical feature, namely, a flat-topped range of mountains more than two hundred miles long, of a height varying between four thousand and six thousand feet, which runs south and north in the eastern half of the triangle, and which comes to an end in the north as the western side of the gorge by which the Lualaba leaves the north-west corner of Lake Mweru. This is the *Kundelungu* range. The name means "The Whereabouts of Savannahs," and is accurately descriptive. The undulating plateau of its top is a magnificent short-grass country, large tracts of which are treeless, where the night temperature not infrequently touches freezing point. The edges are abrupt, and often precipitous. The Lofoi, for instance, one of the larger of the several hundred streams which cascade in great beauty off the range, leaps clear into the valley of the Lufira in a fall that is absolutely sheer for a full thousand feet.

In these lands lived the aboriginal inhabitants in subjection to Mushidi. Amongst them were the Sanga, the Lamba, the Lomotwa, the Sera, the Shila peoples, and various clans of the great Luba tribe. Beyond its riverine boundaries the armies of the emperor made constant sorties east, north and west, sometimes for great distances, compelling tribute from the surrounding tribes—the Ushi of the south Luapula land, reaching as far east as Ilala where Livingstone died; the Lunda and the Vemba folk of the trans-Luapula countries; the reluctant Bwile and the fighting Lukaluka* beyond the eastern Lualaba; and the rebellious Luba people west of the other Lualaba; the Lunda and Luvale tribes between Katanga and the west coast. Southward the armies raided the mountains of the farther Lamba lands.

Such, in 1890, was the territorial empire of Mushidi, an African of genius, born in the early years of the nineteenth century into a clan of the tribe of the Nyamwezi, of the race called Bantu. The capital of it was an immense

* The Lukaluka were a Nyamwezi clan inimical to Mushidi. Those with whom he fought had, like Mushidi, made their homes in lands other than that of their birth.

and cosmopolitan metropolis of almost contiguous villages, many miles across in every direction, which filled the plain through one end of which the Bunkeya makes its sluggish way east to the Lufira. The habitation of its despot was a wattle-and-daub palace of seventeen rooms situated within the skull-spiked stockade called *Nkulu*.* And the background of it and the inception of it and the early beginnings of it are in this wise :

† *These be the histories of times long gone, of how it came to pass that the Yeke people came to Katanga.*

That which brought them hither was copper. They who discovered it were elephant hunters [of the Nyamwezi who lived in the middle of Tanganyika territory].‡ An elephant there was, a mountainous beast having very great tusks. Him they wounded with spears. Wounded, he did not die. No. Far from it. So they set off [westward] on his trail—follo-o-o-w, follow on ! He led them on right to the Nandubesa country, where they put an end to him. There they saw bars of copper, and struck a bargain for some of them. Nandubesa enquired of them in these words : " Where do you come from ? " They replied in their own tongue : " We are Yeke men " (which is to say " hunters "). " Our home is the Sumbwa§ country ; it is there that our people are." Taking their leave, they returned to their home. When they were come back to their people, they wept over them greatly, saying, " Ye have returned, O our children. We had thought ' Surely they are dead ' . But no ! Ye are alive ! Good ! It is well." Then they presented them to the king, Nwinua. And to him they gave the bars of copper. The king made great rejoicings to see the copper, and he drummed a great drumming—Nkara ! Nda ! Nda ! Nkara ! Ndanda ! He caused a great dancing for them,

* NKULU was the habitation of the king—the village, one might say, of Buckingham, containing the royal residence. Each of the villages or towns, the total conglomeration of which made up the capital, went by its own name, as do the boroughs of, say, Chelsea or Stepney ; but until the Belgians built a fort on hill Bunkeya, there was no categorical name for the whole collection corresponding to " London." Afterwards Europeans began to know it as Bunkeya ; but the natives never took to that name. *Nkulu* appears as *Mukurru* in Arnot's writings.

† As told by Mwenda II, son of Mushidi, the present Chief, in a letter addressed to *Son Altesse Royale, Prince de Belgique*.

‡ Square brackets indicate interpolations made for the sake of clarity of exposition. The letter is considerably condensed.

§ " Sumbwa " is the name given by the Vemba to those who know themselves as Nyamwezi. It has reference to their custom of never eating fish.

and thus did he welcome with rejoicings his men who had brought him copper. Moreover, he sent and gathered together all the other chiefs, saying, "As for me, these my men here have discovered riches." Then those chiefs also all took up the drumming, wherewith to give them an honourable reception.

[After many generations] there arose up Kalasa in that country, he and his men. They that were elders in his caravan were these, by name, Kafushya, Chupamanga, Chalali, Kombokombo, Kifuntwe, Nitentemo, and many others. A great caravan they arose, and came hither to Chief Katanga. And Kalasa made blood friendship with Katanga. And also with many other chiefs; and with King Mpande. And when he had amassed much copper, he spoke saying, "I go home." And his companions replied, saying, "Go; as for us, we stay here." So he returned home, and they gave him an abundant welcome. But the others remained [in the copper country, and were called Yeke by the people of the land].

Now Kalasa made a second journey, taking with him his son, Mushidi. And when he had amassed much copper, he and his son Mushidi returned again home. And afterwards Mushidi himself proposed a journey, saying, "Father, as for me, I go to Katanga." And his father replied, saying, "Do thou go; it is well." So he arose and went; [he and his wife Kapapa and three youths. And he carried with him gunpowder and four guns]. Now when Mushidi was come to the Luapula, he met a certain king, Chiñama, [who was lord of the crossing] and who spake unto him in Swahili, saying, "Ho, Mushidi! Welcome. It is well; thou shalt make medicine for me." And he made for him drought medicine and medicine for sicknesses. So it came to pass, when Mushidi would cross the Luapula, and another Yeke man spoke unto the chief Chiñama, saying, "Not that, O King. Permit him not to cross, that fellow Mushidi. Allow him not to go to Katanga," that then Chiñama made answer saying, "Let him cross freely, that he may obtain the wealth he seeks." So he was able to cross over.

He passed by Nandubesa and came to his father's blood-brother, Katanga. He welcomed him, and gave him two one-eared bars of copper.* Mushidi built a house at Kaseshi,

* The old copper smelters used to mould their copper into bars several feet long and several inches thick such as took six men to carry one of them. At each end were cross bars, called "ears," which sometimes stuck out on both sides, and sometimes only on one. The former were called "two-eared", the latter "one-eared" bars.

and he called it Lutipuka. Thither came there a man saying, "We are come that ye may arise and slay Kapema, for he has killed my son. Slay him he did; flay him he did; make a mat of his pelt, he did; and now he sits upon him." So Mushidi said, "Let us go to Chief Katanga." And he said saying, "Ye have done well to come and tell me, my son. Go; slay him." And he gave him one elder, and some youths. So he came to the village of the murderer, but he was fled. Then they laid hold of the villagers, and slew them. Many fled into the forest. Then came he back and laid down the heads of the slain before the chief. Then Katanga took of his slaves and gave them to him, saying, "Well done, my son Mushidi. Thou art indeed a man. I am well disposed toward thee, O thou son of my friend."

And it came to pass that Mpande also sent a messenger saying, "Come and slay people for me." And they pressed him hard, so that he went to Katanga, and said, "O great Chief, from Mpande have they come to seek me." Then Katanga said to him, saying, "It is well. Go. Go and fight for him, thou man of might." So he came to Mpande, and he welcomed him gladly, and roused up his people, saying, "Take him thither." So they went, and slew the whole village of the chief whom they sought. His name was Kyanakyamu. Great indeed was Mushidi's might. And they told Mpande, and he said, "Sangatile! Him also. For he wrested his chieftainship by force." So Mushidi went thither, and laid hands on Sangatile. Then was Mpande glad, when he saw the outlaw in bonds. And Mushidi laid down the heads of the slain. Then Mpande took slaves and gave them to Mushidi; and he gave them to Katanga. But Katanga said, "Take some to help you in your work." He was not jealous of his might.

And it came to pass that the heir of Katanga, by name Lupola, would have gotten Mushidi to make medicine to kill Katanga for him; but he refused. When therefore Katanga was dead, then those men sought to kill Mushidi. But he built himself a stronghold with his people, and shut himself therein. And they came to slay him, but in the way they mistook each other for the enemy, and slew each other.

Then Mpande called him saying, "While Katanga yet lived I kept silence. Now that he is dead, and his people seek thy life, come hither and abide with me, the blood-friend of your father; and I will leave the land to you after me.

Give me thy hand." So they clasped hands. And he abode with him. Now they of Katanga came against him many times. At last he arose, saying, "*Ye have brought it upon yourselves. I had no mind to war with you. But ye do continually trouble me. Ye have brought it upon yourselves.*" And he arose and fought against them and conquered them with great slaughter.

And when a captain of Katanga's named Chifonko had taken another man's wife, and her name was Chawama, then Mushidi also took a wife from Chifonko. Whereupon Chifonko went over to Kazembe, across the Luapula, and said, saying, "*O King, Mushidi has stolen my wife.*" Then Kazembe raised up his son Luvavila, saying, "*Go ; kill that man who stole the woman.*" But when he was come, Mushidi slew him, Luvavila, the son of Kazembe, saying, "*Did not he know that it is I, Mushidi, the great one, lord of all peoples ?*"

After that came Luba people to war with Nkala. And he called upon Mushidi. And he followed after them right to Luba-land, and slew them with great slaughter. And as he returned, there met him some Swahili men, and they told him that Mpande had died, and had left the land to him. And they said, saying, "*We are off home.*" And Mushidi said, "*It is well ; go.*" And they seized hold of many of the Sanga-folk, to carry them off as slaves. Then Mushidi said, saying : "*What is this that ye do ? Would ye enslave the very people of the land themselves ? I forbid it. But I will give you ivory to redeem them ; they are my people.*" And he did so. Then the Swahili spake unto him, saying, "*Thou labourest much in the digging of copper. But there is gold in the land. Look at this ring. It is of gold. In gold there is very great wealth.*" And they took him to a copper mine, and said, "*See, that is gold. We are going away. Thou art now the Lord of the Land ; stay by this wealth of which we have told thee. After many days thou shalt see a powerful people [from the east]* come into the land for it. Perhaps white men ; perhaps Swahili men. Tell them that thou only art the owner thereof. We go hence. That gold, we leave it to thee, the whole hill of Kambove.*" Those that

* This point is not mentioned in Mwenda's letter : but it is a well-known and attested part of the prophecy to which Mushidi gave much brooding thought, and which long afterward so shaped his policy as to give a very tragic turn to events.

told him that it was gold were Ntwana and Nsefu. And they went thence.

After that the other Yeke men would have made trouble, refusing to be paid with copper. But he subdued them. And by his might he subdued many other kings and lands; but only such as rose against him, which are these—Mwashia, Ilala, Luba-land, Ushi-land, Biza-land, Kaonde, Lenge,* Luapula, Kazembe, Kubwela, Kipata, Bemba-land, the Lomotwa country, Malela, Lamba country, Luongo, Numbo, Dunga, Kabombo, Mpweto, and many others.

So much for the territorial aspect of Mushidi's empire. But, as we saw just now, he had been born of a trading nation, the Nyamwezi. His father had given him his start in trade. And he continued to trade. True it was that in the Central Africa of those days every trader was of necessity a merchant *venturer*. He played always the stake of his own life. And to preserve that life, if not to help himself to other men's goods, he was bound sooner or later to find himself fighting. Mushidi's case was exceptional as Sebituana's case was exceptional, who about the same time and by reason of the same circumstances built up what became the Barotse empire. The conjunction of the man's times and his own temper made him an adventurer on a vast scale; but it must always be remembered, if any just estimate of him is to be made, that he was not primarily a swashbuckler, but a *merchant venturer*.

It happened that it was in the days of his youth that a new-fangled notion first came into the land—an extraordinary idea of using the might of a certain devil with which to fight. This devil was a black powder which came from across the seas. You put some of it into an iron pipe and struck it off with a spark. It then made a terrifying thunder and lightning and killed your enemies. Muzzle-loading guns, in short. It happened, too, that Mushidi was a man of sufficiently liberal and adventurous calibre to appreciate at once the potentialities of the new weapon, whilst the majority, more conservative or more timid, still mistrusted it. And so Mushidi, merchant venturer, began to trade on his own account with a stock-in-trade of four guns and a supply of powder.

The powder and guns brought him power: power in its

* Whose grandson is now chief in Luanza.

turn brought him wealth in the shape of tribute—ivory, copper, slaves: of slaves, hundreds and hundreds; of copper, tons and tons; of ivory, literally thousands and thousands of tusks. His riches were fabulous, unbelievable. And he must of course use them to reach after more power, which will mean more tribute, but must be paid for in more guns and more powder. And so the vicious vortex caught him in its inexorable whirl. Round and round he spun, from war to wealth, and from wealth to munitions, and from munitions to war again; and so to more and more trade. So gigantic did the volume of his trade become that the route eastward to the coast, the only route known or dreamt of till Mushidi broke the spell, threatened to break down under it; more particularly on account of Kazembe's intractableness. But Mushidi dared to dream of a western outlet. Not only dreamed, but dared—like the great man he really was. His nephew, Molenga, it was whom he first sent westward to pioneer a route to the ocean, sent him with a caravan of fabulous ivory riches. Molenga accomplished for him the impossible, and effected contact with a white man at the west coast, which white man was Silva Porto, the Portuguese. Mushidi it was, Mushidi the trader, the merchant prince, the African, who finally pushed the old Zanzibar route right across Africa, linking together east and west coasts by a trail, bloody indeed after the manner of his times, but well trod, along which passed for years a never-ending river of his voluminous trade.

Guns, powder; powder, guns. As the years rolled on, Mushidi's need of powder became more and more urgent, insistent, vital. In his old age it became an obsession. At the last he was crying for it day and night, threatening, bullying, begging, despairing for it. And finally he who had built a vast empire out of tons of it, died a dog's death by means of a few grains of it.

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It is doubtful if Mushidi gave any particular name to his empire. He himself was the empire. It was the *Mushidi* Empire. Its people were of many tribes, unassimilated. He and others of the invading dominant race were Nyamwezi, but no longer used the name, being instead called *Yeke*, owing to the original misunderstanding of the description their ancestors had first given of themselves,

when they said they were "elephant hunters," that is, Yeke. They were in any case comparatively few. How the name *Garenganze* ever came to be connected with it by Arnot is a mystery. Possibly a solution lies in this, that of the immigrant Nyamwezi, not at all numerous all told, some were of the clan of the Galaganza whose home-land, Bugalaganza, was away on the eastern plateaux of Tanganyika territory. Mr. Crawford, writing in 1902, made the suggestion that perhaps because of this the trading Biheans of the west may have named Mushidi's lands by some such derived name as Ngalanganza, and that from that by faulty European audition, Garenganze was worked out. He wrote :

"It may sound absurd to you, but of all the curiosities on the map of Africa, I aver the name *Garenganze** to be the most curious. No native knows the country by that name and never did."

From times dating far back into the past, the east coast, and thence† Europe, has associated with the copper lands of Central Africa the name of Katanga. As we have seen, there did, and still does, live in the copper lands a chief of that name. He is, and always was, a subsidiary chief. The dynasty of Mpande was the true aboriginal line of the Copper Kings of Central Africa. Nevertheless Katanga was the name carried out by the traders of the long ago, and that was the name chosen in April, 1891, by financiers in Europe, who, very certainly, had never been anywhere near the country, to designate the company formed to exploit for the benefit of Leopold and his associates the wealth of Mushidi's lands; and subsequently the whole country became known by that name, that is, Katanga.

At present Katanga is the name given to that one of the four provinces of Congo Belge which contains the land and the wealth that once were Mushidi's. The concentration of potential wealth is probably greater than in any other area in the world of the same size of which there is present knowledge. Its importance can hardly be over-estimated. Its copper mines have a production capacity almost fabulous; its uranium deposits can meet the demand

*This name now persists only in a title, The Garenganze Evangelical Mission.

† Cameron was one of those who made it generally known.

of the whole world for radium ; cobalt is found in great quantity, whose use is in the production of the various steels without which the modern world cannot exist. There are also iron, tin, mica, diamonds and some gold. Water power is unlimited. Edible fish abound in its rivers. Within its bounds a great variety of climate is found at varying levels ; and as the soil is almost everywhere exceedingly fertile a very extensive range of agriculture is possible. At present the mineral wealth is occupying most of the European attention, but oil crops such as palm, peanut, and castor are being grown ; as are also fibres, such as cotton, kapok, and sisal ; rubber also ; cassava, abundant everywhere ; potatoes, which do well in some parts ; maize, millet, sesame, rice and wheat, of the grains ; coffee ; sugar ; every kind of tropical fruit, such as banana, orange, lemon and other citrus fruits ; pawpaw and pineapple ; and also many of the fruits of temperate climes. It would be easy to name thirty fruits which may be grown in a single garden. In some parts cattle do well. Goats, sheep and pigs thrive almost everywhere.

Mushidi's empire had its centre in a very wonderful land. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that the white man, more knowledgeable and more highly civilized, should have murdered him for it.

At this point it may be well to pause a moment to take notice of the degree of isolation from other men of their own colour into which Thompson, Lane, and Crawford had advanced with such resolution.

In Central Africa the missionary has often been the pioneer geographer of unknown territories. The names of Livingstone and Grenfell leap to the mind amongst others. But almost without exception it has been the missionary who has first followed in the train of the passing geographer, whether missionary or not, to take up his residence and to pursue his task in the midst of each new tribe as it has become known. How far into the Interior then, one wants to know, had the various missionary agencies despatched their workers by this year of 1890 ? *

* Figures are available for the extent of Protestant mission work in Africa in 1890. They were compiled as correctly as possible by Rev. Dean Vahl, of Denmark, who read them before the Evangelical Alliance which met in 1891 at Florence. He said : " In Africa there were . . . in 1890, 1,004 missionaries, 206 female missionaries, 878 native missionaries, 8,389 native helpers, 214,561 communicants."

North Africa does not enter into the picture here. The first Protestant missionaries to Africa entered from the south. They were Moravians; they arrived at Cape Town in 1737. George Schmidt won the confidence of the Hottentot natives, but his work was stopped by the Dutch authorities. By the same route the great pioneers of the London Missionary Society first entered: outstanding men such as John T. Vanderkemp (1798); Robert Moffat (1818); and David Livingstone who succeeded in penetrating into the Interior despite the determined efforts of the Boers to keep it shut. Other societies followed. By 1840 there were representatives of at least ten missions. Fifty years later, in 1890, the furthest on the northward road to Central Africa was François Coillard, of the Paris Evangelical Society, who was then pioneering a lonely work amongst the Marotse at Shesheke's capital. Between him and Bunkeya lay at least 600 miles of unknown land.

West Africa, north of the Equator, also lies outside the picture of those who were blazing trails which led onward into the heart of the Dark Continent. Below the Equator the pioneers were men of the American Board (Congregationalists) who, after 1875, penetrated the coastal regions east of St. Paul de Loanda and Benguella. In 1890 their innermost station at Chisamba was still some 800 miles from Mushidi's capital. Further north the English and American Baptist missions, under the stimulus of Mr. Arthington's persistently courageous vision, and following upon Stanley's great journey down the Congo, had been pushing up the great waterway of that river. In 1890 Upoto was just being opened up. In that direction the young missionaries' nearest neighbours were distant by well over 1,000 miles of exceedingly difficult tropical country.

H. M. Stanley's historic appeal in 1875 on behalf of Uganda had resulted in the entry into that country from the East Coast of the Church Missionary Society. The East Coast was also the route of entry for a section of the work of the London Missionary Society, which in 1890 was pushing southward down the eastern side of Lake Tanganyika, and had actually reached Urambo. Had Crawford and his fellow-workers but known this they might have congratulated themselves on having neighbours only about 350 miles away—though indeed the land between had never been traversed by white men. But they did not



Photograph by

G. E. Tilsley

Kundelungu's Edge,

looking down on the Sera plain.

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know it. Their own impression was that the nearest Christians eastward of Mushidi's capital were not to be reached but by traversing the untracked plateaux between it and Lake Nyasa, where they knew the Livingstonia Mission to be at work. Karonga is some 480 miles distant from Bunkeya.

These are facts which must be pondered in considering what measure of courage and devotion was displayed by the young missionaries in so determinedly overcoming all obstacles to come at so isolated a post. What sustained them in the enterprise? What, later on, sustained Crawford and Thompson in remaining there? It was no trust in the backing of men, for they had behind them neither mission, society, nor federation of churches. Indeed they had not so much even as an organized base anywhere in the continent! The secret was this: they placed their confidence in God alone.

"What madness! What a ghastly mistake!"—So sensible men would say. So Dr. Moloney said when he found them there in 1891.

"He is beside Himself" is a judgement that has been passed before on such as dared the unthinkable.

III

LIFE AT THE CAPITAL

IN consequence of the prophecy, made to him by those Swahili who deceived him into thinking he had a gold mine, and warned him that *vasungu* would come to seek that gold, Mushidi was extremely unwilling to receive white men into his country. Up till 1886, in his compound in Nkulu he kept a special stake, well sharpened, for the head of the first white man to venture into his clutches. What saved Arnot, humanly speaking, when he arrived in that year was that, whereas the prophecy spoke of the dangers as coming from the east, he came from the west. Nevertheless the Arabs, fearing for their influence and trade, did their best to prevent his being allowed in, inventing all sorts of libellous stories to his discredit. Mushidi looked them over in silence as they sought to persuade him to turn back the on-coming Arnot, and finally said: "I do not know the English; I do not know this man; but one thing I do know—I know you Arabs." Therefore he set his diviners to work in the ordinary way, and when the omens were favourable he admitted Arnot.

Swan and Faulknor, the next white men to arrive, also came from the west, in 1888, and, being vouched for by Arnot as his brethren, were also well received. But in November 1890, two days before Crawford's arrival with Lane and Thompson, there arrived a white man *from the east*. This, thought Mushidi, is the long-expected gold invasion; this man has come from the east to "eat" my gold. It was Mr. Alfred Sharpe (afterwards Sir Alfred), an emissary of the British South Africa (chartered) Company, fully empowered to make crown treaties. Unfortunately for the success of his mission with Mushidi, he had listened to the representations of Kazembe, who tried to dissuade him from crossing the Luapula, and did succeed in getting him to leave behind his assistants and most of his caravan, so that he reached the capital very meagrely attended and very modestly equipped. Mushidi could not believe that so poverty-stricken an ambassador could represent a great power.

This was now the time when European nations were becoming alive to the possible returns of a lucky dip into the African grab-bag. Expeditions under various flags were boring centre-wards from not a few vantage points on the coasts. Rumours concerning these white-man wanderings, grotesquely embellished by their passage through wonder-loving Bantu minds along hundreds of miles of forest tracks, were reaching Mushidi in disquietingly rapid succession and from all quarters. The emperor saw that he would be unable to flout them all, and retain an isolated independence ; and he began accordingly to be disposed, like the statesman he was, to treat with that competing power which should prove most advantageous to himself.

His predisposition, naturally, was to deal with representatives of that nation whose integrity " his " missionaries had taught him to recognize. Yet he was unwilling, on the ground of his greatness, to treat for the gold lands with any but a first-rate power, which he now suddenly feared England might not be. He was suspicious of Sharpe, and accordingly treated him with scant civility. In fact, he meditated putting an " accident " in the way of his leaving the country, but was over-persuaded by the missionaries. It is doubtful if Sharpe ever knew how nearly he did *not* reach home again. On taking leave of Mushidi, after a short stay, he deposited with him papers ready for his signature which would conclude, if signed, a treaty between him and the British Chartered Company.

Crawford, Lane and Thompson, coming two days after Sharpe from the west, received, as we have seen, an enthusiastic welcome. The truth is that Mushidi liked to have white men about him of their innocuous calibre and disinterestedness. It ministered to his grandeur. To African grandees he was accustomed to refer to them as " my white men." There is no reason to doubt that the record is true which was made later on by a member of Stairs's expedition, that he called them " my white slaves." Boasting to another white man he might well use just such phraseology as being likely, he would suppose, to impress his hearers with his grandeur and overpowering prestige. In the same manner he used to assure Crawford when in a dangerous mood towards him, that " out east we kill white men," referring to the fact that his fellow nationals,

the Lukaluka clan of the Nyamwezi, had killed Carter and Cadenhead at Pimbwe. All with the notion of swelling his importance. But while he tolerated the presence of "his" white missionaries, he would allow them no following. He had no respect for their message, being interested solely in what they might bring to him of prestige. But men who expected to treat with him on a footing of not less than equality were horses of quite a different colour—more particularly if they came from the east.

Nor were his gloomy forebodings without reason: a scant year was to pass after he had turned away his first white visitor from the east, before a second fulfilled them all—his supremacy was abrogated and his life taken by that second white man from the east.

His treatment of traders was highly arbitrary. On their arrival they were told where to camp—usually on the slope near the mission village. This was some distance from Nkulu, Mushidi's own stockade. There was an interesting reason for this distance. According to the testimony given in 1923 of an old man who in the eighties lived with the king, when the question of a site for Arnot first came up, Mushidi said: "Take him up there far away: he has a weak stomach." That is to say, Mushidi appreciated, though he certainly could not understand, that Arnot objected to the frequent shedding of blood which was a daily occurrence in the king's presence. And in its turn this throws an interesting light on Arnot's remark that, "He is sharp and severe, but I see nothing in the way of torture; death is inflicted in the most expeditious manner."

The traders, once camped, were obliged to bring all their stock to him. He would then cause a list to be prepared of it, and promptly piled the lot into his own stores. The unfortunate trader was then kept hanging about for months, sometimes many months, fobbed off at every approach, in difficulties the whole time to provide for his carriers, until for very weariness he was content at the last to take whatever Mushidi would give him in the shape of copper, or slaves, or ivory. In some cases when the trader was merely a captao, an agent for a distant principal, Mushidi simply annexed both goods and men. It must be remembered, of course, that he was continually losing both men and wealth from the same cause, his own caravans being robbed at the coasts, both east and west, as well as on

their way past the Nyamwezi, or the Luvale and the Luimbi. It was very much a case of "what yer gains on the swings yer loses on the roundabouts."

The old man was very shrewd. Concerning the Luba, an immense and warlike tribe, with whom he was constantly at war, he once said to Crawford, "A brave people, the Luba. Very strong. But they can always be conquered because they are disunited." They were, in fact, split by factions.

He had a clever method of obtaining revenue by playing on the vanity of those who desired to be recognized by him as chiefs. Those who cared to afford it were permitted to buy their way into the aristocracy, a status of Grand Duke, of which the symbol was the *Omande* shell worn on the head. The investiture was only to be made in the capital. Slaves had to be paid over to buy even the necessary approach to the throne. More slaves and ivory were required in order to obtain a naming of the day. Yet more slaves at the actual ceremony to cause the shell, the coveted shell, to appear. It was first laid at the feet of the aspirant where it remained until another slave bought its ascent to the ankle. Another helped it to the shin. And so on, in six stages, before it rested finally upon the head.

Only with his copper and iron smelters was Mushidi wont to deal in any measure humbly. To them he was usually very polite. They were the foundations of his greatness; and they knew it; and he was well aware that they knew it. "Welcome! Welcome! Be pleased to take a seat on this mat! You are in health?" And so on.

As for others, he held them in little esteem. "Son of the dust," was a favourite mode of address. "Son of a dog," to his own elder brother was quite ordinary. "Die, son of the dust," was heard every day. A few slaves more or less—what of it? When Crawford expostulated at the killings, he used to say, "But slave blood is always bad blood."

On one occasion a wife of his own was attacked by a leopard in her field. (Because of the many corpses of the executed, which were commonly cast just outside the villages without any attempt at burial, lions, leopards and large man-eating hyenas were dangerously common all about the capital.) Some men who were near by, heard her cries and drove off the beast. Mushidi thereupon begged

some strychnine and used her body, even though it was that of his own wife, as bait. "She is dead : let her redeem her fellows," said he.

The same man would befriend a down-and-outer for no other reason than his poverty, giving him a house, a wife, and a granary of food. He was accustomed daily with his own hands to distribute cooked food to the lepers and the aged who would gather in his compound. And there were many whispered tales of how if Mushidi caught an offender in private he would admonish him and let him go, with strict injunctions to tell no man that he had been forgiven. The same offence, noticed publicly, might have earned immediate death. His egalomania obliged him to mutilate and to kill. And probably there is, from the point of view of any Bantu ruler, a great deal to be said for it. This, at least, that since there is no codified law, he, the chief in person, is at one and the same time the sovereign adjudicator of what is admissible and of what is not, supreme guardian of right and of life, within the state, and sole executor of judgement. The Law, the Courts, and the Home Rule Office are united in his one person. And indeed every other office of the cabinet. Mushidi did not murder, he executed. On the way in from Bié, Crawford began to hear it said of Mushidi, "He is very great : he slays much." After his death, and to the present day, the old men look back with regret to the times when judgement was swift and, as they think, real. "Ah," they say, "Mushidi! He was a great man! He knew how to kill." Mushidi himself, as Swan recorded, speaking of a certain Luba chief, said, "He is a great king. He kills many people, and in his villages may be seen lots without ears or noses."

In fact, amongst the Bantu the most significant attribute of a king is that he has power of life and death. In Luba the most usual word for a monarch is *mfumu*, that is to say, "Death-man." So that Mushidi's killings must not be regarded merely as murders : he had behind him all the sanction of racial usage. As a king whose greatness, he believed and desired, was beyond that of any other African monarch, it followed logically that his killings also would be more numerous.

But when all is said that can be said in extenuation, it remains certain that in his later years Mushidi carried his

executions to inordinate lengths. His power undoubtedly went to his head, and he was rendered terribly cruel at the last by the tortures of perplexity which unsettled his judgement. By 1891 he was oppressed by a perpetual anxiety on account of his powder shortage, and that, coupled with recurring attacks of serious vomiting, preyed heavily upon his mind and rendered him exceedingly irritable. Moreover, in the white men's expeditions, of which in that year rumours were circulating all the time, and of which some actually began to reach his territories, he recognized a set of forces beyond his ken. His previous experience did not allow of his forming adequate judgement concerning them. He realized this, and the knowledge that with them he must play his hand in the dark, worried him continually. Night and day he was calling upon his diviners, in an agony of suspense and indecision how to act. The slightest thwarting of even an unimportant plan would send him into the most violent passions, during which no one in the entourage was safe. He became quite beside himself in these attacks, the anger transporting him, so that he would completely lose control of himself. On five of such occasions the causes of the passion were Crawford's persistent refusal to help the chief to obtain powder, and his attacks upon his policy of unmerciful killing and unnecessary wars. Five times in those last months Crawford withstood him, expecting any moment to hear him wind up his torrent of vituperation with the formula, "Die, son of a dog of a white man." But the King of all kings, the Over-ruler of all rulers, preserved the life of his faithful servant during the times of the king's mad rages.

Nevertheless, during these same months, Mushidi recognized in the young missionary sterling qualities and an innate capacity for leadership, that led him, striding up and down the while, like the caged lion which he then felt himself to be, to bellow again and again to his court: "Sons of the dust! When I die this land is Kalawfwa's."* In quieter moods he would urge his elder men to make Crawford chief, for, said he, only a white man could lead them effectively in the dealings with white nations which he saw to be unavoidable.

* By this corruption of his name Mr. Crawford was known by the natives before "Konga Vautu" became universally employed. I have spelt it in such a way as to guide Britishers to its pronunciation.

Not only was life in the capital highly uncertain, but it was also difficult. Water was hard to come by. The nearest flowing water was the Bunkeya stream, but that was distant several miles from some of the villages. The majority of the populace had to depend on what they could draw from shallow holes dug in the plains. In the dry season there was no water at all in these, and even that of the Bunkeya, when one had tramped miles to get it, was so thick that the white men could not see the bottoms of their metal cups through it, and so bad that after standing one night it stank abominably. Beside water the other vital necessity of primitive life is fuel. By the eighties, when the capital had already for a number of years been the home of thousands of people, every one of them consuming every day and night a supply of firewood, there was not left for miles around a tree available for burning. Consequently, it was a constant struggle to obtain adequate firing. For anything like a good log, without which a fire cannot be kept in, the men had to journey for long distances.

Except on the sides of the small hills the soil was rich and productive, although near the villages, since it had been worked year after year for long periods without rest and without anything in the shape of manuring, the crops were often poorer than would have been obtained had the people gone further afield. Those that did go some distance to cultivate got good crops. Mushidi very wisely insisted on extensive cultivation, and at the right season, as the first rains began to soften the surface of the ground, he was accustomed himself to marshal the whole population, including his own wives and his "sons," and to lead them personally into the plantations for long days of digging. Notwithstanding the abundant crops of maize and mevele (kaffir corn), want was never far away as the season advanced. In the most improvident way the whole populace would brew vast quantities of corn beer, and swill it day after day. Of which the consequence was that before seed-time the following year almost everyone would be eating what had been at the first put aside for seed, and later they would journey here and there in a panic trying to buy sufficient with which to plant their fields.

The population was numbered by thousands. Tribe after tribe supplied its quota—drove upon drove of slaves were brought in by the never-idle war parties. Luba



Photographs by

Above: DAN CRAWFORD WITH MWENDA, MUSHIDI'S ONE AUTHENTIC SON
Inset: CHIEF WEARING OMANDE SHELL.

P. B. Last & G. E. Tilsle

Below: CHIEF MPANDE WITH WIVES.

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tribesmen from the north ; Sera, Sanga, Lamba, Lunda, Ushi, and Vemba people—all these were to be found, some as slaves, others as freemen. Members of various clans of the Nyamwezi were to be found, generally grouped in and around the capital under the nickname of Yeke. Then there were traders with their polyglot gangs from all over Africa ; Arabs, Swahilis and Nyamwezi visitors from the east ; and from the west Biheans, Ovimbundu, an occasional Portuguese half-caste, with Lovale and Luimbi tribesmen. A sprinkling of adventurers from Nyasa, from the Congo lands, from Barotse, even from Uganda—it was a motley Babylonian crew, was that seething mass in Mushidi's capital, and it bawled and bellowed and shouted and sang in a tremendous babel of tongues. Small wonder that it needed a strong and determined hand at the tiller of state. That for many years the hand was both strong and determined must be conceded. If the hand trembled somewhat in the last years, surely it is not to be wondered at. Already, when we first know him in 1886, Mushidi is a white-haired old gentleman. When his natural force was abated, and his body racked by periodic bouts of prostrating sickness, then it was that there came upon him forces not only beyond his calculating, but in the fear of which he had lived many foreboding years, so that even before he came to face them his resistance to them was already somewhat sapped. It is not to be wondered at, though indeed it may be regretted, that his keen mind fell then into a state of doubt and vacillation.

Nevertheless, even in the times when that hand was firm, life was precarious in the capital. Dispute after dispute murdered its ones and twos. Many of the fracas arose out of the preponderance of females. During the raids from which the population was drawn, the males, resisting capture, were killed off in the fighting. Since, as men, they made bad slaves, being liable to brew trouble by their discontent, very little attempt was made to take them prisoners. But the children and women were captured and brought to the capital. Not only had the king his enormous harem of hundreds, but private individuals also owned large numbers of wives. Add to this the consideration that there was always knocking about the capital a large floating population of carriers and traders who were far from the homes where they had left their womenfolk,

and one sees that the stage was permanently set for an appallingly immoral state of society. The angry disputes which arose out of this sad state of things were innumerable. In those days, before the white man brought his influence to bear on their common law, every Bantu understood that the penalty for adultery was death. Nevertheless, it was common practice to compound the crime by payment of a fine, which, in effect, was a redemption-price for the forfeited life. Where the tie between husband and wives was as loose as it must be when the women are slaves, captured or bought chiefly for their economic value as workers, it is not to be surprised at that a disgusting practice should have been common by which a wife, having involved a man in sin, and received her price, revealed the matter to her husband, who promptly claimed payment for the crime against himself. Cases of this nature were legion in Mushidi's capital.

Musonakwere, for instance, became involved with a certain woman, who after a long time told her husband in order that they might "eat" a crime at the expense of her paramour. The husband made his demands, but Musonakwere found them too high, and disputed the matter. Whereupon the husband snatched at his gun and most injudiciously shot him in the stomach. Realizing that he had done wrong to have shot him after opening negotiations, he thereupon fled. Mushidi, hearing of the affair, as he did of everything that happened, ordered him to be tracked down and executed, which was done. After several days of great agony, Musonakwere died also. One of his wives, of whom he had five, was buried alive with him. The woman whose adultery and greed had originated the trouble was followed into her plantation, and there, at the edge of the village, her brains were dashed out with a stone. The hyenas fed on her remains, until only her skull was left.

A group of Arabs were buying slaves, chiefly women. A party of residents in the capital brought to them a man for sale. Grown men were not considered valuable, as they were not likely to be tameable, but were very likely to make their escape. The man being in the midst, the bargain was struck for a small price—ten yards of calico. Thereupon three Swahili, from amongst the buyers, threw themselves upon the wretched man, cast him to the ground, face in the dust, bound his arms cruelly tightly behind his back,

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struck him on the side of the head to make him rise again, and marched him off to their slave-hovels, where they would make a slave-yoke for him of a heavy beam of wood. During the whole proceeding the man made not a single sound.

Two of the little girls cared for by the missionaries at "Mountain View" (when Crawford first made their acquaintance the family numbered 13—children given by Mushidi as slaves and freed by the missionaries) were Mwepo and Ilunga (or Dilunga). They were Luba kiddies, and fast friends. Bathing one day near their village they had been surprised and kidnapped by a marauding band of Mushidi's warriors. They were brought to the capital and sold to different families. Three years later Mwepo's owner died, and Mushidi, in his capacity of judge, was allocating to the members of the family the possessions of the deceased, chiefly slaves. Mwepo, then about nine years old, was suffering from ulcers on the feet, so that Mushidi gave her to Arnot who was watching the proceedings of the court. He treated her, and she recovered. Months later, it happened that while Arnot was again sitting in Mushidi's compound, a fugitive girl slave rushed in, flung herself on the ground, rubbing dust over her arms and chest, and begged for protection, saying that her mistress, who lived a considerable distance away, beat her unmercifully. The king told her to follow the white man. She did so. On reaching "Mountain View," she uttered a shriek of joy and fell upon Mwepo's neck—she was Ilunga, the other of the two playmates of that far-away Luba village.

When Mushidi reduced Kazembe to vassalage, a son of that chief was brought to live at the capital. He was a handsome man and of a haughty spirit. He could not brook the treatment accorded him by the king, who disdained him at first, probably expecting him later to make submission. Had he done so, Mushidi would have employed him in responsible positions. The emperor had no mind to his death, and for a long time put up with considerable insolence from him. But at length in a bout of drunkenness he boasted in public, and in Mushidi's presence, of being implicated in procuring the death of one of the king's generals. Just at that time it happened that a daughter of Mushidi's, whose husband had been a captain in the armies, and had been killed in the war against Kazembe,

was being re-married. And she was demanding of the king that he give her the head of Kazembe's son to grace her wedding feast. Mushidi had been putting her off, but when he had been insulted by this proud man in the presence of many of his people he could no longer save him. He acquiesced in her importunities.

The prince was told of his approaching execution by four of the court executioners. While they sat by awaiting his pleasure, he lolled outside his house in the lap of one of his wives, while others of them shaved his head and his beard, trimmed his finger and toe nails, washed him from head to foot and anointed his body with palm oil. When his toilet was completed to his satisfaction, he rose leisurely and walked over to the executioners. These bound him to a long pole and so bore him off to the bush. Shortly after they returned with his head on a pike, and carried it, dripping blood, to the festive princess.

Dioko was an Mbundu man detained in the capital. He married the slave of one Kandimba, a wife of Mushidi's. This slave woman bore him a child. When it was about three weeks old, and happened to have been carried to a neighbouring village to be shown off to relatives there, Kandimba raged into Dioko's home, crying out that her slave did no work for her, and demanding that the child be given up to her. Discovering that it was not there, she rushed off to find it where it was visiting. There she snatched it, swung it up with intent to dash its brains out against a stone on the ground, thought better of it, and, still raving, carried it off to her own village. As soon as the distraught mother learned what had occurred, she made off after it, and arrived at Kandimba's to see that lady rubbing something into its gums. The next day the infant died. Query : poison ?

Kayumba was the son of Likuku, the elder brother of Mushidi. He was a general of the king's army. Having, on the occasion of a raid in the Luapula direction, made blood-friendship with a certain chief, he revisited him in 1889. He first of all accepted from him a goodly pile of tusks, offered as tribute ; and then invited his " friend " to his camp to receive the present sent him by Mushidi. When the chief arrived in all good faith, Kayumba promptly speared him and his attendants, and then proceeded to sack his villages. These yielded a splendid toll of fine young

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women and children, with whom he marched back in triumph to the capital where his uncle, the king, received him with pomp and ceremony.

Such was life in the vicinity of Mushidi, and such was the tense and surcharged atmosphere into which Dan Crawford came on the 11th November, 1890, and in which he was to live for the ensuing 404 days.

IV

404 DAYS WITH MUSHIDI

ON the 11th November, 1890, the three young missionaries arrived at Nkulu. The 404 succeeding days were big with the political fate, commercial fate, spiritual fate of Katanga. In momentous march they moved across Mushidi's empire stage while the storm clouds massed and the thunder growled. On the last of them, the 20th of December, 1891, the lightning flashed out, the storm broke, and Mushidi was killed.

What of those 404 days ?

Within the kingdom they were days of scarcity of powder, and of increasing lawlessness, and of desultory warring. There was raiding by the Arabs and the Lukaluka on the Luapula ; and by Swahili and Arabs in the north. Other Lukaluka and Luba clans were in revolt on the Lualaba of the west. In the south Ntenke seceded. And finally and most disastrously, in the lands around the capital itself, the Sanga leaders seized on Masengo's accidental death as a pretext for revolt.

During those days it was that, from without, the mailed fists of a gold-greedy Europe came to intrude into the land. Ping ! Pong ! The light ball of argument was being banged across the conference tables in temperate climes. Query : Mushidi's empire—is it to be considered as Congo Basin land ? Query : If so, then Leopold with his Congo Free State—is he to annex it ? Thus the talk. Meanwhile, under the tropic sun, that irritates a man and exasperates a man, and robs him of his self-restraint, no less than five expeditions were sweating their way across Africa to Mushidi's capital. The first is British : Mr. Alfred Sharpe is armed with seals and paper forms : and proposes to treat with Mushidi. The four that follow are Belgian : they are armed with guns and propose to occupy Mushidi's lands.

Ping ! Pong ! Ping ! Pong ! went the talk in Europe. One could hope on still. But in Africa a gun—Bodson's gun—barks out its irrevocable *bang !* Mushidi is dead.

Vive le roi. Help yourselves, gentlemen. And heaven help any *gentle* man.

And immediately after the 404 days ?

Men's hearts fail them for fear. Hundreds upon hundreds flee away. Suspicion and suspense unsteady the spear hand. "*Kill first, enquire after,*" becomes the rule of life. Gaunt famine stalks the land. The foreign soldiery die off. The fatal third expedition, starved and ill, leaves its dead behind and staggers away from the land whose king it has killed.

In the fields, in caves of the hills, in huts after dark, black men ask each other, "Is there anywhere a man, a leader, to whom men of every tribe can look for disinterested guidance, who can put heart into us, who will stand by us and for us, who can restore confidence ? " Gradually they found the answer.

In those dark days of fear the spiritual fate of the lands of Mushidi's empire hung, as it were, in the balance. Was God closing the door ? Had He the tools for a job of such heroic size and sort ? This is the situation : Arnot has been prevented from returning ; Faulknor is sick almost unto death and must get away ; Swan leaves for a needed furlough, and is unable to get back ; Lane retires to work in Bié ; even Thompson is sick and must get to a doctor in Bié, though he comes back to rejoin Crawford just before Mushidi's death. Of reinforcements, often talked about, written about, too, none come. What of it ? The reason is simple enough : God's sufficient and chosen instrument is there already. Empires may fall, kings perish, and thousands die in the land, but God has His witness. Crying in the wilderness is a voice that will not be silenced. He who knows the end from the beginning, has sent already to the right spot the very man who can and will gather the people for God, who will turn them Godward, and who will not leave them, even for a furlough, till twenty years have seen the new regime established and understood of the people, have brought missionary reinforcements in comparative plenty, have seen churches founded, and have put God's Word in their own tongues within reach of the common people.

The unbroken continuity of his service through all the unsettled years is one of the secrets of the profound spiritual influence which Dan Crawford came to exert over

so many kingdoms and tribes and peoples of Central Africa.

The movements of white men during the 404 days are important landmarks : upon them hinged the then unknown future of Katanga. For the better understanding of the pages that follow they are here grouped together :

- | | | |
|-------|----------------|---|
| 1890. | November 11th. | Thompson, Lane and Crawford arrive. |
| „ | November 17th. | Alfred Sharpe, the Britisher, leaves Mushidi, unsuccessful in his mission. |
| 1891. | February. | Thompson and Faulknor leave, sick. Mushidi forbids Swan to accompany them. |
| „ | April. | Swan and Crawford build near Mushidi. |
| „ | April 18th. | Commandant Paul Le Marinel arrives from Sankuru, with a large armed Belgian expedition of the Katanga Company. With him are Capt. Descamps, Lieut. Legat, and Mons. Verdickt. |
| „ | June 3rd. | Le Marinel leaves again, taking with him Swan, to Mushidi's vast disgust. Legat and Verdickt remain to make camp on a site across the Lufira river, on the north bank of the Lufoi. |
| „ | July. | Mushidi proposes to remove his capital across the Lufira. Sends Crawford and Lane, only two remaining missionaries, on ahead. |
| „ | October 4th. | Delcommune arrives with second Belgian expedition, from the Lomami. He has been attacked by Chikonja on the Lualaba, and has lost Hankensen killed. He goes on south to Katanga and Ntenke, and proposes to strike across west to the Lualaba, and navigate down it and smoke out Chikonja. |

1891. October. About this time Mushidi calls Crawford, dictates and sends off a letter recalling Sharpe, as he now wishes to conclude a treaty with the British.
- „ December 9th. Thompson gets back.
- „ December 15th. Captain Stairs, English soldier of fortune, arrives from the east in charge of an armed Belgian expedition.
- „ December 20th. Bodson kills Mushidi.

To complete this picture of the comings and goings of white men in Katanga at this epoch, it may be added that in February, 1892, Stairs evacuated his whole force by the north-easterly route to Tanganyika, via Mpweto, taking with him Mushidi's head ; that about the same time Commandant Bia arrived with another expedition from Sankuru ; that in April, Lane left for Bié, where he took up other missionary work ; that in July, Delcommune passed through again, having found the Lualaba unnavigable on account of rapids.

Thus by August, 1892, there were left in the devastated and kingless land only two young Belgian officers with a handful of mutinous black troops on one side of the Lofoi River, and on the opposite bank Crawford and the returned Thompson. Crawford alone witnessed the whole swift drama ; and it was to him that, in those tragic days, the disunited and bewildered people began to turn for moral leadership. Upon his high destiny he entered, quoting :

“ He is sounding out the trumpet
 That shall never call retreat,
 And is searching out the hearts of men
 Before His judgement seat.
 Be swift my soul to answer,
 Be jubilant my feet—
 For God is *marching on*.”

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Four days after his arrival at the capital, under date of 15th November, 1890, Dan Crawford wrote :

“ I send a line which may or may not reach you some

day. We are trying the experiment of communicating by the east coast route. An English traveller arrived here from Lake Nyasa almost the same day as we did. He turned out to be an officer of the new British South Africa Co., who is travelling around making treaties with the big chiefs on behalf of the government. Mushidi has no wish to sign treaties, and Mr. Sharpe is returning unsuccessful as far as he is concerned.

"This morning, as I was looking down at sunrise on the hundreds of villages with their thousands of shackled souls, the word came to me, brief and plain from God Himself, '*Ye know your calling.*' Yes, O Lord God: our commission demands that we plant Thy standard in these dark places, in these habitations of cruelty.

"Fortunately, I shall not need to build a house, as Brother Swan has kindly given me a share in his. My bedroom is at one end of the house, and his at the other. The room between is our sitting-dining-room. We live together, and promise to work happily and harmoniously. I feel it no small privilege to have such a co-worker, so apt a linguist and so godly a servant of Jesus Christ."

When this arrangement of living together had been continuing for about ten weeks, Mr. Swan, in writing to his parents, says, under date of 30th January, 1891, "Mr. Crawford and I get on very well together."

"This arrangement," continues Crawford to his mother, "has the wonderful advantage that I am able to plunge straight into language study—only now and then we will be compelled to take days off for hunting, to fill the larder. I hope to make rapid headway in the Luba language. It has many resemblances to Umbundu, which will make it comparatively easy to acquire it. To know Luba is to possess a far-reaching implement for the subduing of many thousands to the will of God."

He did make rapid progress with Luba, despite the handicap of fever, which laid him low shortly after his arrival. About seven months after he first met Mushidi, he began to use that language in his public addresses. After the first of these occasions, Mr. Swan wrote home, saying that even he, who had known, of course, something

of the progress made by Crawford, had been astonished at his fluency.

This is not to say that for those seven months he was tongue-tied. Far from it! He had come in with a competent knowledge of Umbundu, and since that language was well understood by many of the men in the capital, on account of the commercial intercourse between Mushidi and the Mbundu traders, many of whom lived in the capital for months together, and took to themselves wives from the people, Crawford was instant from the beginning in Gossiping in the many villages and towns forming the capital. He could always find some to understand him, and these would interpret to the others. This was, in fact, the ordinary method of communication in so cosmopolitan a place as the capital, where three men met together probably spoke, by preference, three different languages. Mushidi liked to speak Umbundu, so that Crawford was able from the very commencement to hold direct communication with him. The old king was a thoroughly competent linguist, and could rave at most of his many wives in their own tongues.

In the letter which Sharpe conveyed out for him Dan continues :

“As the blessed golden hours go fleeting by, how I long to give each one of them back to God with the impress upon them of work done for Eternity!”

And then again :

“Must I give you a health report? The best one I can give is just to tell you that I never think of it. I arrived here in fine condition—not a sore on my feet even. I lack nothing; for my God doth supply all my need, according to His riches in Glory.

“Pray often for me that my proud heart may be ever prostrated before its King.”

Hardly had this letter gone off with Sharpe, when he went down with repeated attacks of fever, coupled with severe headaches and pains in the bones of the face. He called this period his examination for residence in the country. In January, 1891, he writes :

"It was soon over, and now I am fairly into harness, witnessing in humble measure for my Lord, of course, in Umbundu. The headaches are gone now, and I am able to wallow in the delight of studying Luba. Nothing is more trying out here than to be prostrate, weak, helpless, unable to eat, let alone DO anything.

"The kingdom is made up of conquered tribes, so that Mushidi's people are beautifully mongrel. What there is no mutual *love* to do, a common *fear* does, that is, cement all these remnants together as subjects of Mushidi. Hate each other they may to their hearts' content, but join each other they must under the iron rod that is over them. The mixture of races means also a babel of tongues. This increases the difficulty of acquiring any one language in its purity."

"The variety of foods is very agreeable. We have constantly rice, corn-meal (that is, maize), and *ovasa* meal. The last makes a nice porridge. Then our goats give quite a supply of milk morning and evening. Honey, too! Onions and pea-nuts in abundance. Fowls innumerable come for sale—five for two yards of cloth. No pigs as in Bié, but four yards of cloth purchases a good sized goat. Stanley does right to advise travellers to prefer the African goat to all the tinned meats."

When he had been five weeks at "Mountain View" he wrote to his mother, under date of 20th December, 1890:

"Mr. Swan is the dearest fellow I have met for a long time, and we are so happy. One bad feature of this otherwise wonderful country is the lack of good water in the vicinity. There is no river for a long distance, so that we are compelled to draw from pools.

"Think of it! I am now a man according to the village register! On the 7th of this month the good Lord granted me to attain to my 21st birthday." There had been a time, one recalls, when his friends had supposed it unlikely that he would live to reach his majority. "Because of the tale told by the register at home," he goes on, "I have often felt abashed at doing what I have had to do, and at occupying the position I have had to occupy. But God's register differs. Think of me rather as a child of God, born again 15th May, 1887, just over three and a half years ago. There is God's own attestation and surety to it."

“*January* 1891. Mr. Lane and I pay Mushidi a visit every Thursday. We are seeking systematically to attack the citadel of his soul—that old black heart of his so long garrisoned by him whose name is legion. Oh, I want to be *brave* for my King. If need be, I will hazard my life for the truth of the Gospel.

“The old man receives us very kindly, and nearly every visit asks us to breakfast with him. We squat, tailor fashion, round a wooden tray. Water is brought, before we commence to eat, and poured over our hands. No knives or forks. The food is generally a mountain of mush and goat’s meat.”

Of feeding with the king, he writes in *Thinking Black*,

“Having heard rumours of our ‘grace before meat’ doings, Mushidi quite seriously wanted me to shut my eyes while he kept his open to see how it was done. When he asked if he should ‘say grace’ too, I gave him a nasty nag by answering, ‘No! For it is written that God hath created meats to be received with thanksgiving of *them which believe and know the truth*’.”

The letter quoted from above continues :

“The chief is always brimful of questions—his brain is ever on the rummage, and is very acute. When Mushidi begins to talk of his life, one wonders what kind of man it is speaking with one: he talks familiarly of Uganda, Tanganyika, Nyasa, and of his wanderings thereabout. Mushidi the Man is wonderfully shrewd and very discerning—in fact, quite KING of the country in Carlyle’s sense of ‘King.’ But what shall I say of Mushidi the Despot, the Plunderer, the Murderer, the Arrogant? God alone knows how black his record is in these respects.

“The other day when Brother Lane and I were down there, a man was brought in to where we were sitting with the chief, his head in a cruel slave yoke. He was accused of bewitching Mushidi. I asked Mushidi to explain what the man’s accusers were saying (they were speaking in the Yeke dialect). He did so; pointing to a slight swelling on his foot, he said that it was caused by this man’s having bewitched him. Then, turning to a crowd of his people

around, he said : ' You want to kill me ! But these white men have brought me medicines which are stronger than your fetishes, and you can't ! ' Strange old man ! When he breaks out with such speeches, one cannot interrupt him. But we seek to proclaim the truth of God into those stopped ears of his.

" Long, long ago the rains should have arrived. ' Can't you write a letter to bring rain ? ' asked Mushidi of us the other day. The reply was that God alone had the power to send it, but that we, His children, would ask Him to do so."

" *9th February, 1891.* Mr. Lane and I paid the Chief our usual weekly visit to-day, and received from the old man the same kindly welcome as ordinarily. His questions *re* our wonderful country were numerous. ' *Hindia*—where was Hindia ? Was it not big, and did they not make wonderful cloth there ? ' He told us that his mother came from ' Hindia.* Speaking of Lake Nyasa he said laughing, ' Oh, Nyasa ! The white men have taken the country.' I protested at this reference to the missionaries. It had the look of an Arab lie about it. But he insisted that they had. I then claimed kin with them in the sense of brotherhood in the Lord, and declared that they had only peaceable intentions like ourselves."

" *15th March.* We were called down to see the lifeless body of old Kasuli. He had lived in our village for a long time. Poor old man ! His wanderings are over at last. Long ago he came from Loanda before even Biheans had begun to come. He was a bit of a doctor, and it was quite common to see the old fellow emerge from the woods carrying some herbs or medicinal leaves. Over and over again he heard the words of life, but alas ! we have no hope of the poor old man."

" *23rd March.* DIES MEMORABILIS ! To-day, two years ago, I saw the shores of old England fade from view. These years have gone by with incredible swiftness, to-day finds me thousands of miles from my dear ones, in a foreign

* In saying this Mushidi almost certainly lied. There is no ground for supposing that he had any Indian blood in him. It was a boast intended to convey his superiority.

land. Somehow, on such an anniversary Africa becomes a *very* foreign land. But, praise God, I do not wish it otherwise. My praises shall ascend to Thee, O dear Guiding One, for Thou hast done all things well. If haply I have not run in vain! May God in His might subjugate my rebel will wholly unto Him and lead me forth the SLAVE of God in bolder witnessing for Him."

"30th March. In my last letters I noted the death of one of Mushidi's wives. An enraged youth fired into a group of people where she was, with the intention of shooting one Kasanda, a rather important young man with Mushidi, and accidentally killed her. She was of the Sanga tribe, the aboriginal inhabitants of this country. Her death kindled the ire of her relatives, who resolved to avenge her. (Her name was Masengo.) One evening they entered Mushidi's head village Nkulu, when the Chief was not there, and burned down seven houses and two large corn-stands. On their return journey, they shot dead a woman and child whom they found standing outside their village. This daring night raid was the first of many such. Of late it has been quite common to hear of houses being burnt down, and of other depredations of theirs. The other night the sound of firing was heard coming from the direction of Likuku's, the Chief's elder brother; and morning brought the news of another Sanga night attack in which seven of Likuku's people were shot, four of whom died immediately. While the Sanga allege the death of Masengo as their reason for all this, they have other and older grudges against Mushidi, which from an African standpoint would have constituted a *causus belli* long ago had the aggrieved been stronger. They say that Mushidi has broken the pledges he made to their old chief Mpande when he handed over the chieftainship to him, and that he has ruthlessly killed their people.

"There are a number of outlaws at large in the kingdom; men who have thought themselves wronged by Mushidi, in some way or other (the wrong most generally consisting of his having executed some relative of theirs). By way of avenging the death they have done some violent deed, and thereupon fled. It is very probable that all these outlaws will make common cause with the Sanga clans. With these frequent night attacks and the uncertainty as to

where and when will be struck the next blow in the dark, feeling in and around the capital is strung up to a very high tension. A recent council of war resulted in a determination to build stockades round all the villages. Here at last is a little bit of sense. Amid all these war rumours, we three up here (Faulknor and Thompson had left for Bié) are kept in happy peace. The blessed Lord draws very near to us in our little gatherings ; and the seasons we have together in prayer and meditation on the Word are inexpressibly sweet."

" *31st March.* To-day, Mr. Swan and I visited the Chief. We found that a messenger had come from a relative of Mushidi's, Mukembi, who is some four days off from here, bringing with him one human head, and telling of an attack made on his village by Luba warriors, which had been successfully repulsed, killing thirteen. The message was a very urgent request for powder. Mushidi therefore appealed to us for some. Now, by the grace and help of God we have set our faces against giving gunpowder to Mushidi under any pretence. For us to do so, would make us, God's messengers of Peace, to be aiders and abettors in his foul deeds of darkness. The number and quality of percussion cap guns in the hands of Mushidi's young men is surprising, and they are used on the slightest provocation. Instance: the other day, close at hand, two men were working together putting up a stockade: when a trivial dispute sprang up about the sticks. One man shoots his fellow dead: some young men run up and spear the other man to death.

" Three Sanga messengers came before Mushidi this morning. They came not on the war business, but on some small matter connected with a runaway slave. (More fools they, knowing Mushidi!) They were Sanga, and that was all the Chief wanted to know. For over three hours he raved at them in a swelling egotistical speech about his greatness, which was broken into by the occasional applause of the headmen. He had drink in him, so that we were dreading he would end up by thundering out his awful 'Die, sons of the dust!' as he often does when in such a mood; but praise God our presence seemed to influence him, for at the last he greatly surprised us by saying in a sort of magnanimous way, 'I am getting like the white men here, ashamed to cut off heads, or else I would cut off yours.'

And he let them go. If our presence in the country is a restraint on Mushidi's awful practices, then will we not have come in vain to this land. In the natural course of things the old man cannot live much longer. Now and then he takes very heavy sick bouts which reduce him to a skeleton. When Mushidi's course is run and his iron rod removed from the necks of this people, it is not difficult to see that then shall 'every man's hand be against his fellow'."

"*4th April.* To-day the three of us went off site-choosing. We have all come to the conclusion that, while the site of Mr. Arnot's old village is good, yet it is by no means the best place to be had for a mission. We have been agreed in thinking that up there we were too far off from the great crowds of people down in the plain, so we resolved to get nearer them. The site fixed on, we marched off to the Chief's for his ratification, and in that quarter we found no difficulty. He was pleased because we were. He seemed to like the idea of our coming nearer the capital.

"To-day we looked into the village of Chipamina. He is one of the Chief's sons. He returned yesterday from the Luba country where he went off nine months ago. Kavunda had been deposed by the Lukaluka raiders, who have been giving Mushidi not a little trouble. They had placed a chief of their own choosing in Kavunda's place. Kavunda applied to Mushidi for help. The response was a war party led by this Chipamina, who quite carried everything before him, driving out the newcomer and reseating Kavunda. His pretty village was made loathsome by the numbers of heads hanging around. Chipamina is a frank-looking young fellow of medium height. We had not been long talking with him when he went into his house and brought out a book, on the fly-leaf of which he had drawn in ink an intelligent diagram of his war tactics."

"*5th April.* Yesterday two men who had been sitting for some time in our village were speared to death a short distance from us by Sanga tribesmen.

"About two months ago a man named Kasike left here with a small company of Mushidi's people, perhaps twenty in all, bound for Loanda, in the company of one Chilandungu, a trader from that place. They were laden with ivory, a present from Mushidi to the Governor there.

The Loanda men pushed on a camp ahead of Kasike's detachment, and while they were thus alone, a powerful Lovale chief swooped down and plundered the little caravan, the majority of them being killed. Kasike and one or two of his men have returned to tell the tale.

"When one hears of such things, he is (at least I am) attacked by the arch-enemy after this fashion: 'You see? It is madness to think of travelling here in Africa in your fashion with just a pilgrim kit and only one or two companions! You must travel with a big caravan armed to the teeth.' Thus the attack by the enemy of my soul. Praise God it is soon repulsed by the knowledge that my Captain did impeach him for a liar. When Satan can get God's messengers of Peace to come into these countries with the pomp and impedimenta of the trader, he gains a victory. Satan has no war against a Christianity which makes no demand for cross-bearing: but he is ever militant against a lowly living of the life of Jesus."

Thoughts such as these were evidently much exercising him at this time, as indeed they often did. On the 9th of April he wrote home to his sister in these words:

"You know how my life's work rose up before me while I was yet quite young, and how it demanded my going forth to these wilds, living the pilgrim life, looking to God alone for support. Has God failed? Nay! Don't believe that lie of the Devil that is so much taken for granted, that people travelling through the world must have 'cares of this world.' Has God, then, provided no burden-bearer for His weak ones? Banish the thought! 'Commit (or as the literal Hebrew is, Roll) thy burden on the Lord.' Remember that in interpreting the Parable of the Sower the Lord Jesus said that the thorns which choked the seed were two, (1) the cares of this world, and (2) the deceitfulness of riches. Oh, then, avoid these thorns. If allowed to grow in our lives, they will stifle and choke the life of God in our souls."

On the 5th of April they received the first mail to reach them in eight months. Besides letters from his mother and sister, Crawford's bundle contained only one other communication. It was from his dear friend Mr. Corson.

One may say here, anticipating somewhat, that for several years, apart from his family and Dr. Maclean, the editor of *Echoes of Service*, his only correspondent in the home lands was Mr. Corson.

“*10th April.* Over one week ago Mr. Swan and I left the old village. Mr. Lane is to follow in a few weeks. Mr. Swan is in a grass hut, and I have pitched my tent a yard or two from him. It is a vastly different thing living down here to up on the hill. What a volume of sound reaches us from these rowdy neighbours of ours! A few days ago the new moon put in an appearance, which was the signal for all-night dancing. To the African the appearance of the new moon is a great event, hailed with joy. It is his only candle, poor fellow, and, of course, much ado he makes over its silver horn when it does appear.

“We are in hopes of striking water about here in hollow ground near by, and propose sinking a well. Our ordinary drinking water is of a repulsive yellowish colour. When a small cup is filled with it the bottom might not exist for all you see of it. We commit to God our water problem and soon we shall find His solution.”

“*15th April.* Just now word has come that the advance party of a caravan has just passed to the east of us, *en route* for Nkulu. Mr. Swan has gone to hear the truth of the matter.

“*Later.* Mr. Swan returned with two black strangers. The flag which he saw in the distance was that of the Congo Free State. The two black visitors were two soldiers serving under the flag. A large and powerfully armed caravan led by four Belgians is coming to establish a C.F.S. station here. They are prepared to do it by force of arms if need be. We are informed that the caravan numbers nearly three hundred, one hundred and fifty of the men being drilled soldiers. Four months ago they left the Sankuru tributary of the Kasai river, and have been on the road ever since. When I advanced to meet the two blacks, to my unbounded surprise and joy the taller of them said in splendid English, ‘I greet you in the name of the Lord Jesus!’ His name is Nathaniel Lawson. He is a British subject, and with a number of others was brought from

Lagos especially to accompany this expedition as a soldier.* He says there are a number of Christians in the caravan behind, fruit of the Church Missionary Society, and Methodists around Lagos."

Unfortunately, these men turned out to be Christians only in name. Their lives, under the stress of the temptations to which they were exposed by their position as the white men's soldiers, gave the lie to their profession.

"*12th May.* A long time has passed since I made a jotting in my journal. As regards the Belgian visitors I have refrained purposely in order that I might not give any wrong, because premature, impression of them. Since the first day they have been here, all their dealings with the Chief have been most judicious. They seem disposed, even resolved, to settle peaceably in the country. On the day of their arrival a sad accident occurred, which quite impoverished the caravan, rich until then. A house had been secured, and the storing of their goods in it was going on apace when a great explosion of gunpowder took place, killing some men on the spot, and wounding others so badly that they have been dying off one by one since. The total up to date is twelve. This explosion took place inside the house, caused a conflagration, in which many bales of fine cloth and numerous private loads of the officers were completely destroyed; so that, what with the greedy flames on the one hand, and the still more greedy natives stealing all they could, the C.F.S. expedition fared badly and sadly indeed.

"Notwithstanding their misfortunes they dealt most handsomely with the Chief in the matter of their present. Such a sight of velvets and other fine cloths in goodly quantity he never saw before; and besides these he received a breech-loading gun and a pair of oxen. Of course, the old man could not be contented right off, and had to ask for powder to fight his enemies. At first this was refused, as Mushidi was beginning to refuse them what he had previously promised, viz., the right to build on the other side of the Lufira river. At last the Chief said that if they would give him five barrels he would consent to their building at the Lufira. Accordingly the five barrels were given.

"Subsequently, the Commandant, whose name was Le Marinel, was just about to start off with Mr. Swan as guide, to find a site, when a messenger came from Mushidi summoning them to go to him. At the same time another messenger came for me; so it happened that as they entered from one end of the village I entered from the other. There was a big crowd of headmen sitting around. When the Chief came out of his house, instead of sitting down with us as usual, he marched straight round to the back of the house, and took his seat there. Mr. Swan was then called round, and brought back a message which explained the old man's move; he was ashamed to deliver it himself. It was to the effect that he, Mushidi, had dreamed a bad dream concerning the Belgians, and that he wished them to leave his country. Commandant Le Marinel, however, than whom the C.F.S. could not have sent a better man here, would not be put off. He went round to where Mushidi was, and, uninvited, entered into conversation with him. In the midst of it I was sent for. Face to face with the Commandant, Mushidi's tone was very different from his message by Mr. Swan. In the end the Chief still refused consent to their building on the Lufira, but specified a site for them on the Lunsala Flat, and told some men to accompany Mons. Le Marinel and Mr. Swan to the place.

"During all these Belgian-Mushidi manœuvres, we here have kept neutral. Yet see what a dangerous old man Mushidi is, even to one acting under his own instructions. For when Mons. Le Marinel and Mr. Swan rose with the men to go off to the site, Mushidi asked me to come over and sit on the same place with him: and while the retreating figure of Mr. Swan was yet in sight he put his arm on my shoulder and began in a sort of confidential tone to say the most unkind things of Mr. Swan. I shall not repeat them, but when he charged him with taking the new-comers about and showing them his country, I disengaged his arm from my shoulder, and, looking him full in the face, I told him how unkind it was to speak so of my friend, further asking him if Mr. Swan had not accompanied the Belgians at Mushidi's own request, and reminding him that when he, Mushidi, had asked him not to accompany the Belgians to the Lufira, Mr. Swan had refused to go. The Chief seemed surprised at what I said, and after a few more words I left him.

"Quite a stir has been caused lately by the disappearance of one of Mushidi's big wives, a Lunda woman. Mushidi's wrath was so roused that he took four of her people and executed them right off, on the charge that they had known previously all about the plot and had not told him. It is not unlikely, however, that they knew nothing whatever about the affair, and died the victims of the thwarting of an old man, riled beyond restraint.

"A few nights later, Mr. Swan and I were roused by the firing of two guns in the immediate neighbourhood of our camp. Looking out, we saw great flames shooting out over the top of the tall corn, which told of houses, perhaps a village, afire. Shortly after women came panting in, seeking protection. It appears that when the headman, Muluwe, who wore the *Omande* shell, discovered that his house was afire, he made a rush to save some of his mats. Emerging again outside the door the poor old man was shot dead, right through the heart. I knew the old man well. Just two days before, while I had a group of natives round me in the hut telling them of the love of God, he had entered and joined the listening group. And only the day before the fire he had been in our camp trying to sell a goat. His death is one more black item in the quickly growing account of the Sanga tribesmen. Mushidi seems quite paralysed by these night attacks, though he tries to cloak his fear in big egotistical speeches about his greatness, etc."

"16th May. What I have written about the Mushidi's fear seems to find endorsement in the announcement of the old man's policy. He has resolved to remove with his people to the Lufira river; for the reason that there is plenty of water there. However, an immediate move on the part of the people is impossible, as their fields of corn are only ripening, and they can't leave their season's supply of food. If this removal takes place, then we must abandon the almost finished new house, and follow the people, for where they are there must we be. But this will we do with joy, as it was a long cherished hope to build at the Lufira."

In a letter to his mother dated 2nd June, Dan Crawford explains that his companion, Mr. Swan, was about to leave the country with Commandant Le Marinel, who was

returning down the Congo with the larger part of the expedition. This afforded an opportunity for him to send out letters. After referring to the unsettled state of the country, of which the above entries taken from his journal give some idea, he goes on to say :

“ You will see then, that the times through which we are passing are stirring, fraught with dangers unnumbered to the people of the country, yet we have been kept as safe as though our little camp were invincibly stockaded—and indeed it is so, for the Lord God hath encompassed it.

“ So you must never fear for your absent one, darling mother. My life is ‘ hid with Christ in God ’ : moreover, I trust I am laying past a goodly pile, as men say, but it is in heaven where thieves break not through nor steal. Blessed banking place ! I seek none on this earth, that is doomed, ‘ reserved for fire.’ Why do people not see it ? Alas for the blindness which hath befallen them. As for me, if God should give me years, I will esteem it my chiefest joy to live them for him out here.

“ When Brother Swan and I chat together we have no fonder topic than our darling mothers. We always agree that we were little cads to grumble at them as we did, to do so little for them. And I know that I have now put myself in a position for which many will censure me whose reckoning is all £.s.d. and nothing of eternity. Most sons in foreign lands can send home to their mothers drafts of money earned. All honour to them. But, mother darling, whether would you have drafts such as those, or the knowledge that I am out here in another Service, the service of my King ? His reward is sure, both to *you* and to *me*. Bless God, it is not dishonourable to have respect unto the recompense of the reward : only let the rewards we have respect to be Eternal ones, such as the Lord Jesus only can bestow.

“ I hear the £.s.d. reckoners breaking in with, ‘ All that is airy and unpractical. BE *practical*.’ Yes. Let us be practical in truth. Let us think of Eternity as far outweighing Time’s interests. So let us go along trustingly and joyfully, believing God that beyond this wilderness there is a somewhere called of Him ‘ far better.’ ”

“ 3rd June. Mushidi sent for me to-day to write a

letter to Commandant Le Marinel. He said the bitterest things about Mr. Swan to his court ; that he had become an outlaw, and so on. As I heard the old man pouring out invectives against one who a few days before had been everything in his estimation, I thought ' Alas for the man who lives for the smile and favour of such a monarch as this.' Poor old Mushidi. Thinking of that strange old head, shaped like two heads in one, of those shrivelled features, of the look of cunning that peers out of his restless eyes, and, darkest thought of all, of that heart of his, black and God-despising and belching out deadly enmity as a volcano does its destructive lava, I tremble for him. If he dies impenitent, his portion must surely be in the nethermost hell. I shall not write the sweet things he said to me. I could but look on him with a sad countenance the while. ' By God's help, Dan,' I say to myself, ' keep thou at arm's length.'

" When I first came here I felt lack of liberty in speaking with the chief, but praise God that chain was snapt long ago, and I have been enabled to tell him of a blessed heaven for all who accept the Love and Gift of God, and an awful hell for all who don't. In regard to a man so wicked as Mushidi, the danger is lest one's compassion for his soul should fall short of God's, and we give him up as too far gone ever to repent. Ah, my soul, God is asking thee, ' Where is thy faith ? ' "

" *5th June.* Again sent for by Mushidi to write a letter. I found him all excitement over a new idea. Beside him he had one important head wife and two lesser ones, and to them he pointed saying that he was going to send them with some of his men for Commandant Le Marinel to take to see the great country from which he had come. The women he sent to show his greatness, and they were strictly charged to see with their own eyes the waters of the great ocean and also the White Men's King." In the end, the matter lapsed. They did not go.

" Mushidi has been enthusiastic lately over the new treasureland opened up by the coming of the Belgians, and has allowed his insatiable appetite for cloth, powder, etc. to overcome his suspicions. He now speaks lavishly about the Commandant as being his friend and so on. Benguella and Zanzibar both pale before this new Eldorado.

"Mushidi spoke to me to-day about going to Lake Tanganyika for him. If by so doing I could serve my brethren in finding out definitely about the road that way, and what possibility there may be of establishing regular communication between the East Coast and here, then I should reckon the journey not in vain. But, on the other hand, one has to be on the alert against a spirit of restlessness, and to curb the desire for exploring and hunting in so far as these may be separate from real necessity. Perhaps some think of us as being in a secluded spot where the cultivation of a devout and holy life is comparatively easy. But this, alas, is not so. We brought with us here our old evil hearts, and they keep up the conflict. May God grant me, His worthless servant, a humble spirit and great tenacity of purpose for the warfare."

"*6th June, Sunday.* This morning we had a glorious Gospel meeting. The Lord sent the people, largely newcomers, so that our sitting-room was thronged. I enjoyed blessed liberty in my witness in Luba. As in Bié, so too here, the custom is that when one has finished speaking some elderly man takes up what has been said, and goes over it with his fellows. It is a great boon to us, for listening to the recital, we can learn the measure of their apprehension, or, what is indeed not unlikely, the measure of their misapprehension; and so are able to correct what might otherwise have been stumbling blocks in their poor darkened minds.

"Since Mr. Swan's departure we have commenced a Gospel service every morning. The Lord rebuked our former faithlessness by sending numbers of people every morning. Of course, there is not the faintest notion of a 'meeting,' as it is with us. They break in quite uncereemoniously while one is speaking. As for the orthodox hymn, prayer, hymn, etc., there is no place like this for showing the unessentiality of form. The conversational style is all these people know, and one often finds the best meetings result from asking a simple question at the outset, such as, for instance, 'Why do people die?' They will, in time, bring out all kinds of conjectures about fetishes, witchcraft, etc., until at last one can preach the truth into prepared soil."

Commandant Le Marinel had been making his final

preparations for departure in a camp outside the capital, where Mr. Swan had joined him, and it was on the sixth day that they finally got away. Their route took them north-west to cross the Lualaba, on to the Lomani, another large tributary of the Congo, and on to Lusambo, the station of the C.F.S. on the Sankuru river. A great part of the country traversed is inhabited by various clans of the Luba tribe; and despite dialectical differences, Mr. Swan found himself able to communicate freely with the people using the Luba* tongue which he had learned at Mushidi's.

Of Commandant Le Marinel's expedition, there remained behind Lieut. Legat, and Mons. Verdict, with thirty-five soldiers and about thirty-five other natives. They at once proceeded to the Lofoi river, a tributary of the Lufira, and began to build a fort on its north bank. Crawford and Lane waited on at the capital for a short while, and then, at Mushidi's suggestion, followed them across the Lufira, anticipating a move which Mushidi also intended to make with all his people as soon as the grain had been harvested. They fixed on a site about twenty minutes' walk upstream from the C.F.S. fort, but on the south bank of the Lofoi. This site was two full days' journey from Nkulu, and under the lee of the abrupt Kundelungu range. At the time of their removing thither the population was not only small but also very scattered, so that Crawford would never have felt justified in settling there but for Mushidi's intention to bring all his people there. Providing for any change in his plan, they decided not to make anything like permanent buildings until they found how matters might go. They

* The Luba language is, in fact, one that is very widely-spoken. It is possibly susceptible of such a standardization as would make a literature in it accessible to hundreds of thousands. In 1923 the National Bible Society of Scotland, brought out an edition, revised by Mr. Crawford, of his translation of the New Testament in Luba, as spoken where it mingles with the allied Sanga language. This translation is understandable to the various peoples found throughout the whole country between the two Lualabas, and to the Lamba tribe which lives farther south across the border into North-west Rhodesia, where it has been used in its work by the South Africa General Mission; and to many groups of the peoples between Lakes Mweru and Tanganyika as far north as Albertville. It has been found to be fairly understandable also by various clans of the Luba to the west of the western Lualaba, even as far at least as the Lomani. In 1929 the same Bible Society has brought out Mr. Crawford's translation of the whole Bible. This is the first whole Bible in a Luba language. It is hoped that even where portions of Scripture already exist in a local dialect, endeavours may be made to see how far this translation may be utilized to effect the beginnings of a standardization of a literary Luba.

put up each only a small mud hut, sufficiently weather-proof to keep out the rains of the wet season, which would break about October or November, and last some six months ; and so, from the beginning of this new life, were left free to evangelize.

As he made his way alone at evening out of the capital, Crawford was put on his way at a cross roads by one of Mushidi's executioners, a man named Mushimishi. This man was so attracted to the missionary by his treatment of him that night, that he went to reside with him ; later followed him to Lake Mweru ; and seven years after that first evening was the first native to profess conversion. The story is more fully told later on.

At the new site on the Lofoi, their life was much healthier and pleasanter than in the capital. First and foremost they had pure, sparkling water right at hand, a perennial source ; and a never-ending joy after the filthy fluid at the capital. At once both of the young missionaries began to feel better in body. Then also, the air was cooler than on the sweltering plain of the capital, and the atmosphere sweeter, since here were no corpses rotting on every hand.

Crawford writes, (probably in July, 1891) :

" I have built my little mud hut in the most bewitching spot imaginable. Just outside the window—a glassless aperture, of course—a lovely palm is growing ; leading from my door to the river, about thirty yards away, is a pretty path on both sides of which great trees rise up covered with the densest green foliage. They teem with monkeys, tricky, timid, wily, funny monkeys, which crowd out as far toward the ends of the branches as ever they can, and peer in most curiously all day long at this intruder. Yesterday two big fellows came down and danced quite a way up the path until they saw me looking at them. I have got hold of a lounge chair, and to sit out in it of an evening is simply glorious. Alas, we have no long twilight ; but that makes us esteem all the more the brief interval between sunset and dark. Everything takes on a subdued tone, the birds cease to twitter, and the solitude of the forest becomes awful. (To the proud spirit of man, how wholesome a thing is awe.)

" A very few minutes after sunset comes the first gust of a light wind that sends one in out of the chill, and stirs all

the forest trees to rustle. Almost at once the night prowlers give tongue. The cry of the hyena, and the roar of the lion remind us that we have fellow-occupants in our forest home. One may have a loaded gun beside his head, but what is far more real and precious is His keeping power.

“ ‘ Shall I lift mine eyes unto the hills ?—
MY help cometh from the Lord.’ ”

“ This is a land of great responsibility, and the end of a day is a solemn time, in which I remember again, what sent me from my native land, namely that ‘ I AM DEBTOR to preach the Gospel.’ ” (Rom. 1. 14).

Once he had been driven indoors by the chill of that breeze, Crawford's day was by no means done. He was at this time strenuously at work on the languages. As we have seen there were many of these spoken in the land, and while it was well to be able to speak to all in their own dialects, it was also important to discover which were the dominant languages—those spoken by the greatest number of people, and those which possessed the greatest integral vitality, so as to be likely to survive the de-tribalizing effects of Europe's impact on the simple clan life. Crawford came, ultimately, to the conclusion that the most useful medium in which to work the whole of what had been Mushidi's lands was what he called Luba-Sanga, that is, Luba as spoken where Luba and Sanga folk mixed freely. This language has elements in it of both the northern dialects and the southern, and is comprehensible throughout very large areas. But in 1891 he was working in no fewer than seven languages, all more or less closely allied, it is true, yet with considerable individual differences. He had come in with a good working knowledge of Umbundu. He found that Swan had made considerable progress in Luba, and so worked first at that. As we saw, he made rapid progress. He found that in structure these two languages were very similar. And this suggested to him that this general plan or structure might be general for all the languages he was hearing. On testing out his idea he found that it was correct. And so he ran his vocabularies, as he used to say, in parallel columns, and became so immersed eventually in what we now know to be a family of allied languages to which the name Bantu

has been given, that he could switch from one to another without any effort, as a locomotive may be switched at will by the pointsman to any one of many parallel lines.

The languages at which he worked on the Lofoi were : Luba, Sanga, Lunda, Ushi, Lomotwa and Swahili. He also picked up a good deal of the Yeke, that is, Nyamwezi, language. But as the number of Yeke people was small, and as he found the differences much greater between it and the others than were those between any other two, he more or less let it drop. During the daytime he made his notes while talking with whomsoever he met. And it was at night that he reduced those notes to order, working out the structure of the language and the dialectical differences ; and compiled and compared his vocabularies.

One would have liked to have looked in on that busy bearded youth of twenty-one, as he scribbled away with his last nib and his home-made ink—he made infusion from the bark of a forest tree after the supply gave out which he had brought with him. When the last nib broke one fatal day in the middle of entering up his journal, he nursed his only two remaining pencils with a fearful jealousy. For light he had a smoky flame which flickered and flared from the spout of his coffee pot ! Candles gave out long ago—those candles which he had made himself from wax in Bié. And when he could not get wax in the Interior, though honey abounded, he obtained the oil of the sesame seed, and filling his coffee pot with it, stuffed a piece of his flannel shirt down the spout. Behold the midnight lamp !

It was probably at this time that he laid the foundations of the night restlessness which became a life-long habit with him. In later years he seldom, if ever, slept a night through, usually waking several times to make shorter or longer attacks upon whatever writing work he had in hand—usually translation of the Bible. He wrote, also, four hymns in Luba, of which two were to the tunes of “ Stand up ! Stand up for Jesus ! ” and “ Hark, the Gospel news is sounding ! ”

The missionaries soon found that proximity to the state fort was the reverse of helpful to them. They had been bequeathed a very precious heritage by the brethren who had lived with Mushidi before them, namely, the esteem and confidence of the people. The C.F.S. agents were not only newcomers, but they held converse from behind a

barricade of breech-loaders, and so found it uphill work to assure the natives that what they sought was their welfare. The nearest villagers were not long in fleeing to spots more remote from the new white men, whom they began to distinguish from the missionaries. Miramba and Chipasia had been installed on the banks of the Lofoi about three-quarters of an hour upstream from the fort, in a large double village. They flitted under cover of night to a valley two days' journey north—the Kasanga valley, which runs from the Lufira flats into the Kundelungu foothills. Mukevo also fled with his village, taking them on to the mountains. In this way for the first time in Africa, Crawford found himself isolated from the people. And he could not be happy in it. Although Mushidi had forbidden them to travel about his territory more than a day or two from the capital, so that neither Arnot nor Swan had been allowed to gain any but hearsay knowledge of the country beyond the routes by which they entered and left, yet Crawford now felt impelled to follow up the people with his message.

The first sortie was made early in September on which Crawford went alone as Mr. Lane was unable to accompany him. He went southward for several days' journey, following the Lufira upstream as far as Chikuluka's town. (Chikuluka was Mushidi's youngest brother). The next day's journey would have brought him to Likuku's war camp, where he was facing an army of the Sanga. Crawford was very anxious to continue his journey, but he feared that Mushidi's warriors might make a wrong use of the fact of his going amongst them, and give it out that he favoured their cause ; whereas all through the various troubles, and notably during the Sanga war, his attitude and Lane's was strictly neutral. He gives that as his reason for turning back before reaching the contending parties, and adds :

“ I have, however, good reason to believe that the Sanga people know we are not aiding and abetting Mushidi in his evil ways. If in travelling I should one day receive a death-wound I could never but believe it was a mistake.”

At the very time he was writing those words, a party of Sanga had determined on his death, on the ground that his visit at that time to Likuku, whither they had supposed

he was heading, proved his enmity against them. And they had ambushed themselves on the road he would have taken the following day had he not turned back. Not long after this, Mons. Norbert Dedderick, the geologist of Delcommune's expedition, while travelling on that road was shot at, the assailant jerking his gun up at the last moment when he perceived that the white man at whom he was shooting was not Crawford. This narrow escape remained unknown to Mr. Crawford until several months later it was related to him by the officer who had so nearly perished in his stead.

The next sortie in the first days of October, he and Lane made together, going northward along the foot of the Kundelungu range to the Kasanga valley.

"We were compelled to be very cautious on our approach to villages, and made it a point to send on ahead a messenger to explain who we were. By this means we were always heartily received. We were the first white visitors to these parts, and with joy we told listening ones that God was beseeching them by us, His messengers, to be reconciled to Him."

As they travelled without impedimenta, and with only their family of boys, they found it possible to move about freely without rousing the fears and suspicions which were being caused then by every movement of considerable bands. They found the Kasanga valley very fertile and prosperous. It abounded in game. There were six villages in it, including those of Miramba and Chipasia, their old friends of the Lofoi valley. They crossed the Kasanga, and reached as far as Chayo's village. From there they returned, thinking that, should Mushidi's people not shift soon to the Lofoi, as the Chief had announced they were to do, it might be well to live amongst the considerable numbers in the Kasanga valley, rather than continue at the Lofoi where the local people would not gather at that time on account of the proximity of the C.F.S. fort.

When they got back they found that the Sanga war had been continuing to the accompaniment of deaths on all hands. A great many people were fleeing the capital as a result of the night raiding which the Sanga warriors were carrying on. Not a few, in attempting flight, were captured. All such were instantly executed.

One of those who fled was an old chief called Kangoma. He had the misfortune to be suspected by Mushidi, some time before, of witchcraft. The Chief had wanted to kill him ; but the charge was so preposterous that his counsellors had represented to him that it was inadvisable to incur the wrath of the old man's relatives. Whereupon he made Kangoma the subject of continual exorbitant demands ; tribute, tribute, tribute, till the old fellow finally gave up in disgust and fled.

Another was Kavimbi, one of Mushidi's most trusted younger warriors, who sought refuge with Kazembe. His father, an old man with stooping back and white woolly head, attempted to follow his son, but was caught and carried to Mushidi. Despite his age, Mushidi caused him to be speared to death.

At the beginning of the Sanga rebellion, Mushidi had been very short of powder. But the Congo Free State caravan had supplied him with this precious commodity, so that he made a big muster of war parties during the months that followed Le Marinel's departure. His eldest brother Likuku, marched south to protect the salt pans at Muachia. Mukandavantu, his son, who had driven out the Lukaluka raiders, took off the rest of the muster in a south-westerly direction. At Kalunkumia they met with a considerable force, which they compelled to evacuate the town and which fled further south toward Ntenke. No decisive blow seems to have been struck, but Mukandavantu returned to the capital, and for a month or two the Sanga chiefs ceased their aggressions, and contented themselves with maintaining a state of preparedness within their stockades.

On account of the unsettled state of the country, Bihean caravans would no longer come into the capital to trade with Mushidi, but struck off either north or south. And as there was practically no ivory tribute coming in (of which in ordinary the Sanga chiefs were the chief source) Crawford remarks that a continuance of the war would soon reduce Mushidi to poverty. There is no doubt that Mushidi had treated the Sanga very harshly over this same matter in the past. Mupanda, for instance, a chief whose country was in Lufira Flats, at one time took him forty tusks. To help him carry this large tribute he employed some men who were not his own, expecting to pay them out of the

return present Mushidi should, in the African way, have made him. He received only four yards of cloth—the price of one goat! No other chief but Mushidi would have dared so to affront the men who brought him his largest revenue. It is little wonder that when they found him out of powder they attempted to revolt.

Shortly after returning from the Kasanga valley, Crawford revisited the capital. He says in his journal:

“ The capital has quite a deserted look. During the last five or six months I believe Mushidi must have lost hundreds of people through flight. Rather than venture out far to the fields they used to cultivate, the people are tilling the stony soil along the near hillside. The Chief is giving out as his reason for not moving to the Lofoi that he does not want his enemies to say of him that he has fled from them. Kazembe, on the other side of the Luapula river, seems very chary of receiving fugitives from Mushidi's, fearing to bring his war parties upon him. He little knows how Mushidi needs every available man for home troubles just now.

“ The following instance will show this fear of Kazembe's. One of Mushidi's wives who is a relative of the chief Nsama, an old friend of Livingstone's, fled to Kazembe's country. Nsama demanded of him to give her up to him. But Kazembe refused lest he should incur Mushidi's displeasure by so doing. Nsama has attacked Kazembe's outlying dependencies, and it remains to be seen whether the latter will persist in his refusal to give her up.”

“ Certain it is,” he wrote to his mother about this time, “ that strange things are happening and will continue to happen in this land. All, *all*, I am sure will turn out to the furtherance of the Gospel.”

“ ‘ He sitteth o'er the water floods,
And guides each drifting wave :
He sitteth o'er the water floods,
And He is strong to save.’ ”

“ Jesus has said of His ‘ other sheep ’ that ‘ Them also I *must* bring ’; and therefore we know that not one of His wandering sheep in Africa will in the end be left out on the wilds of sin. For He *must* bring it. Whether we will be honoured to help Him with the ingathering—

that is quite another question. Oh, darling mother, grudge me not the years I may sojourn out here in this blessed work."

He felt the solemnity of being sole witness for God's righteousness in such a condition of affairs as was obtaining in those last months of Mushidi's long monarchy. In his journal he soliloquises on this fashion:

"A diplomatist might be able to get along well enough. But the man of God who knows only to be faithful to his trust must be prepared to find himself out of favour at court."

Toward the end of September or early in October he feels that matters cannot long continue in the then state of affairs. He writes:

"Since the mode of government is based on a principle that is in the long run wholly unworkable, I believe its break-up is inevitable. It is now a question, I believe, of a short time only. If Mushidi has had in mind the founding of a dynasty and the perpetuation of his name, then he has failed; but I believe the question of succession does not trouble him. Of his brothers he speaks contemptuously, and treats them most unkindly. He would never, I believe, willingly yield up the *Omande* shell to any one of them. If there is any man at present in the country at all likely to succeed Mushidi, it is Mukandavantu, one of his sons.

"Dear Frederick Lane and I find much joy and comfort in each other's company. I thank God for having had such a companion these past months." (The date of this is uncertain—probably about September, 1891.) "Although the supply of cloth which we brought in with us has long ago been finished, we have never, no not one day, lacked any good thing. We have been wonderfully supplied with fresh meat since we came here. In this matter the kindness of our Free State friends downstream has been great. There is a scientific phrase—'adaption to environment'—which we see exemplified all round us here in the animal world. Their colour, for instance, so perfectly resembles their surroundings as to render them almost invisible. Not least among God's creatures have

we, His children, been helped by grace to 'adapt' ourselves to our surroundings, in regard both to climate and to diet. God has at His disposal limitless supplies to meet our every need in this land. Our knowledge of this takes away all temptation to think of ourselves as being shut in here helplessly. We joy in God all the day long, knowing that in His own time our caravan will come."

When Dan wrote that, it had been well over a year since he and Lane had left Bié with their meagre supplies. It had been the intention of those left behind to send very shortly after them their remaining loads. Accordingly, each of the three young men had left behind in Bié not only loads of trade cloth, their only currency, but also personal belongings. Unfortunately the brethren in Bié had been prevented from carrying out their intention of sending in a caravan, or caravans, so that both Crawford and Lane ran out of cloth before the year was out. When Thompson returned from Bié in November, 1891, he brought six bales of cloth for Crawford, but had been unable to manage to bring in any of his personal loads. In fact, not until years later when he was established on Lake Mweru did Mr. Crawford receive his first relief supplies of personal requisites. By that time not a garment remained to him of the small stock with which he had quitted Bié; his sheets had long since been sold for food; his towels had gone to clothe his lads, and his blankets were so threadbare that he was obliged to sleep beside a fire to keep warm enough.

As it became more and more evident that the difficulties of transporting goods in from the west were not going to be overcome, naturally enough Crawford's thoughts turned more and more to the east route. Although this had been much travelled by Arabs, it was not till 1891 and 1892 that its practicability for white men began to be seriously thought of.

"Apart from travelling, we are compelled to spend considerable time in hunting." He wrote from Lofoi. The chief reason was that they were absolutely devoid of currency with which to buy food from the natives. In fact it was only by bartering some of the meat obtained by their guns that they were able to obtain even bare necessities such as their staple of native flour, to say nothing of such luxuries as honey, or oil for their coffee-pot lamp, and for cooking.

Indeed, for several months after leaving the capital, until their garden plots began to bear after the rains broke, they were entirely dependent on their guns for their subsistence.

"Hunting under a blazing sun out on the flats is hard and toilsome work while it lasts. If anyone thinks it a fine recreation, they might alter their opinion if they met us sometimes on the homeward trudge, weary and fagged out, often beyond measure. I find now that it was wrong of me to think indifferently about the quality of rifle I was bringing with me."

Although it was indeed a very poor one, he managed to become a splendid shot with it. He always shot from his left shoulder. He was in fact, left handed, but by practice had become ambidextrous. He could write and draw with his left hand almost as well as with his right.

The Lofoi and the Lufira contained hippopotamuses—hippo, as they are invariably called. Crawford, writing home to his mother, says:

"The best method of finding out their whereabouts (i.e., of hippo) is to station men up and down the bank to signal. The white man occupies a strategic position midway. Soon the signal is passed down that the enemy is in sight. Sure enough, round a bend of the river, there is grandfather hippo, and Mr. and Mrs. Hippo, and all the little hippos, sporting and rolling about in great glee. However, with all their sporting not more than the tops of their big ungainly heads are visible. They spend the time diving down and coming up again some distance off, proclaiming the whereabouts of their arrival at the surface by great splutterings and puffings as they let go the breath they have been holding below. As the Lufira banks are covered with grass right up to the edge, I can very conveniently sit down under cover and await a good shot. Along they come right under the muzzle of my rifle, only about twenty yards away. In extra glee one of them raises himself out of the water, giving me the opportunity of putting 380 grains of lead right into his heart. *Crack!* goes my rifle. And *Roa-oo-oar!* goes the hippo. Down he plunges; but an hour or so afterwards the dead body rises on the opposite side.

"As the sun is set, we lie down hard by the river and pass the night on mother earth. At midnight we are awakened by the roar of a rhinoceros and by such a chorus of hyenas as I never yet heard in Africa. Another strange experience! I was sleeping about three feet from one of the C.F.S. soldiers who glories in being a cannibal! In the cold grey morning two brave fellows belonging to Lieut. Legat swim across to the other side to where the hippo is, and soon have it in tow, one pushing behind at the tail, and the other tugging away at an ear. Scarcely have they got across when up rises a crocodile—just a few seconds late for a good breakfast. A hippo kill means a great stock of delicious fat, pot upon pot of it. But the meat is very inferior."

Five days after one such hunt a native came rushing to him, breathlessly demanding that he come and *pikulula* a hippo. The law in Africa, moral law, that is, since code there is none but only custom, is Medo-Persic on this point, that a dead animal belongs to him who put in the first shot, be it with bow, or spear or gun (to shoot is *ku pika*). He, of his bounty, but not of law, may and surely will, deal out a share of the meat to whoever may have put in subsequent and finishing shots (the act of re-shooting is *ku pikulula*: the suffix *-ulula* is a Bantu dodge for expressing repetition of an action). So then, Crawford was invited by Mr. Breathless Native, not to shoot, but to *finish off* a hippo already marked down as Mr. Native's property by a hypothetical first shooting which was to be inferred from the *-ulula* of his request to the missionary to *pikulula*.

The missionary accedes. Off he goes in haste: "There—in there," pants the informer, keeping well in the rear, as strange rhythmic roarings issue from the long grass of the river bank. Pushing cautiously through, Crawford comes out within four feet of the source of so much sonorousness—a monster hippo, fast asleep, and snoring in delightful ignorance of the fate locked up for him in the little pipe pointing at his side.

Wily Mr. African! Not a shot had he ever dared to fire at his exceptional find. The white man would never know the difference! And he, oh, he, would have a whole hippo to himself at the expense of nothing more than a run to the mission camp and a wholly fictitious *-ulula* tacked on to the end of an otherwise innocent *pika*! Poor ignorant

heathen ! His white man was a Scotsman to begin with ; and, moreover, was already "*thinking black.*"

The hippo was lying on a slope, head lower than his quarters. Bang ! into his side went the point-blank charge ; shove ! went his dwarf back legs in convulsive spasm—up shot his hinder end, crashing amongst the branches of the stubby thorn trees of the river's edge—with a deafening roar, and an anguished porcine squeal, he completed his astonishing somersault, to smack into the water back down, pink tummy uppermost, and legs waving a grotesque goodbye to life.

Pikulula ? Crawford laughed at the idea. *Second shot ?* No, no ! And so it was a somewhat chastened native who, later on, accepted a share of the meat commensurate only with his service in merely drawing attention to its whereabouts.

The vision of that impossible somersault lived on with Crawford to the end. Many was the hearty laugh he enjoyed in recalling it ; and not fewer nor less hearty were those that came bubbling up from him at the remembrance of the astonishment of his informant when he found the white man less gullible than he had hoped.

Later on, accompanied by a party of natives, Crawford, Lane and Verdickt, the junior of the two remaining officers of the Congo Free State, went out into the Lufira Flats after buffalo—a much more difficult and dangerous type of hunting. Not only is the buffalo a very difficult animal to kill on account of the density of his skull, and his habit of facing aggressors with his head lowered into such a position that it is almost impossible to reach a vital spot with a bullet, but he frequently takes the offensive if wounded. It is usually acknowledged that no animal is more dangerous to face than a charging buffalo. On this occasion the party bore down across the plain on a huge herd, or, as Crawford puts it "a battalion of buffaloes, closely packed together in ranks ten to twelve deep."

"Leaving most of the people behind, we went after them, each white man taking two natives as spearmen. Mukan-davantu, Mushidi's son and generalissimo, was with me. We advanced in open order, Mons. Verdickt on my left, Mr. Lane on the far right and myself in the centre. The buffalo, as usual, permitted us to approach to within twenty

yards. On a given signal our three rifles blazed out. The first volley evoked only defiance, most of the animals in the front ranks pawing the ground angrily; but on our firing a second volley valour gave place to discretion. To our delight, as though all were obeying a commander's orders, the great column very accommodately broke into three companies—one for each of us—and galloped off in different directions. Under cover of the cloud of dust they raised, we rushed after them. As there was no wind the cloud was slow in clearing off, so that when it did settle we were always within good range, and opened fire. Some animals of my company, crippled and unable to keep up, struck off into the plain in various directions. I let them go, and kept to the herd. The first to fall was a female, whose two legs were splintered. As she lay rolling on the earth, her faithful bull, himself with a ball in his foreleg, came forward to stand eyeing me fiercely from about ten yards off, head to the ground as though he would charge if I dared advance. I felt all round my belt for another cartridge—not one left! The problem then was how best to use the solitary cartridge with which the gun was loaded. Aiming slowly at the bull, I placed a bullet through his heart. He made a great effort to steady himself but came to the ground with a reel. Mukandavantu, with his man the spear-carrier, were well in the background. I called for the spear, but the man, dreading a charge, feared to bring it. So, eyeing the rolling buffaloes in their efforts to rise, I walked backwards, grasped the spear behind me, and then coming up again, despatched them.

“In all we secured seven: three of which were Mons. Verdickt's, one was Mr. Lane's and the other three mine.

“I cannot leave off these hunting tales without explaining that they are a necessary part of missionary life out here. The command given to Peter ‘Arise, kill and eat,’ is perhaps more practical and real to us than it was to Peter; to Peter it was a vision; to us it is a grim necessity. Eating is conditional on killing.

“The exercise naturally begets an almost ravenous appetite, which is satisfied with the coarsest of fare. We make a simple kind of bread out of sorghum meal, which is one of our staple articles of diet. With the fresh meat we have always on hand, this gives us a healthy and regular food. To have this, and to be content with it, is, I believe,

one of the prime conditions of getting through work in Africa. No doubt there are possibilities in even bush kitchenry and the mode of life that would surprise most Europeans, but to aspire to them means the obscuring of one's real object in coming hither, and the frittering away of precious days in meeting the demands of self—subtle, greedy self.

“ There is a man that often stands
Between me and Thy glory,
His name is Self—my carnal self
Stands 'twixt me and Thy glory.
O, mortify him ! Mortify him !
Put him down, my Saviour ;
Exalt Thyself alone,
Lift high the banner of the Cross,
And in its folds
Conceal the standard-bearer.”

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On the fourth of October the whole country was surprised to receive the advance guard of a large Belgian expedition which was approaching from the north. Letters followed written in French, Portuguese and English, presenting the compliments of the “ Belgian Exploration Expedition ” to any European residents of Mushidi's country, and expressing the hope of meeting any such in a few days time. This expedition was led by Mons. Delcommune, and had spent about three months in traversing the country between the Lomani river and Mushidi's. They had a geologist amongst them, and hoped amongst other things to settle the question of whether there was gold in the country or not.

Delcommune had cleared up the question of the ultimate fate of the Lualaba. It will be remembered that Livingstone had supposed that it would be found to join with the Luapula and to flow northward until finally it debouched in some way into the Nile valley. But after Stanley's great descent of the Congo, which ended in 1877, twelve years before Crawford left for Mushidi's, it was supposed that these two rivers might join to form at least a considerable proportion of the waters of the Congo. Delcommune made it certain at least that the Lualaba (the western

stream of that name) flowed into the Congo. Further, he arrived at Mushidi's firmly convinced that it was navigable throughout. But this proved afterwards to be an error in part.

The expedition contained a detachment of Congo Free State soldiers, heavily armed. During the trek in, they had been twice embroiled in fighting. The high-handed looting of some of the native soldiers so irritated a chief on the Lualaba, by name Chikonja, after whom is named the marshy lake formed where the Lufira flows into the Lualaba, that he attacked the rearguard of the expedition, consisting of twelve soldiers under the command of Mons. Hankensen, and annihilated it. The other occasion arose out of an encounter with a notorious slaver, a Bihean named Sachitota, who had been well known to Mr. Crawford. When Mons. Delcommune found that he was buying slaves he ordered him to desist. And when he refused to do so, attacked him and his caravan, and killed him.

This expedition did not remain long at the capital, but passed on southward, prospecting for gold and copper. Mons. Delcommune had formed the plan of reaching Ntenke's and then striking west to the Lualaba, constructing there a flotilla of dug-outs sufficient to carry the whole expedition, navigating the river as far as Lake Chikonja, where he proposed to smoke out the chief and avenge the death of Hankensen, and then proceed eastward to Tanganyika. We shall see later in what measure he was able to carry out the plan.

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"*7th November.* The rains have fairly set in now. To-day, with the help of one man, I commenced the arduous task of clearing away the trees from a patch of soil to form a garden."

That *one man* is worth noticing. It is indicative of his absolute poverty. He had not even the means to buy labour for a garden; but, as he had five young lads and one little girl, Sombo, dependent on him, he himself engaged for them in labour such as white men in Africa seldom do.

It is not so much a matter of caste, though unfortunately,

that consideration does sometimes enter in, but of a physical incapability on the part of the white man to stand the heavier sorts of manual toil under a tropical sun and in forest conditions. The reason is somewhat obscure. But it seems as though his lack of skin pigment handicaps him in the vital matter of throwing off superfluous body heat. His temperature rises and he gets heat stroke under conditions in which a black-skinned man labours with impunity.

It is extremely probable that Crawford's *one man* took his payment in the form of dried meat. The lads of his family would later help Crawford, their "father," in the lighter work of cultivating, but they were incapable of the forest clearing, which is the most arduous necessity that the native encounters in his manner of living. The only tool he had was a native axe, of which the blade is about two inches broad, and is made of locally smelted iron, and consequently loses its edge very rapidly.

"Here I am to-night," he continues in this letter to his mother, "with my two hands all lacerated and scarce fit to write. Unfortunately, the trees were covered with thorns—thorns of a cruel order, too, as they have a long hooked bill. All day long you might have heard the ring of our hatchets, and at surprisingly short intervals the thud of falling trees. The next thing is to cut them up into pieces small enough to be carried away; and after that will come the hoes."

He was obliged to vary the usual native custom in this matter of carrying away the fallen trunks because he desired to cultivate at once. The native, whenever possible, is accustomed to cut them up only so far as to ensure that most of the branches are near the ground. He leaves them to dry out during a dry season; and when the first rains proclaim its end, he fires them. The result is a thick layer of ash manure, which he digs into the soil on first turning it over.

The members of Crawford's family at this time included Chipansi, the eldest, who was just married and was about sixteen or so years of age, and who still lives in Luanza, though not a Christian; two other lads in their early teens; Segunda and Sankuru, who were only about seven and did his cooking and housekeeping for him; and Sombo, then a

wee girl, who seemed to drink in the Gospel from her earliest years, and who is still a bright Christian in Luanza to-day.

“Now and then,” he writes, “we have little groups of visitors coming up from the capital to see us, and as we have lots of meat on hand we are able not only to feed them while here, but also to give them some to take away. In these days when hunger is rife, and some are well nigh starving to death, it is nice to give meat to folk who are otherwise existing on ground roots.” (Cultivation was at a standstill owing to the uncertain state of the times.) “Moreover—

‘The turnpike road to people’s hearts I find
Lies through their mouths—or I mistake mankind.’

On 10th November, Crawford accompanied Delcommune for half an hour along his southward road. On his return he found Mafinge, a son of Mushidi, waiting to tell him that the emperor desired him to repair to the capital, as a caravan of theirs was reported to be held up at the Lualaba by a war party of Sanga. This proved to be Thompson returning from Bié. He had the greatest difficulty in getting his men to continue on to the capital. In the first place the Sanga, of whom the leader in those parts was Mulowanyama, after killing some at the ferry, stripped them of every grain of powder. Secondly, Mushidi sent out a war party under Mukandavantu to assist them, which decapitated eleven Sanga people, and so terrified the carriers that they refused to continue out of fear for a Mushidi in such a temper. And finally, it required the personal presence of Mr. Crawford, who went out on 5th December to Mr. Thompson’s camp for the purpose, to assure the Biheans that they would be safe in coming on.

Mushidi was very loath to allow Crawford to go to meet them, fearing that the Sanga would murder him, as being “the friend of Mushidi.” He wanted to send a further war party with him. Crawford, however, insisted on all the warriors being withdrawn, and went alone, telling the Chief to his face, “Yes; I am your friend, Mushidi; but I am also the friend of the Sanga, and of your meanest slave.” Thompson had been able to bring in for Crawford six loads of trade cloth, and a mail, but no personal effects.

In all Crawford's letters and papers, there is not a line to record any dissatisfaction at this severe disappointment. After all, as he wrote to his mother when she was sadly grieved that the supplies she dispatched via the West Coast for him, never got any further than Bié on the road to the Interior, they had taken a definite stand as individuals trusting directly in God, and were under no centralized direction, so that what God arranged for them must be the best and to be acquiesced in joyfully.

The disappointment must have been very severe for a time. For at least nine months he and Lane had been sure that when Thompson should return—and no one had supposed it would have taken so long as the ten months it did actually take—he would be bringing them at least the more urgent of the supplies which were piling up for them out in Bié. But difficulties in obtaining carriers—he had been able to carry 90 loads in all—and the unsettled conditions out west, had worked against their hopes. Only a very strong and generous faith could have cheerfully surmounted such a set-back under conditions of such stringency and anxiety. Not a word of complaint escaped him; not a doubt had he of God's loving care and ability to supply all their needs.

On 28th November, while Crawford was sitting with Mushidi, hungering for news of the safe advance of the caravan which they supposed was bringing them not only their long-awaited-for goods, but also reinforcements—that of all those missionaries by that time in Bié none would accompany Thompson on his return to the Interior, had never for a moment occurred to Crawford—there suddenly marched up the veranda five Swahilis, turbaned, gowned and armed with breech-loading rifles. The chief of them turned out to be Massoudi, Stanley's right-hand man on the Emin Pasha expedition. He handed to Crawford a letter dated from the Luapula about a fortnight before. This letter was from a Captain Stairs, and stated that the writer was about to visit Mushidi, and earnestly requested that the missionaries would oblige him with any information they might think it advisable for him to possess before arriving. Beside this letter there were two for Mushidi, one in English and the other in Swahili, in which the leader of the expedition presented to the king the "salaams" of himself and his four white companions; intimated that

they had come from across the ocean expressly to visit him; informed him that their intentions were peaceable, and signed himself "The Englishman, Lord of Artillery, W. E. Stairs."

During the reading aloud to him of this letter Mushidi was at first greatly troubled by the news of an expedition led by white men coming to him *from the east*. But the last words completely cleared away his apprehensions for the time being. "English! They are English, do you hear, sons of the dust?" he shouted to the people who were pouring into his stockaded inclosure to hear what was forward. "They are English, and we know the English to be true people." He concluded, in fact, that they were acting in concert with Mr. Alfred Sharpe to whom he had sent a letter of recall some time before. This letter, written by Crawford at Mushidi's dictation, had, as a matter of fact, been intercepted by Stairs. For a man such as Stairs was, of whom Stanley wrote that he was a rare personality, "courageous, careful, watchful, diligent and faithful," the dilemma into which his possession of that letter placed him must have been exceedingly painful. But he had undertaken a definite service for the King of the Belgians, in whose pay he was, and he did not hesitate, outwardly at least, in deciding that his allegiance lay towards the C.F.S.

Mushidi replied to Captain Stairs' letter, by the hand of Dan Crawford, requesting the English to come on at once to the capital, and expressing great goodwill. At the same time, Crawford sent back an answer to his letter, informing Stairs of the ill state of the country and of the terrible scarcity of food which was then prevailing, almost to the point of starvation.

When the Swahili messengers had returned with their letters, Mushidi set about rallying his remaining men and haranguing them all day long about the great things he would do now that his supplies of powder were about to be replenished—for, of course, the white men were bringing him mountains of gunpowder. Every mention of the vital powder was accompanied by a scornful glance at Crawford. Worthless lot, the missionaries! Not a grain of powder to be got out of such paupers! Of the Belgians already in the country he spoke with fierce wrath, charging them with treacherous motives, and rejoicing that he had outwitted them by calling back the English.

On 12th December, Crawford and Thompson visited the Chief in official state to announce the return of the latter. They gave him a musical box, a cup and saucer, a large silver urn and plate, with all of which he seemed pleased.

But when he realized that of cloth they were presuming to offer him a mere 150 yards he became disdainful, reminded them of the greatness of a mighty monarch only to visit whom white men left their homes across the sea. They told him that they were poor men and could afford no more. When he saw that they were determined on the point, he grew wildly angry, pouring out torrents of abuse, and telling them to take away their cloth, for he refused it. Crawford says:

“When Mushidi is in a passion, his face assumes an expression as wild and as wicked as I suppose it is possible for any human countenance to wear. When he is in such a mood you are prepared for him to do anything, not excluding giving the order for your own murder.”

No less than five times in all, during those days of Mushidi's greatest mental unrest and torment did Crawford face in Mushidi a madman, transported by rage at the stand which God's messenger of peace boldly took in the matter of refusing so much as to write for the king a letter ordering powder, and in faithfully rebuking his murderous doings. Five times over he left the presence marvelling at being still alive.

On the morning of the 14th, Mushidi requests Crawford to meet the advancing caravan, and conduct them to the camping ground appointed by the Chief. Captain Stairs is leading his three hundred men, who march in with flags flying. Captain Bodson, the Marquis de Bonchamps, Dr. Moloney, and Robinson, are the other four white men. Crawford takes them to the appointed place. He is asked to explain to them the state of the country. They hold a council to determine their line of action. The plan advocated by the Marquis de Bonchamps as being the simplest is to put Mushidi to death out of hand.

The Chief has seen what he believes is a chance to make an adequate bargain, for he believes he can now play off the Belgians against the English. He is terribly anxious, for he realizes that he is playing with forces of whose strength

he is ignorant. Day and night he is consulting the spirit world. It is reported to him that Lieut. Legat, in command of the Belgian force on the Lofoi, has gone at once to Stairs and has pitched his tent in their camp. This at once rouses Mushidi, who, not yet suspecting the true state of affairs, supposes that he is attempting to interpose himself between the newcomers and the Chief. He orders him to remove. He discovers in a gust of awful disillusionment that the "Englishman Lord of Artillery" has Belgians with him. What is this? What is this?

To the Bantu mind there is only one way to deal with a situation like that in which Mushidi finds himself. He must ensure that his interests are made the interests of the powerful and threatening newcomer. Blood-brotherhood is the only honourable face-saving capitulation. On the 16th, pre-occupied with these far more important matters, Mushidi accepts the present of the missionaries. The following day they leave for the Lofoi; and on the same day the Chief receives Captain Stairs, accepts his present and desires him to make blood-friendship with him. Stairs refuses.

On the 18th, Stairs visits the Chief again, telling him that he intends to "plant the C.F.S. flag." Mushidi does not comprehend what is meant by this, but says that he shall withhold his permission unless he be given a large quantity of cloth and especially of powder, and unless Stairs consents to become his blood-brother.

On the 19th, Stairs does "plant the flag," taking it to the top of the sugar-loaf hill adjoining Nkulu—the peak on which Mushidi has always intended to build a stockade entirely of gigantic elephant tusks. At the same time he sends four of his chief men to inform Mushidi that he, Stairs, is assuming command, and that first of all he orders Mushidi never again to kill anyone.

Then it is that Mushidi at last completely realizes what it is that has befallen him. They intend to deprive him of his supremacy! If he is not to have the "death-power," he will no longer be *mfumu*—Chief! With characteristic Bantu freedom, in his reply to Stairs he expresses his conviction that as Chief he has every right to cut off the heads of his slaves or of any who oppose his rule; and he fixes the morrow for the ceremony of blood-brothership.

But that night he slips away to Munema, the village of his first wife Kapapa, which had been his first residence in the capital.

“Early in the morning,” says Crawford in his journal (it is now 20th December) “a messenger was despatched to Nkulu to know if Mushidi was prepared to receive Captain Stairs on that day. But the messenger brought the news that Mushidi had gone to Munema. When a messenger went to Munema he found Mushidi, who told him that he would receive the white man if he would come alone and unaccompanied by soldiers. However, Captain Bodson and the Marquis de Bonchamps started off for Munema with a body of Zanzibari soldiers, to demand definitely whether or not Mushidi would submit to the white men. Outside the village a halt was made, and four headmen went on to the Chief to inform him that the white men were outside. This was about 11 o’clock a.m. An hour passed. The headmen not having then returned, Captain Bodson took six men and went into the village, leaving the main body outside with the Marquis de Bonchamps, it being understood that if the latter heard the sound of firing inside the village he was to rush in with his Zanzibaris.”

Captain Bodson is a crack revolver shot. He advances with his gun in his hand. He finds Mushidi inside the palisade that surrounds the compound of his house. With him are the men of his bodyguard, some thirty or forty, of whom some are armed with their “Tower” guns. In the midst of them are the four emissaries—prisoners. Mushidi is wearing a sword, given him by Stairs two days before. As Bodson advances toward him Mushidi makes some motion, either toward or with the sword, which Bodson interprets as an attack, or impending attack, on himself. His revolver speaks out—only once. Mushidi falls dead. The Yeke gas-pipes roar. Bodson falls mortally wounded. In dashes Bonchamps with his Zanzibaris. They strike off Mushidi’s head and bear it in triumph back to Stairs, carrying with them Bodson, who shouts: “I have killed a tiger! *Vive le roi!*”

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Thus died Mushidi by the hand of the long-ago foretold white man from the east.

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“*Conditions had been bad before.*” They now became rapidly worse. The population completely dispersed. No one dared to walk openly abroad. The paths became lined with corpses, of whom some had died of starvation and some of the universal mistrust which kept spears on the quiver. Mukandavantu was appointed chief, and mustered six or ten men.

Stairs began to build “Fort Bunkeya” out of the great Mushidi’s stockade. He took his Christmas dinner in state off a table which had been the door of the great Mushidi’s house. And when, in less than two months, he had lost more than sixty of his men by stealthy shootings, and by dysentery, and when he could find no more food anywhere, and when he and Bonchamps and Robinson were all sick, then in February, 1892, he abandoned his fort and the whole stricken land. He left for Europe, carrying with him in a kerosene tin the great Mushidi’s head. And when his men died daily along the track to Tanganyika, and when he himself died before reaching the coast, then the people said “The Great Mushidi’s Magic.”

During the days that he remained at Bunkeya, Crawford went on one occasion to pay him a visit in order to point him to Christ. The sentry at the door of the stockade neither challenging him nor replying to his greeting, Crawford touched him on the shoulder, thinking him to be asleep. The light touch tumbled him over—he had died on his feet. When he reported the incident to Stairs, that sick man replied: “Yes? Oh, that doesn’t matter. They’re dying six a day. I’m just throwing them all into one big pit.”

So ended the epoch of Mushidi’s empire.

FOURTH PERIOD

Spying out the Land.

1892-1893.

- I. RE-ORIENTATION.
- II. RECONNAISSANCE NORTHWARD.
- III. RECONNAISSANCE SOUTHWARD.
- IV. RE-GATHERING OF THE PEOPLE.
- V. RECONNAISSANCE EASTWARD.
- VI. POVERTY.
- VII. RECONNAISSANCE AROUND LAKE
MWERU.

I

RE-ORIENTATION

THE six months that followed on Mushidi's death were spent by Crawford in the neighbourhood of the old capital.

The movements of the Free State officials in the land during that time were as follows: the officers of the Katanga company, under Lieut. Legat, entrenched themselves in their fort on the Lofoi river (for a short while indeed, much to Crawford's disgust, they insisted on the missionaries joining them there.

"He made it compulsory on our part," Dan wrote, "to remove with our goods into the fort: no doubt the lieutenant was actuated by the kindest of concern for our welfare, but I would have been very loath to go had the move been optional."

He soon persuaded Legat that the precaution was unnecessary.) ; and Captain Stairs, after an attempt to remain at Bunkeya, in February, 1892, withdrew the remnants of his military expedition, taking a north-easterly route along the western flank of the Kundelungu range toward Lake Tanganyika.

Of the three missionaries, Lane decided to return to Bié. He left early in 1892.

Crawford felt the parting sorely, writing that "in Africa, among lonely workers, 'Good-byes' are even more bitter and wrenching than at home; and one shrinks from them. The last solemn reading together of the dear old Book; the last hymn, 'There'll be no parting there,' more sobbed than sung; the last word of prayer, scarce heard because scarce uttered—all these wrench one."

His mind was busily occupied in wondering how the *coup d'état* and the consequent conditions were going to affect the cause of Christ in those lands. What plans ought he to be making?

The earliest months of 1892 determined him in this,

that to know what to do it was essential to know what there was to be done. In other words, to find out where the people were. To do that it was necessary to go and see. He began "going."

At first he prospected in the more immediate vicinity of the old capital and the Lofoi settlement. Later he began to move further afield, until in August, 1892, he made the first considerable itineration of many journeyings which were fully and finally to make Mushidi's lands and peoples known to those whose concern it was to reach into them with God's Good News of Salvation. Of that journey an account follows later.

In February he "came over here to the old capital to find out how the country is going. Will the people stand by Mukandavantu, the young chief? He is still the same nice young fellow he used to be, only a little more sedate with his 'Omande shell' regalia on. He has only a handful of people around him.

"Looking at Bunkeya to-day, it is hard to keep back a tear at the picture of desolation and devastation that meets the eye. The main path that led along from the head village past Maria's village is overgrown with tall rank grass and is scarce discernible. Breaking your way along this you go on and on without meeting a single soul where just twelve months ago was a busy thoroughfare. Entering Maria's village, once the cleanest and most orderly in all the capital, besides being one of the largest, you find the houses in a tumble-down condition, grass growing everywhere, and solitude reigning. Where have the people gone? Many, as I have remarked, are dead—dead from hunger! Those who survive are now scattered over the country, trying to solve the almost unsolvable problem of how to keep soul and body together. Some of them may come back in a month or so for the sorghum, which will then be ripe.

"It will thus be evident to you that there has been a thorough disintegration of the old order of things. The old capital is now no more, and the new order of things will likely be a scattered population, with the country better occupied as a whole."

In cogitation upon the whole set of circumstances he came to this conclusion:

"I am solemnly persuaded that the time has come, not

for evacuation, but rather for real occupancy of this country."

Well it was for the cause of Christ that such was his judgment, and that he acted upon it. Not all agreed with him. But he argued that they were freer and had a wider field than ever before.

"The barriers," he pointed out, "which were raised in the old days of tribal wrangling (Mushidi *versus* all who thwarted him), are now gone. The north can be reached; as can the south; and the east. That this may be actually done, pray that wherever we may fix our abode it may prove a centre from which to work out."

It did indeed prove to be so.

The moment Mushidi's death has freed him from that monarch's prohibition of his travelling about his dominions, Crawford is champing to be on the Gospel go. He writes to Dr. Maclean, in March, 1892, saying:

"Pray, that we, His ambassadors in this land, may be much afoot on our Master's business, overtaking the scattered groups with the message of light and love."

He writes that the rainy season, which was in full blast in February and March, "tempts one to remain indoors." That he did not succumb to the temptation is certain, for immediately after he speaks of

"The longest, heaviest day I have yet spent in Africa, trudging along from about sunrise till after sundown to the charming music of 'splash! splatter! splash! splash! splatter!' Here knee deep; there waist deep; and anon deeper still."

"April 3rd. *Lofoi Valley.*

"Since writing the foregoing I have been back to our lovely valley, and then off again up the Lufira to my old friend Chipona, where I found a great number of people (lots of old faces among them) all living on the old lady's bounty. And, indeed, there seems to be abundance of food for all, though in one kind only, i.e., corn. I spent a week there, rubbing shoulders with some of the strangest of individuals you could meet with, perhaps, on this earth, and finding with

all, Sanga, Lunda, Ushi, etc., a ready ear for the good Word of Life. In Africa here it seems very certain that the best opportunity for God's evangelist is with a group of say two or three men apart, talking long and earnestly with them of our God's long-rejected claims upon them. Ah! it is unutterably sweet during such times to see a black son of Ham look for the first time in his life perplexed over the momentous question of his sins, and even to hear a sigh escape him. These dear folks do like us missionaries, and from Chipona downwards all were very earnest in their entreaties for us to stay in the country. 'If you go,' said they, 'who will be left to us?'

"At this village I took the precaution to buy up a goodly pile of corn, which will probably tide us past the coming dry season. Then having organized a small caravan I returned down stream, March 26, with some twenty big sacks of precious corn."

In May he wrote to his mother a letter which reveals most clearly the life he was leading at that time, together with his unfeigned joy in the service of his Master. It is interesting to note that under the address he gives latitudinal and longitudinal readings. These were no doubt obtained by the use of instruments in the possession of the officers of the Katanga Company, for neither he nor Thompson had any such scientific equipment.

"Lofoi Valley, Central Africa.

"May, 1892.

about Lat. 10° 13' 12"

Long. 27° 14' 10"

"My dear, dear Mother,

"Anything that helps to shorten the long parenthesis of time which always intervenes between our hearing from each other is hailed with glad effervescent joy. Distance and specially distance that separates, looks to me out here nothing short of frowning tyranny. This however I confess to my shame, and lest you should misunderstand me here, let me tell you that often, aye far oftener, thank God, I can mount peaks from which miles and miles—hundreds and thousands of them—are quite out of the count, and even defied to rob me of your company or the portion I have in your love.

"I often wonder if you ever think me lonely here. If you are ever tempted to think I am, then you wrong me; so banish for ever the guess. Even apart from—no! no! say rather—along with the glad company of Jesus, the ever-present One, we have all sorts of things to engross us out here

in immediate connection with our work among these dear dark benighted souls. Preaching, translating God's Holy Word, and the all day and every day work of adding to our vocabulary is work which has got to be prayerfully and painstakingly gone thro'; every step of which has to be carefully taken, if we would avoid being stumbling-blocks in the land whither we have come to be the very opposite. All other work is and by God's help shall be ever subservient to this one crowning business of our lives. Nothing else is worth living for out in these wilds. And if it is true that one must live a shorter life of necessity, by coming out here, then we at least must see to it that we go in for the best possible investments for Eternity.

"There is something, dear mother, so tragic, and so beseechingly helpless about black heathendom, that one wonders how God can ever spare time to leave it in its helplessness even a little while. 'I am debtor to preach the Gospel,' and notwithstanding what Satan whispers in my ear, that 'So are other people,' I must see to it that I pay my debt to these dear black souls, while yet there is a speck or two of light in this old earth's evening sky. Here is a verse which adorns the walls of my mud cabin and from which I often draw sweet stores of comfort (tho' some would say I was poaching on Israel's preserves)—'Although I have removed them far off among the heathen, and although I have scattered them among the countries yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come.' (Ezek. 11. 16.) I can feast very often on the realization of this out here, as on much more in God's Book that was only a dead letter to me in Scotland. I can well imagine that heart of yours, which as far back as I can remember used ever to be planning and meditating love surprises on my account, must have been anxious ever since the receipt of my last letter giving such a doleful tale of hunger and the long catalogue of deaths from same, since the memorable *coup d'état* in this country.

"Let me tell you then that during it all we never knew what it was to be really hungry, for the opportune arrival of *our* caravan put us in a position quite beyond that. During the past months, however, the supply of food in the country has been very meagre indeed. Lately, however, it has been steadily increasing, and now that mevele, or sorghum is ripe, the people are really looking fat and thriving.

"Let me give you a peep into our regimen and mode of doing things. First then let me call my important right-hand man Segunda. Perhaps he is only 7 years old, but he wears an old head on his slim body. Show him how to do a certain dish once, or at the most twice, and he becomes an adept at

the thing. This means that I have absolutely nothing to bother about in the cooking of my meals. Just as the day is breaking he wakens me with the query, 'What will I cook?' and receiving instructions, he disappears, and the next appearance he makes is to spread the table-cloth and bring in breakfast. To-day he made me a most enjoyable bush pie, done up in a tin, the crust being made simply of plain, nutritious native meal, the meat consisting of tender venison. He baked it in the Dutch oven we have, not even omitting the usual little ornamentation common to pie crust. Preceding this, he brought me what we always have in fine quality, delicious soup, and succeeding the pie came mince 'bullets' rolled up in a thin paste, then fried in buffalo fat. Bringing up the rear of all came (rather unexpectedly) a sweet, toothsome plate of white Lofoi fish caught in the native basket traps. So much, then, for to-day's 'menu,' which, I confess, is somewhat abnormal. Nevertheless, my point is that in these days when the earth is yielding its increase, we always have a loaded table, and for these far off parts a wonderful variety. In the matter of vegetables, first of all we have abundance of sweet potatoes, tomatoes, beans, and pea-nuts.

"About the lad Segunda, I haven't yet told you one-half of the things in which he is a help and comfort to me. I don't need to talk to him much, as a look is often sufficient. If I come in from hunting or from a journey, without my telling him, the dear little chap brings out for me a lounge chair I have. The next move is to bring the basin and towel, and before I know he is tucked in near my feet, bathing them most refreshingly. My other little boy, Sankuru was at first very dull and unimpressible, but is improving wonderfully. Poor little lad, my first acquaintance with him was on the day of Commander Le Marinel's reception at Mushidi's. The latter, before the reception, had some preliminary business to transact, and *inter alia* the executioner brought the chief a skull, and seated beside it was a little boy. The latter was Sankuru, and the skull was his father's!

"Every morning we have a meeting for all comers, and when the new moon appears we change from our morning into moonlight service. As yet we know not of one soul in all this far-spreading expanse who is really a child of God, though thousands have listened, aye, many of whom seemed to drink in the Word of Life. This seems indeed (in this go-ahead age, which must have everything cut and dry in figures) 'spending our strength for nought!' yet we can look trustfully on high and say with one of old, 'Surely, my judgement is with the Lord, and my work with my God.' (Is. 49. 4.) Two words this week have been ever present with me. First, 'Ye were

as brands plucked from the burning'; the second, 'Others save, pulling them out of the fire'. (Jude 23.) Nothing short of a passion for the salvation of these souls is adequate for one to plod on in this appointed path of service: a passion, moreover, fed by the love of Him who bowed His back to bear: who set His face like a flint and turned not back. Alas! for my proud heart and how often it forgets the 'hole of the pit whence we were digged,' aye—that we were bondmen in Egypt. Yet, blessed be God, the dear cross of Jesus ever standeth towering over the wreck of Time, a monument of what God is, and what we were.

"The rainy season has gone at last, and the sky is fast assuming its settled azure hue, which characterizes it during the whole dry season. White fleecy masses have taken the place of the black, threatening inky clouds, moving hurriedly up to the centre of the dome, from every point of the horizon muttering as they move, distant thunder, just like the noise of heavy artillery being dragged into position. Yes, no doubt there are wonderful transformations in cloud land these days, but above all we have got back again the golden sunsets, which bathe the western sky with a flood of glory, and seem to point out if one dare to conjecture the geographical position of the pearly gates.

"We have not yet burned off the grass but shall do so one of these days. One lighted brand thrown among it is sufficient to set the vast prairie all along the Lufira into a roaring flame, hunted before which are huge herds of buffaloes, zebras, antelopes, etc., which take refuge in small lakelets and wait until the fiery column sweeps past. Then the charred mass that is left looks for weeks the gloomiest and most uninviting thing imaginable. In fact, for long miles, one great funeral pall has been spread over the country. Two months later, however, fresh lovely green is shooting out everywhere, and soon the last traces of gloom have quite gone. Towards the ends of both seasons, the rainy and the dry, the two great extremes of the tropics are visible. The former sees everything rank and tangled and overgrown beyond description, the very grass being so thick and formidable that one cannot brush it aside without the greatest difficulty; the latter sees the ground as bare and hard as a rock, the sun having cracked it open as well as having licked up every little lake and stream quite dry. Every little journey one takes, save along the Lufira or Lofoi, we must needs carry water in gourds, otherwise go to sleep with a swollen tongue and racking thirst.

"The water of the former river is very brackish and insipid, and when most people for miles around are either drinking from it or from loathsome mud holes, called wells, we have

the priceless boon of clear Lofoi water, which one actually dreams about when he is away from it. Toward the end of the rainy season, our Lofoi took strange freaks, and as it rushed madly down from the mountains, overleapt its old channel, carried away bridges and flooded a large part of the valley. Its waters, usually so limpid and bright and flowing noiselessly along, were then turbid and red, whirling in rapid eddies near the banks, but rushing on angrily in foam and confusion in the middle of the channel. Unfortunately, crocodiles and water snakes are rather numerous in the river, and this prevents us swimming therein. (N.B.—Cheya has just looked in to say that a crocodile has been killed in the Lofoi this morning, and opposite our camp here.) Africans have the same regard (!) for them as sailors have for sharks. With delight I have often fired off nearly a belt of cartridges at these hateful creatures as they lie dozing on the Lufira sand banks. Their horny quadrangular scales make them almost impervious.

“What I told you in my last about sleeping on hard boards you must now consider as out of date, for it was my good fortune to buy from a mulatto trader the most magnificent of iron camp beds, with which I journey about the country most delightedly. No doubt we will have different notions now about what luxuries really are; the old treat of my mother’s cup of tea and bread and butter being one of the fast receding things I can scarcely call to mind. Her own sweetness and goodness never can so recede, however, thank God. It was only this morning, when reading the 20th chapter of Matthew, about the mother of Zebedee’s children seeking the very highest place for her sons, at a time when Jesus the Lowly was by every act seeking and taking the very lowest place in a *world* of sinners, that I thought how many modern counterparts she had in this self-seeking, gold-seeking age. Yet could I thank my God that *my* mother had never urged me to give up *Soul* seeking for *gold* and *self* seeking, and oh! be sure that for every regret those who urged the latter will have in the coming ‘Crowning Day,’ you shall have an added joy! There are some words regarding the Coming Glory which sing sweet music in my soul, and oftentimes of an evening when the sun is westering, I deem my little mud cabin but a tent pitched on Heaven’s borderland—the land, the lovely land of Beulah! A better and more enduring substance, ‘the Home not made with hands, Eternal in the Heavens,’ the ‘exceeding and eternal weight of glory.’ ‘The city which hath foundations’ (and that is more than our wilderness tents have got). These are words, I say, which help the mists to lift off out here, and reveal the far-stretching land beyond.”

In June, 1892, Thompson and he travelled northward along the base of the Kundelungu range "preaching every day to people who never heard before of what the Ever-blessed God did for this rebel world in the gift of His Son." They were away for about a month, of which a record follows.

On their return to Lofoi, Crawford could write reassuringly of their health.

"Since our last letters we have not been laid aside for even one day by fever or illness of any sort. In contrast with this, the officers with the Fort downstream have suffered much. Lieut. Legat during his stay here has had 22 serious attacks of fever; while Mons. Verdickt for a long time had periodic attacks every ten days." (No doubt this was *spirillum*, that is tick fever.) "Without doubt, our choice of a site here was God-directed. To Him be all the praise."

"July 26. As an opportunity has occurred of sending letters by the west coast" (a trading party was leaving) "we avail ourselves of it.

"Before leaving for the south I add a few lines. The Lofoi river at last promises to be a good centre for people, and during the last few weeks numbers have gathered around, asking for nothing but permission to build near us. They still look aghast at the fort, and beseech us not to leave the country, lest they all be killed. We find the stupid and mischievous notion has got currency that since Mushidi's death we are the chiefs of the country, and this compels us to disabuse their minds of any such idea, though many insist on wronging us in the matter.

"Chikako, the late Mushidi's brother, with all his people, has crossed the Lufira, and is building two days' south of us, near Chikunkuluka's. The two chiefs, Chipashia and Mukovo, who last year fled from here, are coming back again, and another chief, Chisake, who formerly lived in the plains, has come to build in our immediate vicinity.

"Hundreds of people about here, looking back on the long quarter of a century of Mushidi's lording it, seem to forget how iron-like was the rod that ruled them, and have nothing but admiring awe to utter regarding the late chief's great doings. Hours and hours are spent recounting the raids of his war parties across the Luapula, when Kazembe and others were driven from their towns. Their laudation is only an instance of 'distance lending enchantment to the view,' but

DAN CRAWFORD

it also proves what really an African's notion is of a great chief; namely, one who mercilessly cuts off heads, hands, ears, etc. On the other hand, they do not study that aspect of Mushidi's life which pictures him as thundering out the death warrant '*Fwa; mwana-wamba*' ('Die; son of a dog!'), and even tasting from his executioner's hand the warm life-blood of his dying victim; but they recall how he could show himself to be kindness and liberality itself, and how he himself would wear, day in and day out, a miserable two yards of dirty calico, and yet would give away, to the last yard, the bales upon bales of cloth brought into the country by the caravans from East and West Coasts."

Yet even so, as the caravan still delays a day or two more, he reverts to the subject that is uppermost in his mind, the twin problems of knowing the country, and of filling it with the sound of the Gospel.

"Before the year is ended I hope to cross the Luapula river to Kazembe's, and go up the east side of Mweru. From all reports there are yet thousands east of us unreached by the Word of Life. It will at once strike you that only two of us here is a very small number for the spreading of the Gospel in such a land as this, where, on the map with our camp as centre, and a radius of hundreds of miles, you can describe a circle without bringing into it a single missionary. The consequence of our being only two is that school work of any description is left untouched, because of its being necessarily secondary, though important."

In the meantime, let the south country yield up its secrets and receive the first handfuls of the Gospel seed.

II

RECONNAISSANCE NORTHWARD

ON 10th June, 1892, Dan set out northward again to spy out the land still further in that direction, and to carry his message to peoples who had never till then heard it. His intention was to visit as far north as Chifuntwe, Mushidi's powerful Yeke chief, whose large stronghold lay at the foot of the majestic Kundelungu range about one degree of latitude nearer the equator than their Gospel camp on the Lofoi. On this journey he was accompanied by Mr. Thompson.

Their way led along the foothills, as in this part the eastern edge of Kundelungu runs due north and south. The aborigines of these precipitous cliffs and deep secluded valleys are the Lomotwa. Like all mountain folk they are independent, and in the original sense of the word flighty. But when one gets to know them they are seen to possess very sterling qualities of courage, of honesty, and of faithfulness. They are kind though not demonstrative; and lovable though far from effusive. In their mountain fastnesses, where they can disappear in a moment at the slightest sign of danger, they feel a sense of security to which they sacrifice the better feeding of the richer soils of the plains. These latter they hold in horror on account of their naked exposure to attack. In the lawless times when Dan Crawford first came to know them, and the same is true in some degree even yet, they would expend no labour beyond the veriest minimum upon their villages, and but little more upon their cultivation. The former they built part way up some precipice, where the slopes of schist allowed them a precarious hold, and where they put up small huts of grass only. They were fully prepared to see them go up in smoke every year or so. It did not matter.

As to cultivation—they might perhaps till a few square yards of sweet potatoes and of corn round the huts, and possibly a batch of mevele in a secluded valley near by, but little else. Bananas they would plant up the impossible

sides of some precipice where a gay little streamlet took its laughing leap down into the vale and spared them of its moisture. Such crops as they grew they garnered the moment they approached ripeness; and, accounting themselves lucky to have got them for themselves, they carried them off to store in caves high up in the cliffs, the approach to which was usually quite invisible and known only to themselves. Often enough those store caves never saw their crops, which were raided by the people of the plains. But if food was not always there, piles of great boulders invariably stood by their mouths. The Lomotwa tribesmen, not otherwise notable for a spirit of scientific enquiry, were interested in the relative resistances of the skulls of any people who might wish to climb to their munitions of rocks, and had found by experience that a falling boulder could crack almost any skull efficiently, if not always neatly.

The moment there appeared any danger, or potential danger, the hamlet would empty itself, men, women and children making off upwards with all their wealth—stools and mats, pots and gourds, spears and bows, and, it might be a few fowls and a goat. Their precarious life had made them expert cragsmen and hunters; and they lived largely on the products of the chase, on fish from the mountain streams and on roots, fruits and honey from the bush of the plateaux above them.

When Crawford and Thompson diligently sought them out, they would often find in the village just one lone white-haired old gentleman who no longer cared very greatly whether he lived or died, and who had remained behind to offer himself as the potential sacrifice. When he had satisfied himself of the *bona fides* of the visitors he would ring out a shrill cry of assurance, upon which down would come the human chamois from their lofty retreats, jumping and sliding, ready to extend a hearty welcome to Kalawfwa, whose renown had penetrated even into their fastnesses.

"Wherever God's servants go in Africa," Crawford writes under date of June 25, 1892, while at Mufunga's, a village near the site of the modern Belgian Poste Sampwe, "if they will keep their rifles out of sight at first, and move amongst the people, *not with condescension* but with simplicity and friendliness, they will always find a welcome.

Travellers may write all sorts of things about Africans, and they may find them vastly different from the people whom we met with, but the fact is that it is the mode in which they are first approached and in which they are afterward dealt with that determines their bearing towards a new-comer. If a man moves about with a heavily armed escort, and carries on all his dealings from behind a pointed rifle the result is certain—obviously the natives will flee and he may be left to starve.”

At the same time he wrote :

“ Since the sixth day of this journey we have been upon what is getting rare in Africa—namely, virgin soil, where the foot of white man had never trod before. You can imagine with what a joyous step we tread such soil, for the privilege is great to be, with the message of our King, before the busy self-seekers.”

At Kasanga's, about the 15th, they had a solemn and impressive talk over the camp fire with a crowd of people, the chief in particular seeming to drink in all that Crawford said. Wonderful story, the story of a Redeemer, one Yesu,* who loved men and would lead them to God, who also loved them. They passed on. But Kasanga remained to ponder over the extraordinary message. He could think of nothing else. It came to possess his whole being. His people began to look askance at him, to believe him mad. Finally one dark night he set off up the mountains, carried away by a power outside himself. All night he was led over the precipitous ridges of the edge of the Kundelungu range, up and down, always with a presence immediately before him, a presence which shed a light on the place where his feet were to tread. He himself asserted, and could not be shaken, that it was Yesu, the Yesu of whom he had been told who went with him. At the most awful places of all, Yesu held his hand and passed him safely over them. In one place he met a lion in the path. Without pausing he ordered it in the name of Yesu to hinder him not, and it crouched away to the side, letting him by. That he came safely back from such a journey taken on a moonless night seemed to the Lomotwa a miracle, for even for them the route he took is hardly passable in daylight. Some months later Kasanga, the conflict resolved in his mind in some

* Pronounced “ Yea-soo.”

way, and returned to the ordinary even tenour of his life, very happily presented himself to Kalawfwa one day at the Lofoi, and asked permission to build near by—a permission readily granted. For long he would relate again and again the wonderful history of that wild night walk with Yesu, every now and then pausing to interject, “It was Yesu, only Yesu, who did it all.”

“At Lusengo . . . all the people from far and near came together to listen to the strange things from the strange white men. When I was charging them with their sin in speaking ill of God, and with their unbelief in the love of God for them, the old chief, who is an outspoken sort of man, interrupted me several times to insist that God was a wrathful being who only killed people. Far on into the night we heard the villagers chattering about the newcomers, and going over again and again what they had heard. No doubt our coming is a big event in their lives. Many are the conjectures as to who we are. They marvel that we are not married, and the old patriarch remarked that we must be only boys yet—which we can easily agree with, since the remark came from him.

“We are encountering large supplies of food—fowls, eggs, sorghum, manioc, yams and honey from the mountains. Now and then venison, but small game is scarce. Elephants and rhinoceroses abound.”

Their objective, as we said, was Chifuntwe, the Yeke chief. In Mushidi's time he had been a great man, and had taken full advantage of his aristocratic position. Like the others he also was hated by the people round him, whom he certainly oppressed, though his reputation was nothing like so black as that of some of his fellow Yeke. After the Belgian *coup d'état*, when cohesion was lost, when every man's hand turned against every man, when all feared to cultivate, and when trade was diverted elsewhere because of the uncertain condition of the country, the former prosperity and wealth of the Yeke quickly disappeared. Many were soon killed off; some ran for it; and those who remained no longer swaggered abroad in voluminous calicos, but walked delicately in rags and kept themselves pretty well out of sight. Of these, up to June, 1892, was Chifuntwe.



DAN CRAWFORD

HUNTER, PLAYMATE AND PREACHER.



A Luba boy garbed in grass and leaves to represent in fun an embodied Spirit. Note Dan Crawford's use of the left arm.



In Mushidi's time, numbers of freebooters whom he would not admit to a share of his greatness, or who preferred an armed and precarious independence, came to hover about the borders of his empire, and to make pecks at the crumbs of his commercial magnificence. Among these there were three to the east who stood out from the flock—eagles rather than vultures. Of them, two were Muruturutu and Kafindo, who were Swahili in the employ of an Arab at Unyanyembe, and the third was Shimba. He called himself an Arab, and certainly was heavily Arabized, but he was probably a Nyamwezi, though some natives have the idea that he came originally from Uganda. His name of Shimba means "Lion," and was self-given, and is self-explanatory of the man. In 1890, Shimba, after years of being repressed by Mushidi, made a defiant bid for supreme power, crossing the Luapula and attempting to march on the capital. He was, however, driven off with heavy loss by Mukandavantu, who seems to have been somewhat of a real military genius. He took refuge on the island of Kilwa in the southern waters of Lake Mweru, where he definitely established himself, and whence for years he menaced the country. That his power was considerable is demonstrated by his having (later on) repulsed three Belgian expeditions which attempted to break him.

In 1892 the Lomotwa chiefs, feeling their own powerlessness to deal effectively with their despot Chifuntwe, followed the age-old Bantu custom of *ku loba dilobo*; that is to say of calling in, against mercenary considerations, generally liquidated in plunder, the armed assistance of some other chief. Needless to say, *dilobo* was not without its dangers to those who called it in. Who calls the fire to fight for him against the frying pan may find the subsequent liaison with the fire too warm—he may find himself "done," and that to a turn. For instance: it was as *dilobo* sought by a Shila woman* from the great Lunda monarch Mwata Yamvo that the first Kazembe originally invaded the Luapula lands, a simple general of a mercenary army. For the help he rendered her the whole land has paid heavily for many generations, and to this day still is paying,

* Her reason was that her brother Nkuva, the paramount chief, had killed her son, his nephew and potential heir, and offensively used his pelt as a mat.

supporting the successive Kazembes as a paramount dynasty.

Nevertheless, in despair, the Lomotwa called in Shimba against Chifuntwe. Kafindo also sent an army. On hearing of their approach and intentions, he, who was at this time a whitehaired old man, fled to the village of his daughter, Malova. There they surrounded him, built against him four war camps, and settled down to a guerilla struggle. The townsmen, including his kinsfolk, seeing his power was at an end, threw him off, and he was compelled to flee with no other attendant but one small lad. He made his way back toward his own village, intending to seek protection with Kalawfwa at the Lofoi, ignorant of course of the fact that Mr. Crawford was even then on his way to seek him out. But as he hid in the fields around his burnt-out village, they discovered him and speared him to death. And Mufunga, the Lomotwa chief, kept his skull, and every new moon solemnly took it down from the peg in his hut, whitewashed it, and drank beer from it in ceremonious remembrance of his enemy's death.

The Arab forces then moved on northward into Lubaland to help themselves to their pay, murdering chief after chief, burning down the villages and carrying off as slaves all the women and children and as many of the men as survived their ineffectual resistance. At this time they took away very considerable gangs indeed. Only Chivomba was able to resist them.

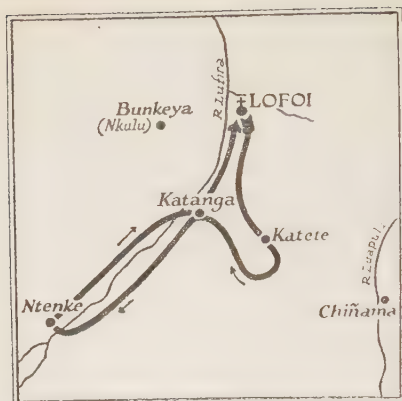
"All this," as Dan Crawford writes in July, 1893, when following them up to Chifuntwe's burnt village a few days behind them, "all this in the territory taken over by the Congo Free State. It is very simple for rulers sitting in conference in Europe to mark off frontiers with pretty coloured crayons, and to annex vast territories by mutual consent; but what is wanted is thoroughgoing administration. And for this they give only a handful of soldiers, who dare not venture out of their fort on the Lofoi, which is all the substitute offered for the thorough though despotic government of the late chief. God grant that soon this down-trodden country may be freed from the yoke of these slaving oppressors!" That is, the Arabs.

"*June 27th.* To-day we climbed up to Kumbura's

village, far up the mountain side, and dangerously situated at the foot of great sandstone cliffs which rise up some hundreds of feet immediately behind the village. After the rains huge boulders become detached from the parent mass and roll down, threatening the annihilation of village and villagers. Their position is impregnable, but they pay the penalty of their choice in the stunted crops of sorghum which are all they can coax from the rocky soil of the mountain. Here we had a memorable meeting with over two hundred people, and for the first time in their dark history the rocks sent back the echo of God's praise which for centuries had only resounded to the noise of heathen orgies and devil worship. It was touching to bid good-bye to some of these old whiteheaded, stoop-backed mountaineers whom we shall never see again in this world. Farewell, dear aged pilgrim! May we meet where twilight has turned to day. 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' "

From Chifuntwe's ruined village they turned back along the foot of the range, preaching everywhere as they went. They reached their own village on July 10th, to find, to their unbounded joy, that a mail from Bié had arrived during their absence. Crawford writes that it brought glad good news from the homeland; he does not say, as he might have done, that nearly all of it was *secondhand*. All he does say, is :

" If friends only knew what a letter means to us here, they would be less reluctant, less forgetful, to write us a word of cheer."



III RECONNAISSANCE SOUTHWARD

August and September,
1892

SOME three weeks after their return from their pioneer visit to the Lomotwa, Crawford and Thompson set out to take the Gospel in the opposite direction, southward into the Lamba country, of which the big chief was Ntenke. On the second day out Thompson spent the night in vomiting off and on, and decided against proceeding further. Dan therefore went on alone, with his deliberately tiny handful of lads, who, including little Sankuru, about seven years old, numbered only five. None of them were over fourteen, probably, since none of them were married. He took no loads with him except a cooking-pot or two, a square of cloth for a roof to spread over his bed of grass or leaves, and his writing materials. Some quinine and his Bible completed his outfit. Of food he took absolutely nothing; tea and coffee had run out long before. Of tinned goods he never had had any. He depended entirely on what he could find along the road. He had developed a definite policy of avoiding all parade of every sort, whether of possessions, or of employed men.

His journal of the journey commences on August 1st, 1892, with an expression of what his village itinerating was undertaken for. He heads it:

"Motto: 'I bring you good tidings of great joy.'

Luke 2, 10.

Resolve: 'To preach the Gospel, not where Christ was named.'

Rom. 15, 20.

"*Aug. 1st.* Reached our friend Muemena's. He will soon have one of the largest villages in the country. His sympathies have always run with the Yeke, and the great portion of his talk is about the old days of Mushidi's splendour. Found some Biheans at this place, ubiquitous folk, who reminded us of past days, and chatted pleasantly of friends in Bié. I confess I like to hear the old dialect once again, and especially a Bihean's description of things. There he squats, in a strange country, far from home, yet thoroughly at home, displaying the most marvellous aptitude for talking dialects, and making himself comfortable."

"*2nd.* Passing through Muemena's old village we made a halt to hold a meeting with the crowd of people still hanging on there. On the road we found all the pools dried up, and the country bare and uninviting, owing to its having been swept quite recently by grass fires. In these fires much game is trapped in long lines of deep pits. The pits are dug at intervals of from ten to twenty yards, and then skilfully covered with earth, grass, twigs, etc., till they have the appearance of terra firma. The space between them is strongly stockaded so that the game, driven by the fire, makes for the apparent gaps, and so meets its doom in the pits.

"Mr. Thompson was ill during the night, and not feeling any better in the morning, resolved to turn back; so I proceed southward alone."

"*3rd.* Saw Mr. Thompson off this morning in a hammock made out of his blanket. My guide stupidly got off the path, and I stupidly acquiesced. After an hour, the path abruptly ended in a cornfield, which gave me the opportunity to depose the guide, and afterwards to take him in hand. The sun, however, turned out too strong for me, and I fell behind. Walking soon gave place to tottering, and finally giving up I lay down by the roadside in a stupor for three hours. At last some men found me, and improvising a hammock of bark rope, carried me into Chikunkuluka's, which we reached near sundown."

"*4th.* Rest here to-day among a large crowd of old friends. Since last year the village has trebled itself. Chikako and all his people are here. It is very strongly placed, a large

portion of the stockade being on the brink of the steep left bank of the Lufira. It is a Yeke stronghold. The Yeke are now the most loyal subjects the Congo Free State has ; and what I do seek for them is out-and-out protection. The Lufira is still a broad stream here, though perceptibly shallower, and broken by rapids. The little boys of the village make it their playground when the sun is up, spending hours swimming up and down, back and forth, like fishes."

"5th. Bad fever to-day. Compelled to rest. Spoke to a large gathering on the wonderful sight of love presented by the Cross of Christ. Man doing his very worst—God doing His very best ; man's enmity reaching its height in the murder of God's Son—God's love laying a basis for the reconciliation of all things unto Himself. One man spontaneously exclaimed : ' Ah, we here don't do that, We avenge the death of our relatives.' And indeed the word 'avenge' is scarcely ever off their tongues. Thus they stand convicted, for God's ways are not so.

"The prevailing pests of native villages are sleep-destroying hunting dogs. They are wide awake only during the night, when they prowl about picking up a livelihood."

"6th. Feeling quite recovered, I got under way early this morning. The canoe was on the opposite side and a long delay threatened us, which was obviated by my little boy Sankuru. Only seven years old, he walked down the bank a bit, unknown to me, and plunging boldly in despite the cold of the dawn hour, swam across and brought the canoe over.

"Made a good journey to-day, for, as always happens after the second or third day on the road, our stiffness wears off, and we get into that happy condition when travelling is a pleasure ; the food picked up, however coarse, is delightful ; and one's sleep sweet and sound.

"Passed through two small hamlets of the Lembwe, a people scattered along the Lufira banks, and existing for the most part on fish. They are very dirty and lazy, wallowing in filth, and seeming to look on life through sleepy eyelids, wondering how little they can do and yet exist. They catch fish in the small stream by throwing in a poisonous fruit. Large quantities are killed in this

way, and as learned afterwards, the fish on which I fared sumptuously to-day had been killed in this manner! Flesh bought from native hunters, too, is pretty certain to be from animals killed by the deadly arrow-poison (*lubembe*) used here, though the hunters generally deny it to us, knowing our antipathy to it."

"7th. Lulled to sleep last night by the music of the near-by falls. Got off at daybreak to traverse for the first hour a lovely forest full of wild walnut trees bearing ripe nuts. Camped in an old war camp of Likuku's, on the bank of the Lufira.

"During our tramp across country, God saved us from the mouths of lions. My gun-carrier and myself pushed on ahead hoping to kill some game, as the country about here is reported to teem with buck. We had just passed a dry water course when from the thick grass out bounded three lions, two males and a female, between us and our helpless little rear company of four. The lions stood only a second or two before bounding off again into the long grass like frightened dogs. The natives, coming up, found a large water-buck moaning in the grass, which had been brought down by the lions. That they had already found their prey might to some people be a sufficient explanation of why these lions did not attack us. But a Christian will see in it God's mighty delivering power.

"Alas for the sceptical spirit of this age, which would explain life and all its wonderful make-up of hair-breadth escapes and blessings, *minus* God, the great first cause of all! At camp, the incident being in the minds of every one, we had a solemn time in which some were visibly affected. The ground about here will ever be hallowed, to me, with the memory of deliverances. It was in this neighbourhood also that Mons. Dedderick was nearly killed in mistake for me eight months ago. And now comes this lion deliverance.

"Down again with a certain ague, the preface to a high fever. Following Dr. Kirk's chapter on 'Lowering the Flame,' in which all hands engaged, we soon got the fever under. This succession of attacks has drained the strength out of me, but I feel I may move on slowly. If I delay, the rainy season will be upon me with its swollen rivers and its inundation of the Lufira country. A visit to the south would then be impossible."

" 8th. Passed a number of deserted hamlets, telling all too plainly of the terrible ravages the late long-continued war made in the country. Reached the Salt Pans of Muachia, after four hours' journey, where we found the people existing on ground roots. Even these have to be brought from a distance, and are dry and sapless, as hard as sticks. Muachia, like all the rest of the Sanga, hailed Mushidi's death with delight. He has evacuated his stockade as a sign of having abandoned hostilities, or having, as he put it, 'broken the knife.'

" The famous Salt Pans are a wonderful sight, the long stretch of white reminding one of a December scene at home. The old chief took me through the plain, which is bounded on the west by the green-banked Lufira. Stepping across the salt with conscious pride, he stopped to ask me if ever in my life I had seen such a sight. On my telling him that there was salt enough in Cheshire to feed him and all the country he began to look smaller, for he really did seem to think that he had, in this salt of his, one of the seven wonders of the world. Winding through the Pans is a hot stream, which bubbles up out of the ground near by, undrinkable on account of its saltiness. Contrary to the usual African ways, there is no toll exacted from those who gather salt, nor any limit to how much they take. The only restriction laid down governs the mode employed.

" All salt must be gathered with the hands only. I stooped down to-day, quite innocently, to take up a little of the whitest salt with my knife, when my guide approached beseechingly, and said, 'O white man, if thou put thy knife to this salt the rains will fall and all will disappear.' Of course it is a fact that when the rains do fall, all the salt is carried off into the Lufira, but since the rains are probably still some two months off, the connection between them and my knife is not quite clear! The Africans, hemmed in by two fixed seasons, and sure almost to a day when the first rains will fall, yet commit themselves to many such statements, which can be challenged by anyone, and proved to be nonsense. However, to indulge in such challenges is thankless and futile, for the said Africans, when fully convicted, only say with laughs 'How shrewd these white men are!' This is their method, too, of treating our sacred message. Oh, what we need is God's own convicting power to sweep aside the refuge of lies."

" 9th. Last night around a large fire we had a solemn meeting. All the village assembled, the chief in the centre. This morning 'while it was yet dark' I was wakened by hearing the old man calling in a hoarse voice, from his hut, to anyone who might be awake, 'Who was it who came down to deliver us? I forget.' (He used a grand word which includes both the idea of fierce warfare and the appearance of a deliverer on the scene to rescue.) I awaited the answer, which came in equally sleepy tones from a far-off corner in the village—'Mose.' One of my boys broke in, 'No, you're wrong. Mose was just a man like ourselves; but Jesus had no sin, and was God's only-begotten One.' Then came a pause, broken by the old chief soliloquising thus in a low tone, 'Ah, we have been lying about God all these years, and so did our fathers, for we never knew that Satan was doing all the bad.' At this point snoring was resumed all round, until Muachia some time after gave a loud yawn, and began to look after salt affairs.

" One thing is certain about the message delivered among raw Africans, and that is, that long years afterwards some will be found who have retentively remembered all that was said; and further, that these in their own chattering way have passed on to hundreds what they heard, along with other things that attracted attention, such as the boots the white man wore, his patched garments, the length of his beard, etc.

" Lieut. Legat came up from the south to-day, reporting nothing but a hungry waste ahead as far as Katanga, with numbers of large abandoned villages on the road. I have, therefore, resolved to make a long detour eastward, as far as the large Lamba chief Katete's, on the road to the Ushi country and Bangweulu, through a part not yet trodden by white man.

" Fever again to-day, and I am compelled to remain here. Muachia is a great centre for pilgrims to the Salt Pans, and large companies are arriving and departing daily, but the actual number of residents is small. The pure Lamba dialect is spoken by the people."

" 11th. In order to break the back of a long journey we were up and off before sunrise. The temperature was just at freezing point, which is a serious thing to me, from the lightness of my clothing. And the effect on my naked

followers is most pitiful to behold. All along the path were lots of acacias with their long curved thorns . . . a real difficulty to the man with few clothes. As long as these thorns have to be squeezed through, torn garments are inevitable. You are made a prisoner by some branch with its many thorns, you spend a long time in carefully disentangling each one, and then when *quite* free you make that delayed forward step . . . *r-r-r-r-i-p*! Another tear, just the same.

"Had the odd experience of killing two deer with one bullet. I was aiming at the female when the buck, sniffing danger for its spouse, gallantly ranged up into position between my rifle and the latter, so that the bullet passed through both.

"As we move east now, the wonder of the native increases, and one's white skin has to pay tribute to curiosity. The whole village mustered to the evening meeting, and listened to the wonderful story of love. If Christians at home could only once view one of these open-mouthed gatherings, their apathy and callous indifference regarding the dying millions of heathendom would go for ever."

"*12th.* Heading all day for Katete's, through beautiful forest land. After twenty miles journeying E.S.E. we reached his large stockaded village, crowded with people. The houses, as in all our large stockaded towns, are built close together—the maddest of ideas, for a lighted arrow shot into one grass roof would set the whole town ablaze. Dirt is quite compatible with dignity in Africa. In fact, as far as I have yet been able to comprehend, they are allied here; and Katete's is no exception to the rule. Filth abounds everywhere, till within a few feet of the chief's enclosure, and his lordship sits serenely in the midst of it all, with a look which seems to say, 'I'm monarch of all I survey, My right there is none to dispute.' He is a very genial and kind-hearted man, with a lot of common sense. He welcomed me with, 'So you have come to your own country, white man, and we are glad to see you.' Then followed a long speech to his people about the white men, and that since Mushidi's death they were the chiefs in the country. His presents of food are beginning to flow in, each of his wives having instructions to keep us going. Honey in great

quantity, potatoes, fowls, flour, are being left at my tent door, and the prospects are that we shall be gluttoned with food before we get out of here. No white man has ever been here before, and all day long crowds throng around me, listening intently to what I say. Old disputed grievances are raked up out of the past for adjudication, but they are disappointed if they expect a verdict either pro. or con.

"I am now only three days off Chiñama's, the great chief of the Ushi, whose capital is on the east of the Luapula river, but cannot go on just now, as my object is to reach the people south-west from here, around Katanga and Ntenke's.

"The Koni and Katombwe ranges end here, and the Kundelungu range is to be seen running east. This last is the most marvellous example I have ever seen of striking uniformity in a range of mountains. Wherever seen it is unmistakable, the height and general appearance being always the same. All along its course, about thirty feet from the top are three strata of sandstone, which from a distance give the appearance of ancient tide-water marks."

"15th. After spending two days with these kind Katete folk, got away to-day. They loaded us with all the kindness they could command, and in parting this morning large crowds lined our path to say good-bye.

"We journeyed all day to the sound of sighing trees and falling leaves. An African autumn has great but pathetic beauty about it; before falling the leaves assume their loveliest tints and most varied hues.

"Scarcity of water to-day. After bearing down for more than an hour on a large green-banked stream, with parched lips, and body aching with thirst, I stooped to the water . . . cruel! It was as salt as the ocean! Then I saw that there was salt lying about on the adjacent soil like hoar frost.

"We get along the roads here only with great difficulty and discomfort. The reason is that in the rainy season they are simply stretches of slushy quagmire; when the rains go and the sun bakes everything as hard as rock, the deep footprints of people and animals, as also the intervening ridges, all remain as they were moulded in mud, but now completely hardened. The result is a path, of course,

only a foot wide, full of deep pits and irregularities in which one's ankles and toes are twisted most painfully."

" 16th. Last night lions were swarming in the forest where we camped. Not many yards from our camp one group in particular made the very ground reverberate for hours with roaring such as I had never dreamed lions capable of. The serenading continued all night long, the last chorus dying away after sunrise when we were packing up for a start. As all my people were lying about in the open round flickering camp fires, I spent the night wakeful and half dressed. One had to be on the alert to see that the logs were kept blazing.

" To-day we were ascending, and we have now reached a considerable altitude, as the intense cold testifies. No people nor traces of former occupation. The 'kazembe' fly* is the standing and exciting problem. It is less rancorous and more easily caught in the morning and evening than at noon, when it seems to catch some of the fire of the scorching rays of the sun, and is in arms against all human flesh. Marching Indian file, the rule of the road is, that the man behind has a whack at *kazembe* on the back of the man in front, the sharpness of the thump being quite lost sight of in the kindness of the act. The only dissatisfied man is the last one, who has nobody behind him, while the one privileged individual (generally myself!) is the first man—nobody in front, but someone behind! Camped at Mululu, a stockaded village with three large forts in it."

At Mululu he spent the 17th, and from there wrote to his mother :

" I am moving slowly south for Ntenke's in the Lamba country, and have made a detour east to get among people who never saw a white man before. Glorious business, this, dear mother! More and more I realize that my work must be itinerating the land with my Bible and the fewest possible followers, spreading the Good News. As we move from village to village I seem to hear Him who always was and always is with His own, saying as of yore, ' Let us, US, go into the other villages also and preach, for therefore came I forth.' "

* The tsetse. Kazembe signifies " Little Fierce 'Un."

"18th. All day traversed thickly wooded country, alternating ridge and hollow, the latter generally having a dry stream bed running through it. Struck the Luembe River, crossed it, and camped in Mukaka's large village.

"We found this old chief wrapped from head to foot in Arab garments, most sedate and gentlemanly. He began at once to see after our comforts; and from hard on our arrival until near sundown the dull thud of meal-pounding was coming from various directions. I tell them plainly I have only a scanty supply of cloth, but it does not stifle the genuine desire of many to do us honour and kindness. As a preliminary proceeding the chief brought out for us about five gallons of a delicious honey drink*. In the evening came a full load of pure honey, as much as a man could carry, three fowls, and fully 100 lbs. of meal.

"Formal thanks soon gave place to solemn talk. I define our position in the land, and tell them the reason for all this trudging about the country. 'We come from a far land, brothers, seeking you out in God's name, to bring you His words of love.' Of course, incredulous looks there are at first, for the African's idea, and alas, his experience too, of the white man is to suspect him of ulterior money-making motives in coming here."

"20th. Slept last night at the Muera river. After twenty miles to-day reached Katanga. The village is on a plain, which is skirted by two good-sized streams, the Lupembashi and the Luafi. The chieftainship of Katanga is no doubt old; hence its prominence on the map; but the Katanga of to-day is a sickly youth with scarce a handful of people round him. The village and everything about it has a dilapidated and poverty-stricken look. The smallness of the patches of cultivation shows that the inhabitants do not eat porridge for more than three months in the year. The remaining nine are eked out by ground roots. Ntenke, originally an underling of Katanga's, has absorbed most of the people about here. The Lamba people, unlike their neighbours the Lomotwa and the Lembwe, scarcely ever scatter over the country in handfuls, preferring to huddle together inside one large stockade."

* Called *munkoyo*. It is similar to the old-time Britons' drink of mead. Water, honey and an astringent forest root are the ingredients.

" 21st. The forest land, more or less continuous since leaving Katete, is still with us, and stretches unbroken far south to the vast prairies of the English territory among the feeders of the Zambesi. Its lofty trees rise overhead in wonderful grandeur; but the danger, at this season, from the falling of these monsters is very great. One or two narrow escapes have made us deeply thankful. There is a considerable quantity of fruit to be picked up in these forests, though the rinds are thick and the stones large. The birds and monkeys are safe guides to which of them are edible.

" Climbed a hill to-day where I found recent excavations for copper. It is chiefly from around here that the copper in the country comes.

" We are now journeying south-west, with the Lufira running parallel on our right, some miles off. The maps, to the best of my judgement, are all out.

" Native travellers met with on the road all make deceptive manœuvres until convinced that we come peaceably. A party of six carrying food sees us a long distance off. Immediately all the baskets are in hiding in the grass, along with five of the party. The sixth, a bolder spirit, comes along the path until we accost him: he tells a story which is a stupid concoction of lies, palpably false, and when he finds out who we are he coolly whistles up his hiding friends, regardless of the fact that their appearance on the scene gives the lie to his story. Tell him solemnly that he lied, sinned before God, and he will only laugh, thinking he has done a smart thing. I have never yet met the African who showed an abhorrence of or disgust at lying or thieving. In his heart he really admires a clever theft or lie, and chuckles with glee at the smartness of the thing. The soil here in the heart of Africa may be virgin to the white man: it is not so to Satan. The trail of the Old Serpent is over the land."

" 22nd. From one hill in the Lamba country in the south-west, three rivers wind away in different directions. It is called the 'Hill of the Three Basins.' From it the Lufobo flows east into the Luapula, the Luenge south into the Zambesi, and the Lupoto (which we crossed to-day) north-west into the Lufira. The story heard by Livingstone at Kazembe's that the Lufira and the Lualaba rivers

have their sources in the same ant hill is true. Camped in Miamba's village alongside the Lufira, which here is a river of mean size.

"For the past week we have been going along very rough paths, and the feet of my little company are beginning to give out. Roots growing in the path prove fatal to their toes. An African on the march ranks his feet even before his stomach; which is saying a great deal! Many Africans have scruples, deep-seated and sacred, about eating the flesh of certain animals. Again and again I have seen a native go to sleep hungry when his fellows were eating fresh roast meat by the pound, just because the animal slaughtered was '*mujilo*' to him. Some won't eat flesh, as the Yeke; others, certain antelopes; others refuse the meat of the zebra; others again, hippo; and so on." *

"25th. Reached Ntenke's, past which flows the small stream, Ditakata. For two hours the approach to it was through large plantations, in which the people were busy clearing the ground for the coming rains. The town is on the border of a large plain, and is large beyond all my expectations. It has an outer and an inner stockade, within which live hundreds of villagers, regardless of all decency and cleanliness. They look fat and coarse as they wallow in the fœtid atmosphere of their village, and seem pleased with their surroundings of abounding filth and dirt. In the narrow space between the huts they pile all their garbage, ashes, etc., and as the months and years go past without any attempt to remove them, the heaps of filth assume considerable dimensions, and send forth an abominable stench. Outside the stockades is a stagnant pool of greenish water, in which apparently for years have been bathed all the foul ulcers of the hundreds who have lived and died in the village. At noon I see ten or twenty mothers washing the sores of ten or twenty babies. What was at

* The underlying idea is that there is an affinity, of a sort almost familial, between the "tribes" of animals, and the clans of the human animal. The members of a clan whose relationship is with, say, the zebra, take that animal for their "totem," and are called "the Zebra Folk." Everything connected with the zebra is "sanctified" to them. For them to eat its flesh would be a sort of cannibalism, a kind of stomachic incest, the committal of which would necessarily involve offending the spirit world, and must inevitably, therefore, bring some disaster upon those who committed such wrong.

first perhaps a simple cut soon develops into some loathsome disease, such as 'munono' (yaws). The wonder is that a general epidemic has not wiped them out.

"Ntenke himself is an elderly man of imposing mien, with his hair fantastically bedecked with coloured beads, after the fashion of the Lamba people. Having had a Yeke training, he is very pompous, and gives his commands with a roar, supplemented with such epithets as 'Son of the dust' or 'Son of a dog.' His name signifies Thunder. And he says, 'I speak, and they tremble.' Like most African chiefs he is greedy and believes in kidnapping—hence the large crowd of people around him. My idea of the man is that unless effectually bridled, and that soon, he will carry on things in a high-handed way. For many years he was one of Mushidi's generals. Finally, he broke loose when Mushidi's power was waning and established himself independently down here in the south; much to Mushidi's chagrin and wrath. One of the last memories I have of Mushidi is of finding him in the midst of diviners who were averring that, according to a black streak running through a certain stick, Ntenke was as good as dead. Picking up the stick, Mushidi handed it to me, saying with glee, 'See, he is dead. Ntenke is dead.' As I did not happen to see, I told him so. At which the old man handed it back to the medicine-men, saying, 'Ah, well, these white men don't believe in such things.' Poor Mushidi! Ntenke has survived him. If that black streak signified anything, it was that it spoke of his own death.

"There are two hills rising up behind Ntenke's which are, it is said, masses of magnetic iron. They cause a considerable deflection of the compass needle."

At Ntenke's Crawford met Commandant Bia and Lieutenant Franqui. The former of these officers of the Belgian army was looking weary and ill. These were the gentlemen of the Belgian expedition which, coming from the lower Congo by way of Sankuru, had reached Nkulu early in 1892, during the disorders consequent upon Mushidi's death.

At that time Crawford was still being hindered by absolute lack of funds (i.e., cloth), from carrying out the intention he had formed in Mushidi's lifetime, of running what he called a "Gospel seed furrow" across to the lands

sanctified, in some sense, by the death in them of Livingstone. He had been planning to take with him to Chitambo, together with a present of cloth sent to the chief from England and Scotland in recognition of the part he had played in the care of the body of the great doctor, a memorial tablet in bronze inscribed :

“LIVINGSTONE DIED HERE, ILALA, May 1st, 1873.”

The plaque had been entrusted to Arnot, with the accompanying gifts in 1888-89, for conveyance to Ilala. The Royal Geographical Society had made him the Murchison grant for the purpose. In 1891, in Bié, Arnot had passed them on to Thompson, who had brought them as far as Mushidi's.

When Commandant Bia passed by Nkulu intending to proceed to those very parts, the memorial, with the gifts, were entrusted to him by the missionaries. He, of whom Crawford writes that he was “a charming gentleman,” carried it to Ilala. There he discovered that the Chitambo who had befriended Livingstone had been dead for five years, and had been succeeded by a youth of nineteen or twenty years of age.

Commandant Bia told Crawford that Miéremière was becoming increasingly dangerous. He it was who had maltreated the explorer Giraud, whose iron boat, in sections, still remained in his hands. Since the death of Mushidi, whose vassal he had been, he had begun to crow very loudly. “Mushidi is dead. Now I am Mushidi.”

On the evening of the 24th, the two officers and Mr. Crawford were supping together when Bia withdrew, excusing himself on the ground of having a little fever. He took to his bed, and never rose from it again. For days on end, and for hours every day, he had been wading, up to the knees, up to the waist, up to the neck in the waters and the slush of the awful swamps of Bangweulu, now falling into hidden holes, now stumbling over unseen tummocks, and always and ever bitten, bitten, bitten by the swarming myriads of shrill insatiable mosquitoes. Those were the swamps that had given the *coup de grâce* to Livingstone. They killed Bia also. On the 25th blackwater supervened; the intermittent fevers of the

next two days appalled the young missionary by their intensity ; time and again by wet packs he reduced the alarming temperature, only to see it soar again ; a sense of helplessness and of catastrophe took hold of him. On the 28th Lieut. Derscheid arrived. All that night Crawford and he kept vigil in the tent of death. The flickers of the naked wick and the stench of raw sesame oil. . . .

The creak of the bed's green sticks—the agonizing creak that must come again, that does not come, and then does come as a shocking surprise. . . .

Always the wasted form beneath the worn blanket that labours for every difficult breath ; always the faint fleck of foam that flickers *in-out, in-out, in-out* between the livid lips ; always the skin of deep, direful yellow, dull, tightly drawn over the harsh cheekbones. . . .

Like a mummy. . . .

Cadaverous. . . .

At Ntenke's, in the arms of Dan Crawford, at 4.30 p.m., on the 29th day of August, 1892, Commandant Bia breathed his last.

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One's first bush death leaves a mark on one. Dan Crawford never forgot that death, the first of many at which he was destined to "assist" as the Belgians so expressively say. He wrote :

"I am reminded of the divine wisdom *we* need here in spending and being spent in the Master's Cause. This is really our need—not delicacies, but wisdom."

From Ntenke's, where Bia's sickness and death had detained him unexpectedly long, Crawford turned back ; and, constrained by the lateness of the season and the approach of the rains, followed a more direct route along the banks of the Lufira. He had only that square of canvas to spread over his bed, of some use as a protection from the heavy dews, but none in case of rain. His men could sleep in the village huts. But experience had warned him that for a white man the attentions of the myriads of un-human, yes, and in-human, occupants of those huts—the mosquitoes and the ticks, the bugs and the lice, not to mention the

flies and the sandflies, the rats and the mice—were sure to be followed by illness.

It was this tentless, as well as tea-less and coffee-less, but especially dauntless boy—what more was he at 21?—who wrote to his beloved mother from Ntenke's assuring her that all was well with him. He entrusted the letter to passing Biheans, and it came safely to hand after many months. He wrote:

“I hope you often pray that my labours out here may not be in vain in the Lord—indeed, if they *are* ‘in the Lord’ they cannot be in vain. So you must ask of Him that all may be done for Jesu's sake. To live breathing the atmosphere of Eternity is my heart's desire. The night watch of Time can be dreary only to those who say, ‘My Lord delayeth His coming’; never to those who see in the tarrying His long-suffering Grace beckoning the rebels home. Tea and coffee, of course, I have none; but the cruse of oil never fails. I am joyful; singing all the time.”

All along the Lufira valley on the return, the country had the appearance of having been extensively cultivated not long before, but there were very few people remaining. They passed through village after village in ruins. They had been sacked by the Sanga during the rebellion.

One of the largest of these ruined and de-populated villages was that which had been Inanzala's. The name Inanzala means, literally, “Mother of Hunger”; but, with an ironic nuance it was used in the sense exactly opposite—“Mother of Plenty.” Its once proud owner had been renowned for her powers of cultivation. She was a sister of Mushidi's, and under his regime of women governors had been the administrator of an important and powerful, populous country in the Lufira valley. She had been taken prisoner and reduced to bondage by Katanga, in whose town Mr. Crawford found her. She who had once owned a large village was discovered living in a hovel that was more holes than hut. She whose wide-stretching fields and bursting granaries had once been the admiration of a whole countryside was found starving to death, an old woman shrivelled and shrunken. She who had led a thousand joyous moonlight revels looked out on to the

white stranger through eyes that were lack-lustre and dull with the apathy of hopelessness until it dawned on her that this was the man whom Mushidi had nominated as his successor, that this was Kalawfwa. Down she goes, down prostrate on the ground before him. "Lord, Lord," she cries, "Lord, redeem me, redeem me," the old voice begs, cries, shrieks, implores as resurrected hope and long despair fight in her their bitter fight. The old eyes weep and are washed alive again by the tears. "Redemption—redemption," she sobs.

The tender heart of Dan Crawford never could, never would, resist the sight of aged distress. He stalked off to Katanga. The interview was stormy. Dan Crawford, indignant, was not afraid of righteous anger. He used no threats; and he was alone but for a handful of mere youths. Nevertheless Katanga quailed before him. The prize exhibit of all the Sanga triumph—Mushidi's own sister—was his; but he let her go. Before the blaze of anger in those fierce blue eyes he wilted. And to an unarmed man who limped painfully up to him in a flapping pair of slippers he released her. Dan Crawford was always a champion of the downtrodden. Cruelty, sin, he would denounce with immense vigour. He literally bristled at those times.

They left Katanga's, and Inanzala went with them. All the rest of the way she was first out of the camp in the morning, determined to show that she would not be a drag on her rescuer. The days go by. Now they are coming near. Here is Mukandavantu's town. The first ones to see her in the fields stare, and stare, and stare again. Can it be? What? Inanzala? Freed—redeemed—escaped? It is! And they rush off to warn the chief, her nephew, and all the people. Here they come, a whole township, young and old, men and women, howling round her, weeping over her, smearing themselves with earth, rolling over and over in the dust, yelling, dancing, singing. . . . This our Inanzala that was lost is found, that was dead is alive again.*

As soon as they let her, she tells how it was and who it

* Poor old Inanzala! She was only destined to exercise her skill in the plantations twice more. That year she dug—1892. And next year she began on great fields. But a lion got her as she plied her hoe one morning; she was too old to run; he got her and ate her completely on the spot. And so gorged was he with his meal that he in his turn could not run, and her nephew Malele with a few others killed him where he stood belching.

was. Then the big royal drums roll out a regal welcome to the redeemer; then the *marimba* sound their kingly gratitude, then the people come forth leaping and dancing and singing: "Kalawfwa has redeemed our princess—by Kalawfwa has Inanzala been redeemed." Then Mukandavantu, Mushidi's successor, marks his appreciation by the gift of a slave lad, an Ushi boy of about seven years old, Katapila by name. Then Kalawfwa accepts the token, giving the lad his freedom on the spot, and gaining thereby a worshipping follower.

And Mukandavantu raises a feast for them, and glad they are to eat of it, for these have been hard days of hunger. No villages, no food. And even where there were a few folk, they were down to their last handfuls, eating seed even. The fag-end of the year: seed-time: improvidence. The game too, on which they had lived almost exclusively, had been very scarce and very man-shy. Besides, four days and nights of torrential rain, earlier than anyone had expected it, had inundated them and they had sat soaked to the skin, huddling together for warmth over the drenched ashes of their fires and waiting miserably for the early light of dawn to allow them to venture out on to the sopping path to walk a little warmth into their chilled and starved bodies. Yes, it had been a hard journey, that return trip, and nobody was very sorry to see their little village come in sight on the Lofoi, or to sleep again under a water-tight thatch.

IV

RE-GATHERING OF THE PEOPLE : LOFOI STATION

BACK at their village of Lofoi, Crawford and his lads were glad to sleep again under water-tight thatches. They were fortunate in finding them there to be slept under. In the latter months of the dry season, the very months they had been away, the long grass that springs up each year to cover the face of the whole country, grows yellow and sapless until it becomes nothing less than a crackling, swaying layer of tinder, varying from six to sixteen feet high and waiting only a spark to send the whole face of the land up in flames. While they were away south, the fires had swept from the plains up the valley to their little village so fiercely, that, as Thompson's diary has it, under date August 13, "Crawford's house had a narrow escape from being burned to-day. I had had the space around my house cleared, but the grass was standing round Crawford's house."

It must not be concluded from this that Dan was deliberately careless of property. The truth was rather that he had determined to have none of which the care would interfere with his freedom to move whenever and wherever the Spirit led him out to evangelize. The house was not intrinsically valuable in any case. It was constructed of purely local materials. His manuscripts, the records of his language study and the beginnings of his New Testament translation constituted all the possessions to which he attached real value—all these he carried about with him. Long before this he had discriminated pretty severely between things which he considered necessities, and the others which he thought might easily be foregone. Houses and lands and European food and property in all its aspects were classed unhesitatingly in the second category, just as scope to labour for his Master and liberty to love and serve *all* the saints were as definitely in the first.

"I have all things and abound, although I have not one

yard of what goes for an indispensable in Africa. The fact is, my Master's smile and His everlasting arms to bear me up are *the* indispensables. Oh! how dark and lonesome Africa would become without them!"

So he wrote.

In the two years that followed on Mushidi's death he had ample opportunity to learn whether the practice of poverty was as attractive as the theory. No supplies reached them from the stocks which were sent out to the West Coast. His clothes wore out. His trade cloth (his only currency) not once, but at least three times over, became entirely exhausted: on one occasion a half-caste trader kindly took the risk of accepting from him a draft for the value of a few bales; once Mr. Thompson loaned him a few lengths; once the chief Kazembe made him a gift of forty yards. His bed sheets went to clothe his family of lads. His towels also. Finally, when there was not a stitch of cloth of any sort that could be pressed into the service of covering their nakedness he went off to kill an elephant, intending to exchange the ivory for the wherewithal to clothe his family and himself. That was well on in 1893.

On November 13, 1892, not long after their return from the Lamba country, when he had been for long months without a single article of European provision, he wrote:

"Thank God, though such luxuries as tea, coffee, and cocoa have to come from Europe and may be months in transit, the joy of God comes from heaven, and may be mine in a moment!"

And that was his attitude throughout.

During the early months of the wet season of '92-'93, he himself took axe and hoe in hand, first to clear a field, and then to dig a plantation for his increasing family. He wrote:

"Everybody has shaken off sloth, and is up and at cultivation. When one hears the crash of falling trees all day long until sundown one can only wish for the African that he had more constancy in his nature; then might he achieve wonders. In one day he can perform

herculean work, clearing the bush, but then he will squat for a fortnight doing nothing! The Kasanga valley these days is favoured past all the other fertile nooks I know of in the land, for when most natives are hungry, not starving please note, the second crop of their corn is ripe, and is attracting the whole country-side there. All are there, ostensibly seed buying; but beholding some of these seed buyers on the return journey with half empty sacks, you can gauge fairly well how much ground has really been cultivated. The real reason for the scanty corn they are carrying back, and their having exchanged skins for the cloth they were wearing, is that they have been gorging on the precious seed; so that, being emphatically children of a day, they return to be a drag on the country, and to join the great company of whiners who swarm around us. Long ago we anticipated this, and took in large stores of corn, and are still holding these to some extent in reserve, until real need arrives. This drawing a fine distinction between hunger and starvation may seem to some a very cold, calculating mode of dealing with such sad and crying creatures; but we here, who last year had to pass along roads strewn here and there with the putrifying bodies of human beings, and who, warned by the smell of the decomposing dead had to increase our pace when passing hamlets (deserted, of course), must draw such a sad line."

In addition to taking steps to secure food for the coming year, he also began to build a larger house, his first one at the Lofoi having been in reality a merely temporary hut.

In 1893, after Arnot had returned to England, there were seventeen missionaries along the (western) line of communication (14 of whom were in Bié), and one or two letters had filtered through to Lofoi from those parts which still held out hopes that of the missionary reinforcements arriving, or to arrive in Africa by that West Coast route, at least one might be found to join the two lonely men in the interior. Accordingly, Crawford put up a three-roomed house, of which the middle apartment, the dining-room, was entered through a thatched porch 10 to 12 feet in size and intended for the comfortable accomodation of the chiefs and other natives who were now coming in ever increasing numbers to consult him upon matters of every

kind. Mr. Thompson also set about building himself a new house on a scale rather more commodious than Crawford's. Of this undertaking, Crawford wrote :

“ On my return from Ntenke's I started the building of a larger house, in order to have shelter up for any new-comer who might venture in here at the close of the year. After a lot of hard labour under a blazing sun and handling some ponderous timber, I have at last got all the frame-work up, and purpose thatching to-morrow. As early as ten o'clock in the morning one begins to feel uncomfortably warm, and from that time onwards the baking process proceeds, until at noon, when every shadow has shortened into nothing, the axes and tools have become literally untouchable from the heat. At last we give up and plunge into our mountain stream for relief, at a spot shut off on both sides by sunken trees, and most unlikely for crocodiles to frequent. Mr. Thompson and I, some of these days lately, have seen the thermometer at 102° in the shade. Our hats, like our houses here, need broad brims, and even with these it is difficult to bear up against the stupefying sensation one feels after long exposure to the sun.

“ In the middle of house-building I struck work and visited the old capital, partly in the hope of finding letters there among some newly arrived Biheans, and also to see a Portuguese trader, an employee of the Dutch house. Through the kind thoughtfulness and courtesy of Mr. Bird at Nakandundu's, I did find a number of *Echoes of Service* brought by Kawanga, a Bihean, but unfortunately our mail was held back.

“ I found two other camps of Biheans, which brings the total number of Bihean caravans in the country at present up to seven. One of these had the misfortune to bring small-pox with it. The disease was not long in entering the village of Munema, where the young chief is with all his following. As yet I have heard of no deaths, though many are sick.

“ There is nothing more irritating to a European than to see the utter disregard most of the tribes here have for deadly infectious diseases. Drinking cups and cooking utensils are in common use by all. Loin cloths are freely exchanged in a special fit of fraternity. With such and other far more repulsive usages, one can easily understand

why African plagues, when they get really under way, lay the whole land low, decimating it in every direction. It is, perhaps, due to the people here to remark that no class of people are so notoriously negligent in this matter as the Arabs. On the other hand the Luba people to the north of us make it a point, on detecting the first case of any virulent disease, to build a grass hut for the sick man some distance apart, and so scrupulous are they that all his utensils, even to pots and the mortar used for pounding meal, must be for his use exclusively, and must ultimately be destroyed whether he recovers or dies."

One of the first things to which he had attended on returning from Ntenke's and on realizing that cultivating and building might restrict his movements for a while to the parts immediately surrounding Lofoi, had been to send a small embassy of six lads led by Chipanse, south-eastward to Chiñama, the big Ushi chief across the Luapula, in order to find out from him what would be the attitude of his large tribe toward missionary work amongst them. Concerning the geographical lie of the land he had been pretty well informed by Commandant Bia, who had also painted such a picture of dense populations between the Luapula and Lake Bangweulu as had made Dan's heart long for the opportunity of preaching the Gospel to them.

This little embassy was away for nearly seven weeks, and returned bearing from Chiñama a most hearty invitation for Konga Vantu to take possession of his country for Christ. Facing toward Lofoi the chief had stood with outstretched arms, and called: "Come, come, I am old, but Konga Vantu is our father and our mother. The country is yours and we are your children." *Konga Vantu* was the name by which Dan Crawford came to be known up and down Central Africa. It signifies 'Gatherer of the People,' and began to be bestowed upon him during the year after Mushidi died, when group after group of the scattered people turned to him to rally them into a stable society once more.

There had been a great deal of small-pox at and about Chiñama's, and Chipanse had had to be left behind very ill with it. Later, however, he staggered back and with good feeding recovered his full strength. In 1927 he is still a robust and full-muscled man, living in Luanza.

On New Year's day, 1893, Crawford wrote home in these words :

“ Dear, dear Mother,

“ God is good, for I can think of you, and now again write to you. For many reasons, last year was to me the happiest I have yet spent in Africa, for about three-fourths of it was spent in penetrating the land with Gospel seed-furrows, wherein, please God, much may germinate for eternity. And such seed-sowing is never so sublime and soul sustaining as when indulged in on virgin soil in sweet fellowship with God. Time with me here never drags, for my business is an all engrossing one, and so happy and joyous too, as to make years look uncommonly like months and these again as they pass like mere twenty-four-hour days.

“ I find too, that the more one's soul inhales the sweet atmosphere of contentment, and the less one compares his lot here with that of those at home, the more does he make real progress in everything worth engaging in.

“ You must think of my working life as revolving round the centre of the dialects, from which vast reservoir we draw our supplies for the preaching of the Gospel. Thank God, the long hours spent lingering round such rich stores have well repaid us—last year's work most particularly, when we reduced to writing much that even the American missionaries in Bié have not yet been able to do after their long occupancy for the Lord there. But doubtless I err in making contrasts. Oh! to be engrossed! ever and deeply so!

“ Here on '93's vestibule I look out hopefully on the work of the coming year, when we trust to throw our nets across the Luapula. Unfortunately the road north to the Lualaba country and that north-east to Lake Mweru is rather unsafe these days on account of wars and rumours thereof. This is to be bemoaned, especially in Congo Free State territory where ever since Mushidi's death a merely nominal garrison is all the substitute for the once thorough though despotic government of the late chief. To describe rightly the state of this land, I cannot put it more concisely nor more truly than did a small chief to me the other day. Quoth he : ‘ There was a great lion in the land devouring the people ; the lion is now dead and the people devour one another.’ But this, though sadly true, is very serious and clamant. Poor Katanga (as they call this whole country, though wrongly so) has been seized for its supposed gold ; so that when it turns out that there is no gold, as it will, it may, alas, actually though not nominally be abandoned as being too far removed from the C.F.S. base.

"The turmoil in the north is caused by the Arab Muruturutu proposing to avenge the death of a number of his men who died together with the late Chifuntwe at the hands of the Lomotwa. Of course, from an African standpoint these latter are only receiving their just deserts for their treachery, and the Arab no doubt argues that, if the Free State will not avenge him, he will do it himself. In the north-east, Shimba, after participation in the Chifuntwe raid, retired to his island on Lake Mweru—whence he has now emerged again, landing on the west shore of the lake and harassing the chiefs there. He ventured as far as Moyofia, a great chief, who has twice driven him off. The doings of these adventurers affect us personally in no degree whatever, though our hearts are often made to beat wildly over the wrongs of the poor natives trampled by them.

"In consideration of this last, it ought to be well known among all who purpose coming to these wilds, that it is possible they may find themselves in strange and trying positions, beholding wrongs which make the blood boil, and indignation burn within, the Devil the while telling them, 'If you are a man, grip your rifle and die avenging!' Now, in all such cases what is really wanted in the missionary is that long before such hot moments arrive and *passion* (yes, call a spade a spade) is ablaze, he should have settled the whole question with God and the Book concerning the use of his rifle under *any circumstances*.

"Because of these blocks on the roads leading north and north-east, we shall turn our faces once again south and south-east, seeking to be never weary or listless in the glorious cause. As I have told you, I think there is very much here to put the drag on an onward course, as for instance the fact of one being, like myself, for seven months without tea, coffee, or cocoa, or any other thing save my metal plate and cup to remind me of home. But, thank God, notwithstanding all scantiness of such fare, I know at all times, deep down in my heart 'the grace of God exceeding abundant towards me in faith and love.' Praise!!! I may add, too, with a 'praise' in front and a 'praise' behind, that my store of cloth was exhausted some weeks ago. But for the kindness of Mr. Thompson in placing a few pieces at my disposal I would have been—well, if not bankrupt, yet very, very poor. It is *now over a year* since our last caravan arrived."

A little later, under date of January 20, he wrote :

"A week ago I returned from a very happy visit to the Kasanga Valley, where I was moving all the time amongst

warm-hearted friends. Food poured in upon us from all directions. Even this favoured spot, however, is not without its broils: the Lomotwa of the mountains, once the oppressed, are now defiant and high-handed, claiming all the valleys north of us as their own exclusive possessions, and proposing to drive off either Sanga or Yeke. This is a proposition of which I thought long ago the exact reverse, i.e. that the Lomotwa should be driven up into their mountains, as being incapable of occupying the rich valleys, where they seem to be unwilling either to cultivate or to let others cultivate. These people have no notion of being neighbourly or hospitable (I mean toward near-by tribes), even inter-marriage with Sanga or Sera folk being almost unknown. They lie, too, to such an extent that it is a proverb in the land, 'Ah! you are talking Lomotwa to me,' i.e. 'you are lying to me!' In fact they resemble the description of Cretans in Titus—'always liars, evil beasts, idle gluttons.'

"Notwithstanding all this, however, both the people and their chiefs are ever excessively kind to me, and even when I send an odd messenger among them he is well looked after. This may be accounted for by the fact that they over-estimate our importance and influence, despite our continual protest that the only influence we can exercise over them is a moral one. It is strange, indeed, at first, and would be ridiculous but for their seriousness, to find elderly men of weight in the country tucking themselves in at your feet and calling you their father, bringing up matters for your decision utterly irrelevant to your calling as a missionary of the Cross of Christ. But they too, may be angled for, dust-grovellers though they be, and one day mayhap be hooked and landed in Eternal Glory! Praise!! Blessed angling indeed, when feelings often get so pent up that they brim over in tears—the sight of which is strange and bewildering to them, as I have experienced once or twice. Regarding these broils between chiefs, I feel that with tact one can very often effect a reconciliation. A sensible talk with both parties clears up differences. Poor martyrs they to greed and spite! The African's greatest enemy is the African!

"After the death of Mushidi there was a great stampede of the people, nobody knew where, enquiries concerning such a one being met with an off-hand 'he's dead,' so

common a thing was death then. During the last fortnight, however, many an old face has reappeared, as though risen from the dead, pinched enough certainly on account of the prevailing starvation, yet quite hopeful as they tell us that they are going to be our neighbours on the Lofoi.

"This was especially the case just then with the Yeke, who were realizing that their sole chance of protection lay with the white man. The aborigines of the country, the Lomotwa, the Sanga and the other tribesmen, were openly saying that they would shoot any Yeke man on sight if he ventured near their villages.

"Mukembe, the late Mushidi's youngest brother, who for long years had done outpost duty on the northern border in the Luba country, has at last abandoned that position and joined the young chief in Bunkeya. The reason, of course, is what an old sailor would call 'stress of weather,' for the Luba people, knowing that all the former backing Mukembe received from Mushidi is a thing of the past, began to assert themselves, and he was compelled to retire. Since his arrival he has been agitating strongly for a wholesale removal of all in Bunkeya to our side of the Lufira, and the thing will soon be an accomplished fact. As it is, the people who have gathered around us are quite a lot in themselves, and almost weekly their numbers are increasing. To a man the whole country since the death of the late chief have with one voice besought us to stay, especially about the time when Br. Lane left for Bihe, and they thought we might follow him.

"To move out of our compound in any direction except west, is to discover, a few hundred yards off, numbers of hamlets in various stages of embryo, a few of the houses having been lately muddled, while these are far out-numbered by the simple grass huts of newcomers. You can at once see that it is not houses which is the uppermost thought of the poor pinched people. It is the terrible subject of cultivation. 'Let us cultivate, let us cultivate, let us die at our hoes!' This is the oft repeated cry.

"Here and there by the wayside you might these days find their offerings to God in the form of a few handfuls of sorghum, or corn or one of the other seeds, which they place here and there, if perchance *Mwine Shakapanga* (The Great Creator-Proprietor) will be propitiated thereby and send them a full harvest. So conscious is the native

of the exact position of rebellion in which he stands towards God that he presumes by his paltry handfuls of seed to propitiate Him who is a just God and a Saviour."

An incident occurred about this time which might have made serious trouble for them as Britishers, had Crawford not been enabled to see clearly the issues involved and to act swiftly and rightly. It is worth noting at the same time because it reveals that the esteem in which his judgement and leadership was held was not confined to a few, but was universal amongst all classes throughout the countryside.

The native soldiery at the Congo Free State fort across the Lofoi, who had been brought from the West Coast by way of the Lower Congo, had now been a great while without supplies, or even communication of any sort from their base. Friction between them and the local population became serious, and quarrels and complaints numerous. Their two white officers felt it very necessary to maintain strict discipline, and adopted severe measures to that end. In consequence the soldiery felt themselves to have every man's hand against them, and decided to turn their hand against every man. Only with Konga Vantu, God's man of peace, had they no quarrel.

The upshot was that a considerable number of them, led by two corporals, Dahomians, marched across the river to Crawford, and, pouring out a long tale of wrongs, of which he records that they seemed to him to be purely imaginary, they finished their story thus, he wrote: "Now we come to you English—you people of God; you know God and God's words; tell us true, does God mean us to remain here and get every day a flogging for nothing?" They did not, however, wait for any reply, but promptly announced the decision which they had already taken, namely, to desert in a body and make their own way back to the Lower Congo. Crawford immediately "warned them of the heinousness of revolt, and of its solemn consequences, concluding with a word of the Gospel." He told them that he must report the matter to their officers, which he did; but at the same time he prevailed on them to return to the fort, where the corporals were degraded and all of them disarmed.

By Captain Brasseur and Lieutenant Legat, the two officers most closely involved, Crawford was warmly thanked for his assistance, which indeed was invaluable, for

had the incipient rebellion followed the course suggested by the corporals, disaster might have overtaken the fort, and punitive expeditions have had to be despatched later on, bringing with them all the ghastly train of war. Nevertheless, this very incident was made the foundation in later years for an accusation against Mr. Crawford of having aided and abetted rebels against the State—the exact contrary, in fact, of what his action really was.

“*1st February.* In the evening I am generally joined by Mr. Thompson out of doors, where we sit for hours talking very happily. Our work, its prospects and the people amongst whom our lot is cast, provide subjects of conversation, as well as of many a word of prayer. Thus far, through grace abounding, there has been nothing jarring or discordant between us, but rather much to joy over. Thank God it is His recorded will that the measure of our subjection one to another need only, aye and should only, be according to the measure of Christ discerned in one another. How different this to man’s cumbersome ‘methods,’ where all the mission ‘staff’ is told off to different spheres and is under the direction of a superintendent! ‘If Love worketh no ill to his neighbour, then Love guided by the Word of God is better than any human code of rules. Hallelujah!’”

Thompson rather frowned upon his lonely and unequipped itinerating; but the above is all that Dan Crawford ever wrote on the subject of his colleague’s disapproval of what was dearest to his heart.

“*20th February.* I am now very happily ensconced in my house which is by far the biggest and most comfortable I have ever had any proprietary link with in Africa. In building it I had others in view, for in the event of reinforcements arriving I should dearly like to move out to regions yet beyond and pierce the darkness with the Light of Life.”

“*1st March.* ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul!’ Since writing the above I have been prostrated with a very sharp attack of pleurisy. After four days it gave way to hot cloths and bleeding. It has left me quite ready enough to be on my

guard against any like occurrence in future. I am now quite recovered."

"*2nd March.* Mail at last! To our unbounded joy some Biheans dropped in upon us to-day with our long-looked-for letters. Though so earnestly prayed for, they came in upon us unexpectedly. Thus we are reproved for unbelief. The last home date is July, 1892."

It had not been without care that they had chosen the site of their village. They had burnt off the grass in order to see the high points, and had also taken the advice of all the oldest residents, who agreed that the spot chosen had never been known to be reached by water even when the river was in flood at the end of the rains.

Nevertheless, hardly had he written on the 2nd March the sentence last quoted above, when disaster swept down upon them from the hills.

He wrote :

"We were all in our first sleep, when the great boom of the down-rushing torrent first broke on the ears of those in the outlying hamlets, and there was naturally a stampede from all directions to us in the centre, for we were known to be in the highest spot in the vicinity. There was, however, such impetuosity in the rush of the waters, that it became quickly evident that we were all far too low, so the next thing was to rush for the nearest trees and ant hills. In this stampede mothers lost sight of husbands and little ones, and these separated ones kept up a weird kind of howling to one another in the pitch dark from their different perches. There was no time for looking after material belongings, as there would have been had it been a case of water slowly rising upon us—nothing heard but that terrible booming noise coming down the valley, above which were the shrieks, 'Water! Water! Fly! Death has come!' Except this shrieking, the general bearing of all was a brave acceptance of this that meant to them so much of desolation and destitution, and perhaps death, for as the water had already risen waist deep in ten minutes there was no knowing where it would stop.

"Shivering around smoking and flickerless fires of green wood, there they stood on the ant hills—ant hills we had

always thought only a blight on the beautiful valley scenery, but now they proved to be precious life-belts for the whole community—and although the standing room was most meagre and some on the outside ring of the crowd were standing in the water, yet there was no unseemly pushing of one another or fighting for safe positions. On the contrary, I saw not a little helping of one another, and instead of settling on their lees, most of the men spoke out encouragingly that the waters would soon assuage, though as a matter of fact they were quickly gaining on their own last little foothold of terra firma.

“Mr. Thompson and I had climbed up on the roof of my house after rushing about in the water making more or less futile attempts at salvage work—human life, of course, ranking first—and you can think of that midnight perch of ours in wet garments as being the most miserable night we ever passed through. We stuck on to the high-pitched roof with the greatest difficulty, constantly pinching ourselves into wakefulness, for the tendency to doze was very tempting; but there was the other tendency to go clear over the edge of the thatch into the flood. The crescent moon rose about one o'clock, lighting up a scene as bleak-looking as it was cold and miserable.

“Our little mission settlement was wholly under water—only the tops of banana trees appearing to mark the paths where the water reached the neck of my tallest boy, and not only our little spot, so flood proof as we had thought it, but the whole country as far as the eye could reach was one vast pale stretch of water, reflecting the moonlight and looking all the more ghastly on that account, when we thought of the numbers of hamlets submerged, and the many possible tragedies enacted in the darkness. All my little family were up on a tall tree, and right nobly did they, with the whole company on the big ant hill in the centre, take up our hymn of thanksgiving which we had all sung so often under circumstances so vastly different, but never so lustily as there in the dark with waters everywhere gaining upon us :

“ ‘God, we thank Thee,
Thou who lovest us ;
Thou givest us our life
And all good things.’ ”

“ After a few words of prayer from us on the roof top, we who were clutching at every straw saw that although there was the same rush in the flood, it had ceased to gain on the banana tops, so we shouted accordingly, giving the glory to the God of Love, and it was fact and not fiction, for the water was spreading over the great prairie of the Lufira. The longest night I ever passed in my life was on that roof-top watching for the day, and never was sound so welcome as the first shrill clarion of a surviving cock on a tree branch. Then when the eastern sky grew red, and finally the sun rose to answer all our questionings begotten in the darkness, we were speechless, for we were on a great lake—Mweru, some called it who were born there.

“ Lieut. Legat sailed in over our village in a canoe in the morning and found us huddled all together on the island anthill—a very motley crowd ; white men, Arabs, and a conglomeration of tribes. It took three days for the waters to assuage, and for more than a week following, everywhere we moved was through a sinking quagmire. On venturing into our houses again to get a notion of the damage sustained, the awful smell of decomposing food, etc., drove us back. Our houses as good as destroyed, and nearly our meagre ‘ all ’—books, precious MSS., vocabularies, etc., boots, food, and other things carried off in the rushing flood heading for the Lufira and eventually the Atlantic Ocean.

“ Out here we often tell the Lord to strip us, to purge out of us everything that doth offend, and we really bless Him for coming in thus amongst us, and sweeping away before our eyes the crutches which rob us of nighness to Him, and the bliss of soul experienced when leaning full upon Him. Seeing it was ‘ Himself ’ who hath done it, there must really be no commiseration, but on the contrary, above all the rest on this flood subject, the note must swell—

“ ‘ Our Jesus hath done all things well ! ’ ”

Nor was the flood the only disaster of the wet season of 1892-93. As has already been mentioned, smallpox was in the country ; it spread like wildfire through the land for hundreds of miles in every direction. A sickness was also raging amongst the bush animals, killing off hundreds and thousands. It was a trypanosomiasis conveyed by the tsetse fly, and comparable to sleeping sickness in man.

It had two very unfortunate results from the native point of view ; hunting became difficult and meat accordingly scarce ; and the lions and other big cats, emboldened by starvation, began to attack the villages. Of this more will appear later on.

There was also a visitation of locusts which Mr. Crawford described in these words :

“ In the midst of a friendly chat with some natives one day, I stopped to turn their attention to a great black mass moving in mid-air up from the Lufira Flats. Afar off, and at first sight, it seemed to be an interminable cloud of sand, but as this was impossible, fully fifteen minutes passed before anything other than exclamations of surprise and half-dread were heard from the whole company, which stood open-mouthed and riveted by the awe-inspiring sight. It was heading straight for our valley, and at last, when the advance guard passed overhead quite near, with the sound of a rushing wind, it was only then we discovered that locusts were upon us ! Locusts above us and around us, before us and behind us, locusts everywhere ! To try and depict such an awful sight would be to rob it of all its impressiveness. Think only of us standing there, dumb with astonishment, confronted with the greatness of God, the truth of some of the Old Testament incidents and prophecies flashing upon us with startling vividness.

“ In the tender love of God, this visitation came at a time when there were no crops in the fields, else the land in one night would have been laid desolate. A few days afterwards they returned, and we almost feared that they might lay their eggs here—a thing more than disastrous—but since their departure ten days ago they have made no further appearance, and my boys, coming up from the south, reported them as having passed over Katete’s, presumably journeying towards the Zambesi. So unusual is such a sight about here, that many of the young men confounded them with butterflies, and Mupanda, the old chief at the Lufira crossing, tells me the only memory he has of their being in the country was once, long ago, when he was a boy of about ten years.”

And again, on April the 20th, he noted :

“ To-night a great meteorite shot down and burnt magnificently in many-coloured stars, evoking from the hamlets

around us loud shouting and drumming, which, by the way, is the African's great antidote for the troubles and perplexities of life. They declared the meteorite to be the work of a witch, who hurled her bolt at some one."

Another interesting native belief was brought to light at the time of the flood, according to which it seemed that there exists a great serpent, called Funkwe, which spews out of its mouth all the water to be found in the rivers and oceans. All the floods are to be traced to an excessive activity of Funkwe's disgorging faculties. Young people never see Funkwe, only old fetish doctors are accorded that honour. There is a certain weird call heard sometimes at night, probably made by a bird, which is ascribed to Funkwe by those who think they know.

Apropos of the lore stored away by these knowledgeable old men of Africa's villages, Mr. Crawford recorded about this time the following legendary explanation of the name *Vena Kaonde* by which certain of the people in the Kundelungu valleys were distinguished. "*Vena Kaonde*" is usually employed by itself in that form and means simply "people of Kaonde" or "Kaondeites." But it is an apocope, of which the remainder, usually left unsaid, is "*Va mu lunda mpanda*", which may be freely translated as "The Tower Builders." This notion of leaving in abeyance the latter half of a name is common Bantu practice. It might prevent the hazarding of many a false interpretation of native names if it were more generally respected. Of this "*Va mu lunda mpanda*" Mr. Crawford wrote:

"The latter half of the name suggests an incident too ridiculous to be believed in one breath. Date: the old men don't just venture it in handing down the history of their ancestors. History: the moon rose one night full over the Kaonde hills, and the deceptive clearness of the night made the stars and the moon look so very near that the Kaonde ancients resolved to climb up on a high wooden structure (*mpanda*) and bring the moon down. The wooden structure grew apace and soon assumed great dimensions; but alas, one day, the white ants, famed for working silently and well, gave the only intimation they ever give of having finished operations, namely, an ominous creaking sound, and then with a great tottering noise the building was biting the

dust. Many people died on that day, saith the history in conclusion ; and the event was so memorable that the Kaondeites take their name from it.

“ These old men of Africa have great status among their people, constituting in themselves a kind of Parliament. They fondly stuff the youth of the country full of their lore, and herein lieth our difficulty, to dislodge that same lore from their youthful brains. Up to a certain point they will listen quite good-naturedly to our ‘ wisdom,’ as they call it, and quite ignore the fact of its antagonism to theirs, and even on the contrary they seem to have agreed in a patronizing way that both theirs and ours are good, and may co-exist without harming anybody. Beyond this point, however, when we urge, as we never fail to do, that the Gospel of the glory of the Blessed God supplants and drives from its borders their religion of devils, and enthrones Jesus as Lord of all—then there is a distinct parting of the ways, for they apprehend that their darkness can have nothing in common with the light. We do long to lay a good foundation here, or, to speak more Scripturally, build only upon the foundation which hath been already laid, ‘ for other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ.’

“ I was speaking to a young man to-day on the incident recorded in John 2.—the Lord of Glory driving out the sellers from His Father’s house, and was telling him how devil-possessed by nature were these hearts of ours—God’s dwelling place by creative right—and how the Lord was waiting to enter and drive all these out as He did in that chapter. He had never heard the incident before, but he knew of the Lord’s resurrection on the third day after the crucifixion, and when I went on reading the words ‘ Destroy this Temple and in three days I will raise it up,’ I had only got the length of explaining, ‘ But Jesus was not speaking here of the Jerusalem stone temple, no,’ when he broke in triumphantly, as though he knew all about it, ‘ No, He was talking all the time of His own body, for didn’t they destroy it?’ This is only a specimen of the stuff some of the young men about us are made of. They are all ears and inquisitiveness, and must see through things. Regarding the resurrection of the body, they have no notion of such a thing, yet so almighty do they believe God to be, that not long ago when speaking to a small

chief of this wonderful truth as taught in 1 Cor. xv., he said, 'Ah! who could do that? Only God could do it.'

"Our old friend Konkā Miramba, formerly located across the stream here, came with a large company of young men on a visit. He is a big elephant-hunter, and has just returned from the Luapula, looking lean and travel-stained. At Kazembe's and all round there, animals of nearly every description have died of the plague now raging here; as many as ten elephants having been taken in one day. The lions as a consequence are fierce with hunger, having no prey left to pull down, and even in the daytime spring over the stockades among the villagers. Drumming around large fires all night is resorted to, for lions are known (unlike hyenas, etc.), to be very particular as to what they eat, and some draw the comparison that in this they resemble white men who will only eat fresh meat.

"The main object of Konkā Miramba's visit, however, was to state in as roundabout a way as possible that he regretted very much having fled from the Lofoi last year; that in the Kasanga valley the Lomotwa made very troublesome neighbours; and that finally—ahem! he wished to know if the white men had any objections to his coming back again. The result of the visit was that Konkā Miramba is coming back again, and likewise Chipashia, so that elbow-room about the Lofoi Valley is getting more and more limited, while one day to the south of us Mushidi, alias Mukandavantu, has the whole remaining crowd of Yeke men around him.

"The river is falling rapidly, and the native fishermen have plenty of work in hand constructing their weirs and wicker nets. With the former there is much rough work, diving under water with poles, and by sheer force driving them into the river bottom, but when the weir is really in working order, the great hauls of fish more than compensate.

"Muachia's people, up from the south to-day, bring first blocks of this season's salt, and remind us that the rains have really gone at last. The old salt chief thinks that by sending thus early he will wipe out a 'crime' I have against him. Last year he took my cloth, and promised to send on after me without delay a number of his young men with salt, but he was so engrossed with cultivation that he forgot his promise, and now of course, according to native law (if I dare use such a phrase in this

lawless land), he should pay me damages. The circumstances, however, were very extenuating, as his people were then all scattered by hunger, and he now offers to show his sorrow for what he did by sending me more salt immediately.

"Mufunga, from the north, sends messengers to greet us with a present of honey, corn, and a leopard's skin. He wants to know when we are coming to see him again, and while the messengers are saying sweet things, one of my young men (of Mufunga's own tribe, too!) breaks out passionately with the question, 'Who murdered Chifuntwe?' which for the moment takes away their breath. The true answer, no doubt, is that Mufunga did it out of sheer greed. These messengers report white men in large numbers as busy subjugating to the east of Lake Mweru."

On the 16th of May, being on the eve of his first eastward exploration, he wrote in these terms to his mother:

"My dear, dear Mother,

"I hope you have been getting, and will continue to get our letters fairly regularly. The shameful delay over the arrival of our letters sent off a year ago was very annoying. In the letters received by me last mail (the last date July '92), it was quite painful to read of your disappointed expectancy. Don't blame us. When we give Biheans our letters to take out west, you would certainly turn your face to smile, if you heard the solemn tones in which we address them, charging them with the awful responsibility they undertake, and how that precious packet is worth all in their caravan, the ivory and slaves and headmen combined. And then to see them accept the delivery of same with awe-struck faces, I am sure you would admit they understand a little, at any rate, of their responsibility. How do the envelopes look when they reach you? They must be dirty enough, for they are generally secreted within the greasy folds of a dirty old bit of calico, which, with sundry other dirty coverings, form the headman's pillow all the journey out West. Be sure, too, that we here from our end of the line speed them on by words of prayer.

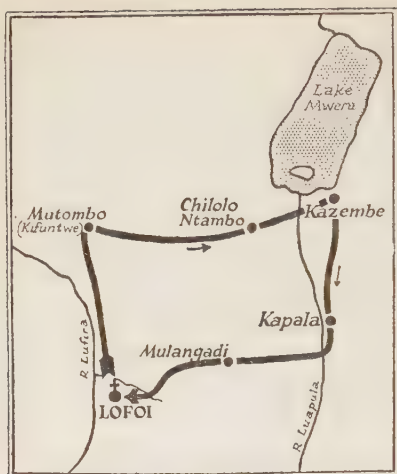
"The rains have gone at last, and I am just off on my beloved itinerating, after which I have many heart-longings. If Africans are to be reached at all it must be on this wise, for the Enemy has scattered them. Pioneer work has its two aspects, the one being that it is the Lord's work done under His eye and at His command, and therefore joyous; the

other and sadder aspect being that so much ground has been neglected until this last decade of the 19th century. Ah! me, if we had only reinforcements from the west, what mighty things we could do casting the net! While I thus express my longings, you needn't think that our attitude here is one of resting on our oars! No; heathendom in all its guilty helplessness is far too engrossing and needful of our poor feeble help.

"Mr. Thompson remains behind to build his house on the new site we have fixed up across stream, and I go off east with my Bible and young men to try and run a seed furrow across the Kundelungu Range as far as Kazembe's on the Luapula river and a little around Lake Mweru.

"I must now abruptly close, as the boys are hanging around my table wanting me to see about their loads tomorrow, and I have a lot to arrange about. I hope this journey to arrange something definitely *re* the opening up of a route toward the East Coast.

"Much love to one and all, lovingly,
"Dan."



V

RECONNAISSANCE EASTWARD

May to July,
1893

FROM the east, in the person of Livingstone, the potentialities of the Gospel had reached across Africa as far as Kazembe's and the east side of Mweru; though it is true that he did not do much evangelizing. From the west, in the person of Arnot, the Gospel had reached as far as Mushidi's; and he too had passed on. Neither of them saw even one conversion amongst the peoples of the Interior.

It was Dan Crawford who bridged the gap. He determined that, in the grace of God, he would stand by this central land until churches should have been founded throughout the length and breadth of all the basin of the Upper Congo. This chapter contains the story of how he blazed the midmost Gospel trail that linked together the western with the eastern pioneer tracks.

"*May 19th, Thursday.* We set out in the morning, a company of twenty-four all told, the young men having their wives with them, while others came who were going to see their relatives at Mpweto's on the extreme north of Lake Mweru. I spent the first three days very miserably, moving along the foot of the Kundelungu range towards the Kasanga valley, suffering day and night from neuralgia, with no conscious cessation of pain for even one brief hour.

The moon being young in these days of harvest, midnight dancing and drumming too were in full swing and quite maddening in their way."

" 22nd. Reached Mutombo's, in the Kasanga valley, where we rested several days, getting stores for our journey, and received kindness beyond all repaying. The old body, bless her, was on the trot all day beating up supplies, retreating out of the doorway only to appear again with beaming face, having something else to tempt me with. I tell her, ' You are a good old soul, I'm sure my mother would like you,' which sends her off on the trot again. Cheya is the musical man of our company, and is always humming, to an accompaniment on a small hand instrument, some old song of his native place in the south. To-day while he was singing the herdsman's song, and imitating the lowing of the cattle, it struck a chord in the memory of one of the headwomen, who became quite affected."

" 23rd and 24th. Received visitors *ad libitum*. All bring presents of food. They think I am going far away—to Europe probably—in which event they say they will all die."

" 25th. Off early, and sleep under the shadow of the rocks by the Kana rivulet, so that we may climb the mountains to-morrow before the sun is far up in the heavens.

" 26th. Tumbled out early and began our climb with the wind whistling through the trees, and all of us stiff with cold. It was not nearly so steep as at some other parts of the same range, only very much longer and more tedious, the real top being a long way off. We reach it at last, however, to greet the sun coming up over it at the same time as ourselves, with the cutting east wind blowing in our teeth. We rest on the top for stragglers, then enter on a long march through lovely country, thickly wooded, and teeming with crystal rivulets, tributaries of the Lunguishi river, which falls over the range into the Kasanga Valley. The country here on the mountain top is beautiful and healthful ; soil porous and cultivatable. After pressing on until the sun is westering, we see ahead the camp, for which we have been making all day, blazing in flames. All very much annoyed, only I plead for love, even in what seems to them the stern providence of God."

"27th. Were off this morning, with temperature down to 28°, making a clear difference of 40° compared with the temperature of the valley the last morning we were in it. Most clutched a faggot from the camp fire and marched with it held out before them, so that the play of the wind might send the heat on to their bodies. The country to-day was just Bié over again, with its many streams running through grassy meadows and its bracing atmosphere. Streams all ran east to the Luapula. Deep and perennial, these have cut channels in the rocks. The largest—Lualala—I saw to-day making itself into foam at each fall. The ant bear very annoyingly bores his holes right in the path, and the unwary traveller might with great ease break his leg in any one of them. This year a man near us shut up five of these big animals in one burrow, and then forthwith coolly proceeded to beard them in their den, killing four with a long spear."

"28th. Eastward ho! At about 8.30, to the surprise and joy of everybody, we stood on the east brow of the Kundelungu range, and looked down on the beautiful Luapula valley, stretching far away to the east, with rich wooded slopes and valley, and watered by a thousand streams—'a delightful land!' But the boys who are ahead cheer us on. Emerging at last from the trees, and standing on a ledge of rock, they point us to the N.E., where we get our first and wonderful view of Lake Mweru—a mighty sheet of water upon which the morning sun is shining, like a mass of liquid gold. Africans are usually very insusceptible to the beauties of their own land, but here on the mountain-top they cheered again and again.

"Across the Luapula, and a good distance to the south, we see Kazembe's; only the morning mists somewhat blur the horizon. We descend quickly and camp at Kapembulwa's. This is a big village, now wholly deserted, the villagers having taken to the hills owing to the depredations of Shimba. For some years now he has had his headquarters on the large and beautiful island of Kilwa, in Lake Mweru, from which he is continually crossing to the mainland and falling upon the villages. All their cry is, 'Come and kill Shimba!' but this is to their shame, for if all had been united and sunk petty jealousies, they would have driven him about his business long ago. Many have

given up resistance and yield tribute, while those who refuse are now all gathered inside the stockade of Chilolo Ntambo, some distance ahead, and are resolved to fight. Chilolo Ntambo has had this same Shimba in hand for a long time, and has very pluckily driven him off several times."

"29th. As fighting is again imminent, and Shimba is gathering for another attempt, I send on messengers to say that I shall only pass a night in Chilolo's, and then go on for Kazembe's. I clearly define my position in their country—a pilgrim travelling through; in fact, a nobody, whom they must not expect to help them in the matter of aiming a gun barrel at their enemies. Game is not to be seen, and this in a country famed in a particular way for its well stocked plains and forests." (The result of the plague of rinderpest.)

"The Lomotwa people occupy the west side of the Kundelungu range, and here on the east side are the Shila folk. Their speech is in all points similar, but the latter are more socially disposed. They cultivate largely in the Luapula Valley, and catch fish in the river. Thus far I have not given away an inch of calico, simply because I have none to spare. I feel it very much, because the land is fat, and everybody has been very kind, giving loads of food."

"30th. Going through the valley to-day, shut in by trees and encountering many streams. We lunch by the largest of these—the Lufukwe, a broad river flowing towards the Luapula, and press on in the afternoon to camp at Mulombola's. An armed escort from Chilolo Ntambo meets us here and takes us on to-morrow. The country is in a ferment and I dare not linger, else these hot-brained blacks would commit me into doing something very wrong."

"31st. Reach Chilolo Ntambo's at last, after four hours in the valley, through tall spear grass. On my left eyelid a rash of a very fiery kind has broken out, through contact with this same grass, and also on my right hand.

"On approaching the town another escort comes out to meet us, and we enter the stockade amid much noise and salute firing. How often does one long for the day when

there will be at least one or two mud huts in such a town as this, at which one can knock and be greeted by a Christian occupant! How much more precious the handshake of a brother than all this nonsense! Chilolo Ntambo speaks in a firm yet unostentatious manner, and altogether makes a good impression.

"Mushidi showed his usual shrewdness when he gave this man governorship of the country about here. He now ranks nearly equal in power with Kazembe, with whom he lives on very friendly terms. His village is very large, both as regards the circumference of the stockade and the crowds thronging inside; it is filthy, too, of course, in the usual degree; so that no one can wonder at the plague of smallpox now raging within. I have put all my company in strictest quarantine—pot, mat, or any other kind of borrowing forbidden under penalty. Preached to the chief and a large crowd, with shooting neuralgic pains in my head, which help, rather than otherwise, pointedness and brevity. I told them all that if they rejected this great message, which their fathers never heard, in hell they would remember our afternoon meeting among the banana trees when the white man told them of a way of escape."

"*June 1st.* Compelled to wait on account of a sick man, although I myself am far worse than he. Since leaving Lofoi Valley have had my face rolled up in flannel, and been suffering continually. Neuralgia induces fever, and I am down to-day with the latter. Preach again with much liberty, the listeners all hushed. Eternity will tell the result. Surely we can trust the Lord with His own seed."

"*2nd.* Off early, the chief accompanying us as far as the Lufukwe river, where he grips both my hands and looks into my eyes and bids me good-bye. I say, 'Chilolo, your hair is grey; never forget those great words of truth I told you. Believe! believe!' He grips my hands again, and I ask him, 'Do you remember the great Deliverer's Name?' He says, 'YESU,' and we part.

"Crossing the bridge my stick falls into the river, and little Sankuru plunges in in a second, trying a race with the current for it. We all get over the rickety thing at last, and enter upon a long five hours of savannah-grass, on an average ten feet high, shutting out all view save a

little bit of blue overhead." (You can no more see the trail than if you were blind, for the overhead grass is tangled and matted above it; you must push forward with your feet below to feel for a foothold, and then drag your body after them by main force). "After two hours of this kind of work, with needle-pointed grass-seeds showering down, and the thick stem and edged blades rebounding sharply in the face, one gets a sensation as of being smothered, and longs for just one moment in the open. The south end of Lake Mweru is far on our left, not visible on account of the flat nature of the country."

"3rd. Our camp on the borders of the flats had a bad repute for lions, so we were compelled to build a strong *boma*, as war parties do, and sleep inside. At sundown, a troop of elephants rushed past making a noise like thunder, and plunged into the fens near by, where for more than an hour they bathed with glee, if one could judge from their noise. In the morning instead of cutting straight over the flats toward the crossing for Kazembe's, we were compelled, on account of water, to move due south, skirting a forest belt.

"Nearing Mbovala's village, we find the villagers outside frantic with excitement and roasting a large lioness, which had daringly leaped over a stockade fifteen feet high and killed a woman. We move on, and just as we cross the threshold of the village at one end, at the other end down goes the gate of logs (suspended on the ancient portcullis principle) with a smash, breaking the leap of the large male lion, which, accompanied by two little ones, seems bent on avenging the lioness. For the remainder of the day, and all night, the drums make a deafening roar, nobody appearing to have any desire to sleep."

"4th. Two sick ones demand a halt to-day. The bereaved and famished lion twice attempted to spring the stockade last night, but was driven off. The natives assert that only elephants and lions are left in the country, and as these latter have no more game to pull down they are mad with hunger. Some old residents with white wool came around to-day, and re-asserted what Mbovala had already said, viz., that some years ago, say ten roughly, Mweru was one vast sheet, extending through all that we

have now encountered as savannah, and that they and their fathers used to paddle about in canoes where people now cultivate. Within their lifetime all this has dried up and Lake Mweru is now two good days' journey off E.N.E. This would account for the great sweep south which some maps give to Lake Mweru."

"5th. Due east for Kaindu's, the chief at the crossing, over low, flat country, very lovely in its way, with great trees dotting it over here and there like solitary sentinels of the quickly receding past. Pass two lakelets by the wayside, covered with many pretty lotus and other water plants. On we move, heading for a dark-looking forest which appears on the horizon, and which we finally enter. We find Kaindu at the furthest end, alongside the Mulungashi river, here seeming to be a mere bog overgrown with papyrus and bulrushes. We shall be Kaindu's guests for an indefinite period, while awaiting his lordship Kazembe's pleasure to send boats to take us across. Meantime I use the opportunity to work up Kaindu to bestir himself in our favour, telling him that the worst and most annoying people I have met with in Africa have been the people at river crossings; they think themselves kings, when really they are nobodies, etc., and I conclude by asking him to tell me fairly whether we will really get dug-outs, so that we may know whether or not to begin to dig out our own. Depreciatory remarks on the style and value of their dug-outs are really in place with such individuals, for the other side of the question they have learned to harp upon unceasingly."

"6th. Kaindu, though very short and plump, turns out to be a real big-hearted man. 'Hunger,' he says as he lays down loads of food at my tent—'we don't know what it is. It is not ever here.' 'But Kaindu,' I say, 'look here, I have simply nothing to give you, nothing.' 'Ah,' responds the short man, 'you are our father, and relatives don't sell to relatives.' Kaindu has a good flotilla of canoes and could take me over at once, only his relative, Kazembe, reserves the right to say who may cross. For instance, when Captain Bia wanted to cross here last year, Kazembe made a great noise, and refused out and out, asserting that he was under the English flag, in English

territory, and wished to know what they, the murderers of Mushiidi, wanted in another country, etc.

“Of course, I take the hint contained in this, and insist, in my messages, on my being an Englishman (which he knew long ago) as well as on my peaceable calling. I also attack him on the African’s vulnerable point by reminding him that his relative, Muonga, former Kazembe, had the good sense to treat my countryman, Livingstone, with civility in former years, and asking if he proposes to do worse.

“This hard and fast drawing of boundary lines is deplorable in these days when actual government is in its infancy. First of all it cuts through a tribe; and then, what is worse, when the meaning of the boundary becomes known, simply to cross it affords an asylum for all the criminals of each side.

“Ran down the Mungwishi river to-day in three quick sailing skiffs. Found, after five minutes of breaking through bulrushes, a broad and deep river as large as the Lufira, which after nearly two hours sailing, led out into the broad sheet of the Luapula, at the confluence over five hundred yards broad. Descending the river a short distance we landed at Chafulunguta’s large village—a Yeke stronghold—where we preached to a large and interested gathering. The chief presented four big fowls and some eggs, and was otherwise very kind, coming down to the beach with his people and waving us off on the upstream journey.”

“7th-10th. Waiting Kazembe’s pleasure, who on the evening of the third day responded with three very frail-looking canoes, saying that by all means ‘INGERESA’s (Livingstone’s) brother might cross.’”

“11th. We embarked in four canoes in one of the bays of the Luapula, some of our party being compelled to remain, as our fifth boat was crunched to pieces last night by two lions. I got a very good shot at one of them from Kaindu’s stockade, and the natives insist that he was wounded badly, for they followed the blood marks a long way this morning. Our boats were all weighted down to the water’s edge and in a very unseaworthy condition, but they are the best these parts can produce, and half a loaf is better than no bread. We worked up the river for over four hours,

cutting off corners where we could conveniently do so, but generally hugging the bank well for safety. Bare banks, lined only with rank river grass, go abruptly down into deep water, and for long stretches all is so uniform as to suggest that it might be a monster canal. We saw no sandbanks the whole day. Steamers could run up a long distance without difficulty.

"Luapula boatmen have a graceful way of poising themselves on the extreme end of their canoes, and taking a long, powerful stroke with the paddle. They can carry on all day like this, with their boat's gunwale down to the water's edge, without making a false move, which would mean a capsized. The river birds, though very pretty, all have a piercing metallic cry, not at all pleasant, but at the same time an unmistakable guide to water. About 3 p.m. we turn from the main stream into a tributary—Chipitabuluva, which at first seems an overgrown ditch with no waterway visible as all is covered with lotus, but it turns out eventually to be long and deep, carrying us right up to Kazembe's manioc plantations, on the borders of which we ground, and enter his stockade. As it is near sundown when we arrive, we only fire a gun to intimate our arrival, and cook our evening meal."

"12th. Kazembe thought he did things royally to-day. From the early morning drums were beating, and the people turned out in their finery for the public reception which he gave us. Messengers came to inform us that we must take something in our hands in going to see such a great chief, so the last relic of decency we have—a white shirt—is turned out, and we accompany the escort, consisting of a cropped-ear counsellor and other men of note, into a central enclosure, where we find the great Kazembe exalted on a throne, borne on the shoulders of about forty men. Overtopping this throne is a large octagonal canopy in gay colours, a present of the British Government. Underneath it sits the chief, a middle-aged man of dignified mien, with high forehead and aquiline nose, wearing a great head-dress and much bulky native jewellery. Beneath him is a sea of upturned faces, shouting all sorts of 'Long live the king' compliments, and quickly getting hoarse over it. The drumming meanwhile is deafening, round drums, square drums, and angular drums, all swelling the din.

“ Another loud drumming is then heard outside, and Kazembe’s younger brother, Mpolokoso, dressed as ostentatiously as his big brother, enters with a large party of his young men, and takes up his position twenty yards on my left, his drums and marimbas numbering about thirty. The counsellors who are sitting with me introduce him, and for a time he engrosses all the attention, Kazembe himself going completely into the shade. This brings me to the strange part of the Kazembe story, viz., that this Mpolokoso has quite as much to say in the affairs of the country as his brother, and with him receives tribute, the chieftainship being actually, if not nominally, a joint one. From very good sources of information it appears that the two brothers, living together in the one stockade, got along very creditably for Africans, although Kazembe is undoubtedly hard put to at times to hold in the impetuous and insatiable Mpolokoso. The Mushidi remnant who are with me laugh at the very idea of such an arrangement ; say they, ‘ It is true we were Mushidi’s slaves, but so was his elder brother, Likuku ! ’

“ On the break-up of this great gathering we accompany our escort into the chief’s private enclosure, where we meet Kazembe minus his public reception vestments, and talk together for nearly an hour, I bearing down on certain points thought of beforehand as appropriate to his case, and he breaking in very often with a lot of questions. First : Time—how brief ! Second : The things thereof, which he thinks yield the maximum of blessedness, how worthless, ‘ because perishable ! ’ Third : Heaven for every child of God, and the fire lake for all of Satan. There is, of course, much to strike out against—tyranny rampant, ear-cropping, hand-lopping, and other unnameable mutilations, besides the inhuman slave traffic carried on with the Arabs, which is fast draining the whole interior of the Continent. We made this last protest not on anti-slavery but on anti-sin grounds !

“ Kazembe brought out a lot of the finery given him by the British South Africa Company, no doubt to make me feel ashamed of the paltry present I had given him—sixteen yards of wide calico and a blanket—but he was mistaken, for I was a King’s ambassador offering him the riches of heaven. This comparison was not spoken, however, and his tone of voice and attitude were decidedly friendly

and encouraging. His manner, even towards white men, is that of unbending loftiness, and he refuses to shake hands with any of them, as being *infra dig.* for him. Remembering what happened to his late master, Mushidi, it is impossible to keep from smiling at some of the airs he assumes; but they are really harmless, for he loudly claims relationship with white men. Kazembe has got the idea that it is not compatible with his dignity, as the great 'Mwata,' to eat when other people eat! Very early in the morning a drum is sounded, which intimates to the town that the chief has eaten—how, no one knows, for during the meal a large cloth is held up by attendants, hiding his majesty from view.

"To Livingstone's list of Kazembes, must be added (1) Chinkonkole, who enjoyed only a brief week or so of the chieftainship, when he was driven from it by (2) Lukwesa, backed by Mushidi. After two years (3) the present man, Chipepa, alias Muvanga, alias Kanyembo, who killed Lukwesa, burned his body, and has remained in power ever since. The mistake as to Mushidi's having 'killed' several Kazembes arose very simply from the double use of the verb 'to kill' in these dialects. While it implies death in the majority of instances, it is also used as expressive of complete break-up of power, and it was in this latter sense that the word was applied to the Kazembes.

"The sweep of Kazembe's stockade is immense, and, what is better, I have not seen one bleaching skull hanging about anywhere. It is very pleasant to hear the cattle lowing."

"13th. This great town must be occupied for Jesus!* The differences in dialect are simple, and can be mastered in a month. It is called Lunda, but is much mixed with Vemba, the language of the Vemba people, who were the original lords of the soil. They are a wild sort of people, given to biting and devouring, of whom Muamba and Kitchimukulu are the paramount chiefs. These Vemba use mutilation as a punishment even for the most trivial offences; and from them it has spread to the neighbouring peoples. In war they fight principally with axes, and they have been able to drive off the Ngoni on their eastern border; indeed they carried the war right into the country

* In 1900, but not till then, at Mr. Crawford's invitation, the London Missionary Society established a station near to Kazembe's capital.

of the latter, and Kazembe's oxen are spoil taken on that occasion. Kazembe is only safe as he remembers that he is a tenant at the will of Muamba and Kitchimukulu.

"Perennial manioc plantations ensure to this large community immunity from hunger in times of peace. Potatoes, too, yield abundantly, so much so that a man working a short day could keep the family pot going for a month. Growing them is the simplest cultivation known to them; even little boys play at it, and have their own potato beds.

"A large lake is visible about two miles off, W.S.W. It is called Pembe, and is of a like size with Mofwe. Neither of these two lakes has any connection with the Luapula.

"Kazembe informs me that it will not be safe for me to move up the east of Lake Mweru to Mpweto's, as there is heavy fighting going on between the Arabs and the people of the country. He kindly offers boats and men to take us up the lake, but it would be impossible to escape the fighting and hunger which always haunt the war path.

"Nyasa Arabs come round in large numbers, extremely polite and well dressed. They tell of great doings in Nyasaland; houses built of stone and other wonders. They lie, however, about the fighting in the north, as I showed the polite gentlemen to-day from the conflicting statements of their own men. The fact is, the word Arab is to these people a stench in their nostrils, and at Mpweto's and Nsama's an Arab sighted means an Arab shot at.

"The work must be established on this east side also of the Luapula and Mweru. Here is a vast stretch of needy territory having special claims upon us because its dialects are akin to those with which we are familiar. The political boundary cutting the Luapula in two, and separating the Congo Free State from British territory, should not deter the servant of Christ. He knows only one kind of boundary, namely the dialectical, and the areas to be evangelized by him end only where his knowledge of the dialects stops."

The many conversations which he had at Kazembe's with travelled natives confirmed the understanding of the lie of the land and of the distribution of its peoples which he had previously gained by his ceaseless enquiries at the cosmopolitan capital of Mushidi, while they added additional details. He was convinced, firstly, that the immensity

of the opportunity demanded wide planning, and afforded scope for a large number of workers ; and secondly, that the line of communication ought to run in from the East Coast and not from the West ; and that in that case the north end of Lake Mweru would be the natural and the best distributing centre.

Accordingly he wrote home, bringing forward for consideration the following points :

1. Even at the Lofoi the missionaries were already beyond the mid line of the Continent.
2. The West Coast route had already ceased to function.
3. There was already a route from the East Coast to Lake Tanganyika, along which the African Lakes Corporation was even then willing to undertake, as a commercial proposition, to transport goods and to deliver them at their station of Abercorn on the south end of Tanganyika. From Abercorn to the north end of Lake Mweru was no more difficult than from Benguella to Bié, that is, than the first and easiest stage of the long West Coast route.
4. At the north end of Mweru was a chief, Mpweto. His place, or some place near by, might be used as a natural distributing centre for the whole country.
 - (a). Kazembe's country could be reached directly by water in under a week.
 - (b). Chiñama's Ushi lands were to be reached southward beyond Kazembe's by not more than ten days' travel on the Luapula.
 - (c). North and north-west from Mpweto was the Luba country. Nyembwa Kunda on the Lualaba was a great centre, and brethren there could be supplied from Mpweto as easily as those at Kazembe's. Mr. Thompson had said all along that if the Lord willed he wished to start work there. Five labourers at Nyembwa Kunda ("it is *labourers* the Lord needs," he said) could not only work thereabout but could also move out thence to Chyombe, Chifwe, Mulongo on Kavamba Lake, Kayumba, and other places, finding everywhere fields white to the harvest.
 - (d). From Mpweto, the Lofoi also could be easily reached, either via Kazembe, or by the land route via Disera.

All this was, said he, but a bird's eye view, a meagre estimate of the opportunities for the great work thereabouts to be undertaken by the Lord's willing ones in the day of His power, all of which lay easily within the reach of what might be a fixed base, itself in direct touch with the East Coast.

Such was the vision he saw while as yet there was none of it. As the years unrolled it became fact: the eastern route *did* become the way of communication not only for missionaries, but also for the Government officials and trading companies: (later on, Rhodes's railway from the south, a new factor altogether, made Cape Town the most advantageous point of entry). A centre of missionary work *was* established at the northern end of Mweru, and from it the lands of the Upper Congo basin were pioneered. The outwork from that mission centre *did* group itself into four divisions (as he had foreseen)—(1) about the Luapula; (2) round Kazembe's and the east side of Mweru; (3) in the lands which had been Mushidi's home provinces; (4) Luba-land.

For a youth but barely entered upon his majority, the clarity of his vision was remarkable and his judgement strikingly mature. Moreover, in God's goodness, he possessed great tenacity of purpose to bring to pass what he foresaw.

"14th. Preached to many grey-headed old men, who began by sitting ten yards off—the proper respectful distance—but they edged forward as the story grew in interest. Broke up at sunset, and pointed to the west, telling them how near the sunset of life was to many. They began by admitting the simple axiom that he was no king who had no tribunal, and were soon confessing that God in righteous government must have His great *chidye*, that is, tribunal."

"15th. Kazembe sent us off to-day in great style, more pompous than ever, but extremely kind, giving a large present of food, four hoes, and forty yards of calico, explaining that this last was to pay his guest's way back to the Lofoi. He declared himself my true friend and wanted me to return, which I promised to do one day if God gave me life.

"We left the town by the south gate, for our route back for the next three days lies up the east bank of the Luapula, which we shall then cross and pass back through untouched country. Travelling through the long green lanes of manioc is very pleasant, scarcely a patch of uncultivated soil being met with for hours. Accompanying us a long way came bands of noisy nude little Lunda boys, whose glee knew no bounds. Their names are either Kanyembo, Kinyanta, Lukwesa, or Kapumba, or some other high-sounding name of one of the Kazembe dynasty, and beyond this royal nomenclature they seem to know nothing. We passed quite near Lake Pembe to-day, a narrow but very long stretch of water from which rise numerous grassy headlands. Crossing the Lufuba river, we enter the manioc fields of Nsonga, where we camp."

"16th. Kazembe, thinking to do us a kindness, 'raised up a man' as they say here, to accompany us. He is a big blustering Lunda fellow, carrying the executioner's hatchet, and followed by a sword-bearer. Thus heralded, we were given a passage without let or hindrance through the chief's southern villages as far as the ferry at Kalumbu's. This arrangement of travelling with an ungainly headpiece to our little caravan seemed very inauspicious, and we had not long to wait to see our fears realized. He was really a messenger-at-arms serving *milandu* (law-suits) warrants, and dunning the poor people to death with the most exorbitant demands on the most trifling of pleas, mostly issued by the order of Mpolokoso. On reaching Nsonga's place yesterday, he began loudly accusing the elders of want of respect in not bringing a seat for him, and then left the village in wrath on his roving 'milandu' commission. We didn't follow him, of course, but slept in the village under the disadvantage of not seeing the headman—a disadvantage because nobody was found to give hospitality.

"To-day we started off without our guide, but guessed the path very easily, as there was a choice of two only, the one running down to Lake Pembe and the other going south. Further on we came upon the guide. We went a long way, passing a second large lake, Chiturwe, and carrying on till near sundown, when we reached Luamfe's village, wearied out and annoyed at our guide's having lied

regarding the road distance. We have just entered this village when the loud-mouthed messenger-at-arms, annoyed because we had not fawned on him, takes a stand in the middle of it, and shouts out that no one is permitted to give us food without his sanction. At this point I have the greatest difficulty in restraining my young men from springing at him. Then follows a very severe lecture in the presence of the chief, during which the blusterer becomes very cowed. In conclusion, as his services to us are nil, he is sent about his business.

"The country to-day, looked at as an African would look at it, is bright with promise. We crossed four 'sponges' of black quagmire, all very difficult, but particularly the largest, Mununshi. These 'sponges' feed three lakes, Pembe, Chiturwe and Bunyuse—which form a chain running parallel with the Luapula and separated from the river only by a narrow neck of land. When in high flood the big river overleaps this barrier and the four form one vast sheet of water extending as far as the *musomba* (capital) of Kazembe. Here, too, however, we hear the same story of lakes drying up, and it seems that it is some years since the three were one sheet."

"17th. A halt for some lame folks, yesterday's march having been too much for them. We are in Luamfe's village at the south end of Lake Bunyuse, enjoying fish diet, and finding many listening ears for the Gospel."

"18th. Off again through the manioc fields and in about an hour reach Kapala's on the Luapula. They killed a very large lion here last night, measuring 13½ feet from tip to tail. He was a shaggy veteran with blunted teeth, starving seemingly, for his ribs were looking through. Kapala would have given me the skin for a consideration, but it would have been as much as his life was worth, as Kazembe claims every skin. Received a present of two baskets of flour and fish, and continued our journey alongside the beautiful Luapula, here luxuriant with tall borassus palms shooting up into the sky. These are remarkable for their height and make very good landmarks to steer by.

"Nearly all the way the bright green of the manioc leaves is with us, bringing us to Kasonge's large village by the river side, where we rest for stragglers, then move on, still

through manioc which, without a break, leads us to our southern terminus at Kalumbu's. Here we are on the confines of the Ushi country, the language of the latter being, with very minor differences, the same. What a privilege for a missionary to be able to cross the Lunda boundary almost without knowing it linguistically. To the south, all say, the villages lie thick, one after another at short distances as they were to-day. The Ushi salutation to the chief here is smile-provoking. Approaching him the man lies flat on his back, claps his hands, makes a strange cheeping noise with his mouth. Good wood-carving and designing on native cloth can be met with here and there.

"In all seriousness a peaceful country here is styled '*chalo cha mukotankoko*'—the country of the aged fowl; an intimation that the result of fighting in these parts is that the hens and goats are swooped down upon.

"The Kalumbu ferry is very old, the chief having quite a good status in Lunda. On arriving here, a polite message came from him stating that as the body of Chinyanta, the the second chief of the Kazembe dynasty, lies buried in the river, it was not lawful for me to approach the water until I had first paid a small tribute to propitiate the spirits haunting the spot. This, however, I could not do, and my refusal in the goodness of God proved a great opportunity for a big Gospel meeting with the chief and his large following. How they listened—all ears—every word going home! The conclusion is that we are not troubled with a second application for tribute.

"Plenty of the old folk about Kazembe's knew Livingstone. 'Ingeresa, ah, he was a true man. He did this; he did that. He was often going about the rivers looking what was in them, and measuring them. He was always kind. He was not a man of many words; one word he spake and that was all.' Thank God for the 'white' path he left behind him. May others pass over it reverently, and study in no way to mar it.

"Although it is a well-known fact that Lunda people are cowards, I never before heard so much talk about killing one another as during the last week. Mushidi's hordes had never such easy work as when they crossed the Luapula and entered Kazembe's territory. They are very loud-mouthed, and have no idea of speaking quietly

and dispassionately ; even the simple occurrences of life demand great clamour. Moreover, they have a wealth of interjection, and when a dispute is on, you would think a free fight inevitable, although they have not nearly reached that point.

“ One hears many murmurs of discontent at the hardness of the Kazembe yoke, and the general impression they give one is that they would like immensely to break away from it.”

“ 20th. The Kalumbu folks were very kind, only disposed to harp too much on the importance of their crossing. After sundry petty demands, they all accompanied us to the river bank, begging us to come back again soon. Boats were forthcoming, and took us all over. The boys celebrated the event by firing off their guns, and when I came over in the last boat all came and saluted : ‘ Good morning, sir ! ’ as the only formal mode of congratulation they knew. More than a quarter of a century ago, the late Mushidi, then a mere adventurer, with his wife, Kapapa and three slaves, crossed at this same ferry, going to Katanga, where his father, Kalasa, had left some copper. Mbayo, our host, was a fellow-traveller with them. They all slept under a large fig tree not far from here, and parted in the morning.

“ Turning our faces westward, we cut across bare savannah without a path, compelled sometimes to make long circuits in order to escape treacherous bogs, which proved after all, to be unescapable, as they must at some point be crossed. We reach Mbayo’s at last, worn out with wading, and have just time to cook our evening meal when darkness settles down. Yesterday Mbayo killed a large male lion with an elephant spear. As it sprang upon him, he fixed his spear as a soldier does his bayonet at the command ‘ Prepare for cavalry ’. The lion ran himself through the heart. The *felis leo* fraternity came round during the night and ate their dead comrade, making much noise during the performance. It is madness to send out little boys to draw water or fetch firewood here without an escort.”

“ 21st. At Mbayo’s. Splendid hospitality. It turns out to be little Sankuru’s home, and his mother wept for joy on seeing him again. The people had been swooped

down upon by Mushidi's war parties and scattered ; some had been killed, and the little boy was taken as a slave. The relatives offer to redeem him, but Sankuru clings to me and he will be happier so. The life of a small boy in a native village, if he is other than a chief's son, is pretty much that of a kick-about, at the call of everybody. On the contrary, the young men who are with me are quite proud of my little boys, and devise lots of things to make them happy, apart from stuffing them with food, honey and other good things."

" 22nd. Mbayo himself undertakes to guide us to the next village. In the early morning, we traverse a dense forest which has been swept by a recent grass fire, and then follow the course of a sedgy stream full of leeches—the chilombwe—through a flat plain mantled in black. The path is scarcely traceable. On the approach to Kapwasa's village, I killed a large and very tough old boar, almost the only game animal sighted during a month's travels."

" 23rd. Reached a hamlet to-day occupied by Kapwasa's uncle. These simple people have never seen a white man before, and are very shy, but their kindness and well-meaning is beyond all doubt. Hearing of our approach, they have actually taken the great pains to build a fine new encampment for us. They led us up to it amid loud cooing noises from their women-folk. They brought venison and honey in large quantity. Skins are the only things worn thus far west of the Luapula, but there is a great wealth of them ; babies are slung on the back in them. As clothing they are worn fore and aft. They also provide the mat to sleep on and the blanket to cover them."

" 24th. Too tired to note much. Adopted the very risky, but in this case necessary, plan of striking across country without a path, heading for a certain point on the mountain table, Kundelungu, which has been in sight for the last two days and still looks far away. We found the reason for the windingness of African paths : the first to beat down the track naturally accommodate themselves, as we did to-day, to the nature of the country, now twisting round the end of a fallen tree, because it is easier to do than dislodge it, and again following the broad tracks of

animals, even though they lead a good bit out of the way, because of the rough, uneven ground with the endless roots and ant heaps so sore to tired feet. Wide, roomy elephant ways were particularly tempting to follow, but the range would loom out on the horizon warningly, and we were compelled to turn again and again and head for our landmark. Struck the Luisi river after 3 p.m."

"25th. Still pathless, and leaving behind us one of the most crooked tracks to be found in Africa! Began by getting thoroughly wet in the grass in the early morning, went along all the way battling with it and having to step high, tiringly high, to avoid being tripped up; and, toward the close of the journey under vertical rays, ended by gasping much oftener than breathing. All for Jesus who trod the thorny path for me."

This slashing grass wounded his arms and legs, and his left arm became poisoned, swelling up and giving him great pain for about ten days, when it discharged considerable quantities of matter and gradually healed. But as the arm got better a pustular rash broke out around his waist which, in its turn, caused him painful days and sleepless nights.

"The boys fired a broadside from their matchlocks into a dense cavalcade of elephants with scarcely any effect: £10,000 of ivory on the move—what a sight! They pack in herds like buffaloes, and are just as fierce. The natives climb trees, with long heavy spears, and throw down these missiles as the elephants pass under."

"26th. Our third day in pathless bush. The meal is all gone; and the honey bird threatens to disorganize our march, one man after another dropping out of line to follow its bewitching cry. Of course we have to call a halt for the stragglers as it is extremely dangerous to lose sight of one another in this wilderness. After an hour or more of waiting, one drops in and then another, with a present of whitest honey wherewith to atone for his fault."

"27th. Fell in with a tiny track to-day, which, gradually growing wider and more distinct, led us through a dense forest, among whose trees were numbers of the lordly *Ficus*

Indica and the thorny acacia. The latter are white with blossom, as though holding high festival, and make the forest seem jubilant.

"We emerge at last, and look down on far-stretching sorghum fields lying in the rich loamy valley through which the Luisi river flows. They are Mulangadi's. 'Well done,' is what everybody cries as they take in the extent of the plantations, for the white waving tops are visible as far as eye can reach. We are received with much ado. The chief, who wears the Omande shell, turns the tables, and salutes me, instead of I him. Refreshments are forthcoming at once, the harbingers of loads of food to be laid down at my door later on. In the evening all listen very attentively to what I say upon sin, judgement and the Gift of God. The chief is a young man and is in a very pliable condition. He promises in a measure to undo the wrongs of his father by calling back Mbayo and Kapwasa to their former land on the Luisi, which they had cultivated long before a Mulangadi set foot on it and drove them off. Small-pox has broken out among us—one case."

"29th. Off on the last stage of our home journey. Sleep at the foot of the mountains by the Lufupa River, ready for our early climb up the face of the range. Crossed large wadies to-day with red sandstone beds, all wide and dry, arguing against heavy rainfall during recent years. Mountain trees strikingly straight and tall, but not thick, of a genus quite different from those in the plains."

"30th. Laboured up the east brow of the Kundelungu quite early, resting several times in the ascent to look back and note our progress. At the top, a last farewell look at the Luapula valley stretching far away, and we turn westward again. Mountain air gives elasticity of step worth climbing for. Climbing is not at once done with, for until the great savannah land is encountered, which gives the range its name, the country lying on either side is very rough, with sharp ascents and descents. Mountain streams, crystal and cold, run through the hollows. Along the courses of these voiceful streams there is an abundance of *mitafu* rubber trees.

"There is an old man with us, a true child of the woods, and representative of past generations. With a ponderous

elephant spear in one hand, a bow and poisoned arrows in the other, two old skins, fore and aft for covering, and an axe in his belt, he is monarch of all he surveys, and picks his way along in the most wonderful fashion. Although very old, his back is yet unbent and his movements are as lithe and nimble as those of a youth. Sometimes he wavers when doubtful which way to lead, and gives a low, long whistle, as though invoking the guidance of his *musambwa*. Whether he arrive early or late in camp he will never rest there, but will go wandering off alone, to return near dusk with an abundance of beautiful honey. Around the camp fire he has lots of lore to tell, and strange weird stories of the past to relate."

" *July 1st.* After two hours' good marching in the cold morning through dense forests, we reach the great savannah or heath which runs the whole length of the tableland, varying in breadth from three to eight miles. This heath is important as marking the line of watershed between streams flowing east to the Luapula and west to the Lufira. On its eastern edge we left behind the last Luapula tributary, and further on we encountered the first Lofoi tributary sloping down towards the valley. Camp at 1 p.m. by the Fibia, a Lofoi tributary, where are a number of hyphœne palm trees."

" *2nd.* Following the Fibia for an hour in the morning brought us to the parent stream, which we crossed at some rapids, and kept company with it, off and on the whole day. This indeed was the grandest sight in all our journey—to see the Lofoi, at some places at least 200 yards wide, thundering, white with foam, over a succession of falls. The banks were lined luxuriantly, and at one or two places were islands round which the river rushed impetuously. The mark of the late flood is visible all along its course, and for thirty yards on either side the grass is lying flat, and tall trees are uprooted. Driftwood and rubbish brought down by the flood can be spied high up in the branches of trees. The reason why this healthy and beautiful country on the mountains is not occupied is that favourite foods of the natives, sorghum and corn, cannot thrive."

" *3rd.* Lomotwa paths often go along deceptively for

a short distance, having all the appearance of being ordinary African highways, only to end suddenly and leave you to your wits and compass. We were particularly unfortunate in this way to-day. We reached the western brow of Kundelungu and were in great need of a kindly hand to help us over the frowning precipice, but never a path could we find. We heard the Lofoi thundering at the bottom of the gorge which it has cut out, but how were we to reach that bottom? Reconnoitring parties went out along the edge to report on the possibilities of descent at different points, and we finally decided on one as seeming the least impossible. I don't care just now to write or think about that descent, for some of the awful giddiness I experienced during it still clings to me. Briefly, then; after the first few steps I found that my boots would soon hurl me over to certain death, so they were discarded and I continued the descent on my back, clutching at tufts of grass and tiny ledges of rock for a hand-hold. However careful anyone was, stones would get dislodged and bump down on those before. In the mercy of God we reached the bottom at last, bathed all our bruises in the river, and pushed on for a village which we reached near nightfall. The villagers, of course, could tell of a better place of descent, etc., but they keep these good things to themselves."

"4th. At our own village at last, all well. The Lord Himself water the seed sown for His Name's sake and glory! Amen and amen."

VI

POVERTY

DURING the three months which followed on his return from his Kazembe tour, from July to October, Dan Crawford was kept in and around Lofoi by an absolute lack of barter goods.

All the while he longed to be away, completing his survey of the "much land to be occupied." On the one hand, he wanted to make the circuit of Lake Mweru so as fully to acquaint himself with all its possibilities, and on the other, he wished to confirm the information about Lubaland gained from the Belgians and Mushidi's generals. It was this last quarter of the field to which Mr. Thompson was most attracted; in fact he had returned from the West Coast at the end of 1891 with the announcement that he expected to open up work in that direction, but one thing after another had hindered his making the move. In September, 1893, at long, long last, just as Dan had gone off to shoot an elephant with the intent to barter the ivory for the wherewithal to clothe himself and his family, there arrived some trade goods from Bié. As the door seemed still to be shut against Mr. Thompson's penetrating into Lubaland, once more it was Crawford who set off, this time to complete his tour of Lake Mweru, and to touch on the eastern fringe of Lubaland.

The three months of delay were by no means wasted. The growth of his soul went on apace. Moreover he got into closer and yet closer touch with the hundreds of people who were flocking across the Lufira to settle near him. His letters afford glimpses of his life, that are framed around and above and below by Africa—her trees, her sky, her soil, her very life, as though one stood in the forest unsuspected and looked out upon his black friends, and upon the thatched porch where he sits with them, talks with them, advises them, preaches Christ to them. White-wo led are some of them, and some of them are youths, and he with his 23 years is the father of them all—is Konga Vantu,

Gatherer of the People. It is a notable scene : and not the least noteworthy feature of it is this—that it is wholly African. It is to no foreigner that those dark-skinned women bring their baskets of flour, and those black men their perplexities, but to one of themselves.

“ On my return from the east,” he writes to his sister, “ the reception all the people gave me was touching in the extreme. They call me their father. Visitors kept coming in from all directions with presents, as is the custom in the country. I am convinced that there is going to be a reaping here, whoever does it, for the seed is God’s own and the Husbandman will garner in His own time.”

To his mother he wrote :

“ If you could only hear a dozen intelligent tribesmen speaking among themselves in their flowing eloquent way, so full and so untranslatable into English ! It is real artistic speech in which, with a few touches each throws off picture after picture of real life. It is this shrewd, penetrating individual with whom we have to deal all day long. He can look through skin and bone and read a man off to perfection. Books he has none : life is his book, and he is always reading it. This is what confronts with a great responsibility every Christian who ventures into heathendom. Although you may give him a Bible in his own tongue, and although he should be inclined to read it, yet he cannot ; but oh, this awful reading of character, this life book, his eyes are never off its pages.

“ Our penetrating friend is also the most polite of individuals. He is prepared to salute you after any approved fashion from the soldier’s salute to the humble falling upon his knees and covering his body with dust. He can be very dignified, too, so much so that you quite forget all about the fore and aft skins that are all he wears, and become engrossed in the problem of him as a man. In addition to thinking very properly that he should pay formal visits to the white man at least once a day or oftener, he is here or hereabouts at all hours, always. Every bit of news, authentic or otherwise, is the occasion for a somewhat prolonged visit in the outside porch. Daily the stream flows in ; ailments, trials, confidences—all are left in the

white man's hands, and his advice governs the solution on every occasion. All this we encourage, for it keeps wide open the avenue to the hearts, and gives us the opportunity hourly to say something straight and passionate from heart to heart.

"Talk! Talk! He can talk till midnight and beyond. But then of the world's wisdom he has the wisest things to say, and at the same time he wants to quiz every subject known or unknown. If you wander out with him into his forests and plains, he is at home in every nook and corner, initiating you at every step into all the secrets, and compelling you to confess that he is a wonder, an eye-opening wonder, a king in his own kingdom. His great theme is the haunts and manners of birds and animals and he can be very funny and comical when he really gets deep into it, putting language into their mouths.

"Think kindly then, best of mothers, and pray much for this friend of all my wanderings. He has been crushed and downtrodden too long; may the day of his emancipation be near! I love to spend my days with him, gaining his ear for the Story of love, and naming the name of Jesus, the Emancipator of souls."

To his brother-in-law :

"Shut in here with primitive peoples, who eat, talk, and live just as their fathers did æons ago, we seem to be centuries behind our times. Even loving letters from home reach our ears but faintly, and seem to be but dying echoes from across the sea."

And again, "We have one message for all and one dear old Book containing the Kingdom statutes, wherein both prince and meanest slave may read 'his title clear to mansions in the sky.' These adamant hearts all around us are strongholds of devils, controlled by the great Arch Enemy; but for all the adamant we have the divine hammer, that is, all the might of EL SHADDAI, who spoke of old and it was done. I am as yet only in the nursery of my Father, and yet even there I behold sights which stagger unbelief."

To his mother :

"I really never need anything here, for God supplies it all

according to His riches in glory. My rebel heart, however, does need discipline, and I have long seen how needful it is for my own happiness of soul that I should have no big stores on hand, but, on the contrary, should often be scraping the bottom of the meal barrel. Such a life the Lord of all things Himself apportions, divinely filling every empty place to overflowing. His supply dovetailing itself into our need ensures our being the best-looked-after people in the world. Heathendom can never hurl at us the taunt that our Master treats us ill.

“ ‘ Above the rest this note shall swell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well.’ ”

“ Only the other day our heart was right full, though our stomach was empty. Tapila, my table-boy, came in at noon, the usual time, dusted the table (the cloth was sold long ago), in a matter of fact way laid on it my plate, knife and fork, and then looked enquiringly up for instructions. I made him answer by silently pointing upwards. Both he and I knew that there was nothing to eat. Just then, as though in heaven the dinner bell had gone for my meal appeared an old woman, who certainly does not hear any such heavenly sounds, with a basket of whitest flour, and hard on her heels came someone else with a leg of venison. Again, I was reminded that :

“ ‘ Omnipotence hath servants everywhere ;
His methods are sublime, His ways supremely kind ;
God never is before His time, and never is behind.’ ”

“ The long record of good things I have to tell about concerning my Heavenly Father’s loving care is fast assuming huge dimensions. What a commentary has my African life been on those words, ‘ God never is before His time, and never is behind.’ My little family, too, is not too large for His great bounty. Far from their looking lean, on the contrary they are fat and plump, though ragged beyond measure. Some of them will yet, I trust, be valiant evangelists when we are removed from here. We are constantly asking Him to glorify that Name which is above all others, and we believe that He is going to do it, though, of course, it will be in His own mysterious way. Beloved Joseph Lynn’s departure we must take to be one of His

answers to prayer, for Jesus is glorified in the home-going of every child of His."

That Mr. Lynn had died in Bié of hydrophobia, the result of a dog-bite, after less than two years in the field, had been one saddening item of the news brought in by Utulumba.

"Dearest of mothers, think of me as being always happy. How God-dishonouring it is to allow mere circumstances to freeze up the founts of praise. We who preach a Gospel of eternal joy, how dare we give the lie direct to our message by gloom!"

And again :

"If you only knew how much I sing out here and how hopeful I am, you would never droop during any long months of waiting for mails, but rather you would catch up my chorus across the sea. With such a present portion in Him, and with all the future lighted up with glory, we cannot murmur. Think of me always as in the cleft of the Rock. On Saturday evenings we have our little prayer-meeting, so you must join us at that time in supplicating for one another, and also for the vast heathendom and for every missionary in the world. As the years go by, you will never grudge me to Central Africa, mother, but will always bear me up at the Throne where He sits who has left us down here to work, and who comes again."

And again,

"I shall never cease to praise God that He constrained me by grace to invest my whole life in His service. This is not only true life insurance, but is all other kinds of insurance, too, contained in one eternal policy."

At another time he remarked to his mother on the merciless heat of the mid-day hours, and then went on,

"However, the height of the thermometer is not the question. Oh, no. 'Who sent you here, and why?' is what rings out, and with infant Samuel, I reply, 'Here am I, for Thou *didst* call me!' No doubt the Arch-Enemy, who has been in possession so long, would like to repel us from these

dark, demon-haunted preserves of his ; but we are going on in the King's Name, with all the power of El Shaddai for us and with us. Pray that I may lead the victorious life."

To his sister :

"Tell me practical things. How can I best preserve meat? How make good bread out of coarse grain?"

To his mother :

"Before going to sleep all the little ones come into my bedroom, where we sing a hymn and have a word of prayer, remembering you all by name. Each of the adjacent tribes, too, are named before the Lord, as well as all the chiefs. Last night, the question I asked the youngest boy was, 'How are we justified before God?' Sankuru at once took up the challenge: and this was his answer, 'We are justified by the blood of Jesus, whom God raised from the dead.' If Satan accuses us before God he is answered by 'Jesus paid all our debt with His own blood.' Of course, remember this was not given in the way we were used to give it from the Westminster Shorter Catechism, but was entirely impromptu."

At the end of September, at long, long last he could write :

"Biheans from the west have come at last with goods. To us, the shipwrecked out on this ocean and tossed about for so long, they are a sail on the horizon. You cannot guess what it means to us. We admire the wisdom of our Bihean friends in sending us nearly all trade goods. And I don't mind if another year should go past without my drinking tea or coffee. The precious home boxes are not yet to hand; they got left behind. I got one box which had been made up for me inside with some soap and a few other provisions. Every little kindness done me by the natives when I had nothing, I noted down and now I am paying off my liabilities. What a list to be sure! Let me tell you some of them, dearest mother, in order that your heart may glow with kindness to everyone who helped your boy:

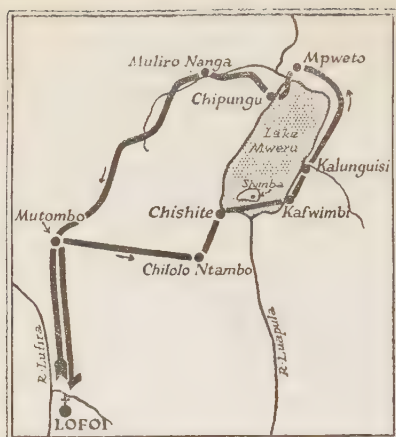
One woman	. 30 baskets of flour.
Another woman	. 25 baskets of flour and 4 baskets of vegetables.
A third woman	. 22 baskets of vegetables; green corn, cucumbers, pumpkins, beans, etc.
Another woman	. 15 baskets of flour and 10 pots of munkoyo, a native beverage.

There are also 15 other names with totals of 10, 9, 8, 6, and so on, baskets of flour, corn, etc. I pass these on to make you glad, as I was made glad in many a lonely hour. What a sweet little story I could add after every item! What a loving educating way the King has to wean us from all unbelief and bring our wandering hearts back to Himself."

The same carriers who brought the loads brought letters also. Alas, these letters told them that after all their high hopes no reinforcements were coming in to help them. It was a bitter blow, but he was far from being stunned by it. On the contrary, he gathered himself together for even more determined assaults upon the Arch-enemy, of whose deadly reality and of whose unceasing machinations he had no slightest doubt.

"When we contemplate the great need"—so he wrote—"for labourers to press on and help us occupy more widely our vast parish, and when we hear that not even one is coming as yet, we are cast upon the Lord of might and love to use *us* in all our feebleness and unworthiness in this His most glorious of all callings; and as we busy ourselves in His business often there flashes across us the Divine wisdom of our being thus shut in to our work far away from England with its many interruptions. Spasmodic efforts, I am convinced, will never accomplish much in Africa, even if they will anywhere else. Divine plod and tenacity of purpose are the essentials—oh for more of both, to the end that He who alone is worthy may ever have in me a loyal soldier of His Cross."

A week later he was off again. The King's business required haste.



VII RECONNAISSANCE AROUND LAKE MWERU

*October to December,
1893*

IN October, although the earliest rains had already fallen fortified by the arrival of a few bales of cloth, he set out on the journey which was to culminate in his fixing on the centre from which for many years, beginning in 1894 and onwards, the ever-widening ripples of the Good News of Jesus Christ were to move out in all directions across the lands of the Upper Congo Basin. Incidentally, this same journey of the latter end of 1893 brought him into touch with the British administration of the country, east of the Luapula-Mweru waterway, now called North East Rhodesia, but then, British Central Africa; and resulted in a realization in Britain that the East Coast route was infinitely preferable to that of the West Coast as a means of reaching the country that was still mistakenly thought of in missionary circles as Garenganze. It also brought him twice into the valley of the shadow of death. Once in the land beyond the lake; and once again in returning through the Luba country the dreaded blackwater struck him down. In the mercies of God, however, on each occasion he struggled back out of the coma that terrified his lads, and eventually reached the Lofoi on Christmas eve.

His journal reads:

"October, 1893. The long delay in the arrival of barter-goods, such as calico and beads, compelled us to spend much of the precious dry season at the Lofoi valley,

and the early rains had already fallen before Utulumba, the succour-bearer, appeared. Then followed a further delay in inducing some lazy ulcers on my two heels to dry up, ulcers caused by having to wear socks worn out beyond the possibility of further darning. At length I made a start with a handful of men and boys on my journey—to shout up the Kundelungu valley and along the shores of Lake Mweru the old message ever new.

“Mugavi is very kind to us as we pass through his hamlet two days later. He boasts of a good kennel of hunting-dogs, whose trophies are exhibited, from wild boars to roan antelopes. Paradoxically, he starves them to feed their ferocity, and not, as he explains apologetically, out of neglect, which we believe, for he is always in the midst of them extolling their powers.

“We sleep at the mouth of the Kasanga Valley, and next morning start in the rain for Mutombo’s, the late Mushidi’s wife, who is joint proprietor with her brother, Konga Miramba. Long ago they asked me to believe the village my own, and the warm reception always awaiting me there is most affecting. The whole valley, including even the Lomotwa, troop in during the three days of rest, bringing provisions for the journey, each with his very best, laying it down outside my door.

“A chief sends his two polite, sleek young sons with me ‘to see the great lake and river.’ It is their first journey, and they receive many parting injunctions about keeping close to the white man. As we keep no hangers-on, they are at once installed into their respective positions of second cook and meal carrier. Others, too, who have had an eastward journey in mind hail our coming with delight, get their pots and baskets together outside their doors, and, with a few handfuls of meal, join the caravan. Two years ago these very folks were prepared to flee from any white skin, so raw were they, and now they think no journey can be so auspicious as one in company with us. Of course, all are welcome, for they all have souls which need saving, and as we travel along hourly opportunities are given to preach saving words.

“When we were at Kasanga, a large house quite near was struck by lightning, and several people were knocked to the ground insensible, very narrowly escaping with their lives. The proprietor turned up at one of my meetings,

and mildly controverted some of the things I was saying on God's love. He described the lightning incident as 'God coming down with red eyes' (i.e., fierce wrath); but he shuts his ears to the message that God had already come down as incarnate. All listened very earnestly to a solemn farewell message. 'You have forgotten God-Creator and God-Redeemer, and the lightning which fell came to declare that He who made you can make His sword reach you.' "

" *October 24th.* Traversed the head of the valley and climbed Kundelungu under a dark threatening sky, which made our work easier.

"The path as it approaches the Kana rivulet, is laid out with masterly cunning and deceptiveness; and if you follow where it seemingly leads, only disappointment will result. Year in and year out, the Lomotwa will crawl flat on their bellies under trunks of trees purposely felled to put strangers off their track. Breaking through grass they will walk backwards, restoring each blade to its normal upright position in such a way as to defy man to know where they have gone."

" *25th.* Eight hours and a half marching; ten hours on the road. After the sixth hour, all the pleasure goes out of a march: the lovely glimpses of the picturesque seen during the earlier hours, and even the sweet meditation, all go, leaving one dull and nearly unimpressionable—a mere walking machine, one's hot and fevered brain occupied only with how far off camp is. Blinded by the sun's glare, perspiring freely, one steels one's self into covering the ground. Strangely enough, it is possible, if you carry on long enough, to conquer the oppressive feeling of faggedness generally felt after the fifth or sixth hour. I have found, too, that the first craving thirst can be compounded in a manner by working the saliva of the mouth.

"Leading the way for us is a famous hunter of herculean build, who has met single-handed all the giant pachyderms of the Central African forests. Last June, immediately after I left him at the Luapula, on crossing to Kazembe's, all alone, he had a fierce combat with a lion which only succumbed after it had torn off his right hand and lacerated him frightfully. Last week, not far from our village, a man creeping up on a herd of antelopes unconsciously

intercepted a lion in the same act as himself, with the same herd in view. He was eaten entirely up; only a few shreds of calico and tufts of hair remained to tell the tale.

“ Crossing the savannah, we camp near the east brow of Kundelungu.”

“ 26th. We reach the eastern edge this morning early, and in order to keep a resolve made really to meet the Lomotwa in their own homes, we left the main path and followed the sagest of guides I have ever known. Spent from two to three hours rolling about among the rocks on the steep brow of the range. Thin saplings cut obliquely and only left half severed from the stem were the guide all along the route. Without this key to the labyrinth our search would have been hopeless beyond all conjecture, but with it the eye gets accustomed to the arrangement, and we are conducted along expectantly from the one cut sapling to the other, until noiselessly and suddenly we are really upon them, making escape impossible. The men spring for their quivers of *bulembe* arrows, thinking we are Shimba's Lukaluka; but we approach empty-handed, and ask, scoldingly and indignantly enough, what they mean by treating visitors so.

“ At once, as if by magic, their demeanour is cowed and respectful, as though they realize the game is up, for they can flee neither further nor higher. Later on they treat us with real highland hospitality. Such a number of fat fowls and good eggs we shall not encounter at any place this journey. We soon discover that the village we have entered is only one out of many—that, in fact, the rocks swarm with people, who file in. At first they look daggers, as though they grudged us their secret, our familiarity with their surroundings, but at sundown we are thick friends; they have penetrated the outer crust, and really believe we have come among them disinterestedly with this message of ours.”

“ 27th. We rest among these mountaineers, because we shall not see them every day. A year ago they lost their chief, and since his death the community has been rent in fragments by petty jealousies; the claimants being more or less numerous, and powerful enough to defy each other.

Who would believe the following, really seen to-day among these Kundelungu rocks? Two little boys, three feet high, are in hot dispute over some childish matter. 'All right, what will you wager?' asks one. 'Three beads,' says the other; and forthwith they link their two little fingers of the right hand together to conclude solemnly the 'chipikwa' or wager. This betting and gambling with dice is quite common among all the surrounding tribes, and it used to be quite fashionable for young Yeke princes to bet away slaves, percussion-cap guns and calico—in fact, all that was reckoned wealth."

"29th. Descended to Chilolo Ntambo's. After formally greeting the chief, the first question I ask him is, 'Chilolo, what about all I told you at the sorghum harvest?' 'Ah! I have thought of it often, often; and often around the fire I have spoken of it here to my children,' says the old man in a slow, solemn tone. To prove this he begins plying me with questions, many of which we can only answer by telling him that God reigns and cannot err.

"On his island, Shimba (that is, Lion) menaces everybody, including the Congo Free State. To wander far along the western shores of Lake Mweru is dangerous in the highest degree. Unfortunately he has got hold of the 'boundary' idea, and knows that the English on the east side of the Lake cannot cross to attack him. He glories in the name of Dimbi-Dimbi, i.e., 'Deceiver,' chosen by himself.

"Have some very interesting meetings here with a very mixed lot of people; Nyasa Arabs, Congo Free State soldiers, and all the villagers, ranging from the chief to the poor miserable slave boy who sits a long way off, growled at by everybody. The polished Arabs, constantly assenting with 'True, very true, great sir!' are a vivid contrast to a Hausa Mohammedan zealot whom I met in their town six months ago. Speaking 'pigeon English' he insisted that God was God and Mohammed was his prophet. As I sought to tell him of Jesus, to whom God had given a name above every name, the chief and a large crowd gathered round us, and, of course, to satisfy African curiosity, I was asked to translate the conversation. I took the opportunity to preach the full Gospel, but the poor man who could not speak the language of the country, yet was desperately in earnest and determined not to be beaten, rose and kept

shrieking out in broken Luba, the words, 'Mohammed good ; v-e-r-y good, g-o-o-d !' interrupting me till the close in this way. Poor fellow, he died in his sins about a week afterwards !

"It is only when thus pressing earnestly for decision for Christ that we fully realize what awful coils of spiritualism bind each soul listening, and what a long, long start the enemy has had of us. An African's 'spirit' is his guardian god. Every hour in this heathen town these *misambwa* are gratefully and ignorantly praised, often I believe out of full hearts. Only the mighty power of God can make a heathen turn his back upon all he has been taught to hold as sacred, but with God all things are possible. The refrain of the old Psalm floods in upon us, filling us with hope amid all the gloom—'He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder. Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness . . . for He hath broken the gates of brass and cut the bars of iron in sunder.' Lord, hasten this day ! If need be, bury us here in these wilds, only carry on Thy work and get Thee glory to Thy great name !"

"*2nd November.* After four days for Jesus in this fort of darkness we get off for the Lake, the chief sending a convoy of his men with us. Chilolo I reckon among my good friends. He is about as real an old African as I have ever met. His fighting name, given him by Mushidi, was *Chikasa mwana makonga*, i.e., 'Take him not as tribute the flesh of buffaloes ; rather a basketful of human heads.' He is very full of a plan he has to get me to come and build here on the west of Mweru at a beautiful spot where he is going to build his new town. In parting, he gave me a nice strong young boy—Lefu—as a present. Thus my family grows.

"All along the south-west of this fair valley, there is no chief who is not on terms of friendship with me, the said friendship having been made and sustained when I had not a yard of calico to give any of them.

"The sores on my heel have troubled me right on to here, and even yet I cannot venture into boots. Limping along in old slippers, rain has been the order of the day since leaving the Lofoi.

"Within an hour's march of Mweru there is a large

white sheet of water which we were told is called Lake Musengeshi. It is hitherto unknown."

"3rd. Negotiating for good sea-going boats. My men have been, up to this point, holding out stubbornly against crossing such a watery waste. When they look out they are disconsolate, for the sky comes down to meet the lake, and all is so different from their little Lufira. Kilwa island, too, where Shimba is, looks uncomfortably near, occupying fully half the sea horizon, and they fear our boats will be swooped down upon.

"To-day sailed round Lake Musengeshi and took soundings at different parts. Boats drawing six feet of water could go round it. Strange fact about this lake is that it is not more than twenty or thirty years old. Some of the oldest inhabitants remember when the inundation came, and the number of rotten stumps with heads just above water, proves that the present lake basin was once forest land, for they are all the 'Karesha' genus, which does not take kindly even to damp soil. The Shila fishers are brave watermen, hunting the hippo with harpoons in their coggly 'dug-outs.' The lake is full of a very pugnacious sort which crush their boats and knock them into the water. To-day a boat of hunters shouted to me to come and help, and on coming up with them we found they had a hippo in hand; he had received two harpoons and was making away with them both. The local hippo clan had turned out to the rescue, and, surrounding their less fortunate fellow, put him in the centre and kept him there, defying the hunters to break through their circle. It was a real sight to see the circle of big heads keeping guard. Once and again the men broke through, evoking reverberating roars from the enraged guardians, and narrowly escaping capsized at each attempt."

"4th. Five very satisfactory boats were forthcoming, produced by Chishite. The largest is capable of holding ten persons, each boat costing only four yards of calico for the whole journey, including the boatman who is a marvel, running his boat at nearly eight miles an hour. We launched out rather early on the glass-like sheet of water, steering rather E. of N.E., across bay after bay, and rounding promontory after promontory, each turn revealing only

the same beautiful monotony in the landscape. The long grass and papyrus come right down to the water's edge, and the 'mishila' trees are the only relieving feature in the whole scenery. They are a sort of cork, and are used for harpoon-floats. Clouds of water fowl rise on our approach, so dense that blind shooting with a shot gun brings down three to five. The lake is at its lowest just now, half a mile from the shore having a depth of not more than two fathoms. After carrying on for six hours without a break we enter the last bay, on the other side of which the Luapula enters Lake Mweru. Drawing up our canoes at a fishing settlement, we are received very royally, the chief calling me the great Kazembe's friend—a compliment of the highest kind for about here all are his slaves."

During this day's paddle they were sighted by men of Shimba, but were delighted at not being molested. When they finally returned to Lofoi, however, their congratulation was turned to sorrow, for they learned from Lieut. Verdickt that Shimba had descended on Chishite the day after, burned down his village, and carried him off in chains, for nothing but for having aided Konga Vantu, in whom Shimba imagined he perceived a rival to his own greatness. This was a bitter experience to Crawford.

"Not much cause for congratulation here," he wrote in *Thinking Black*: "My visit has been a visitation . . . Can you wonder at the old man for years and years shooting an envenomed glance at the very mention of my name? What a monstrous enigma it must have seemed to him, my preaching of peace and claiming to be an ambassador thereof, whereas the net amount of peace we brought to that poor town was—fire and sword and the old patriarch dragged off in chains."

Lieut. Verdickt had heard the news whilst on an expedition which he had made in November against Shimba. With a handful of the infamous Dahomian soldiers, he had crossed to Kilwa island and led an attack on the fortress. The men not only refused to follow, but one of them took the opportunity to shoot from behind a corporal against whom he had a grudge. Verdickt, dashing on alone in his white tunic, drew all Shimba's fire, which however was so erratic

that he escaped unhurt. He was obliged to retire and to return to Lofoi, leaving Shimba to boast of having beaten the white men.

"5th. Second day on the Lake. Whistling is strictly forbidden on the water lest it should bring the wind. However, to-day it comes without one whistling, and our boats shipped not a few seas as we were running broadside to the waves. We were a long, long time in crossing the two mouths of the Luapula. I ran out a big spool of fishing twine across the Luapula mouth, and measured from the extreme end of the island to the extreme point on the left bank which was exactly 592 yards.

"Kilwa island lies off the mouth of the Luapula, about two and a half miles distant, looking very grand with the sun shining upon the red cliffs and making them look to be on fire. Although I rigged up a rude mat awning over my canoes, the sun has literally taken the skin off me.

"The boatmen have an odd way of addressing the lake as they paddle along, thus: 'O great white lake, we salute thee!' *Mweru* means 'white,' the lake having derived its name from its white appearance. Again, *Luapula* means 'great wave-lasher.' Each boat too, has its own name, which the paddler uses pettingly when putting on a spurt. These Shila, the lake people, looking out on the sky coming down to meet the water, have an expression which to them is the maximum of all distance on this earth, '*Po pa pera dikumbi*'—'where the firmament ends'—the idea being, of course, that the earth is flat, and there is a meeting point between heaven and earth. Europe, they suppose, is near that border land of wonder. It is the African children's land of fairies.

"At last, about four in the afternoon we grounded among the reeds on the east side of Mweru. Entering Kafwimbi's we find to our surprise a village with clean swept streets, and houses laid out in orderly style, built after the Lunda type and thatched with a very thin wire grass which is so excellently rainproof that they lay it on only one or two inches thick. Kafwimbi is young, and, for a native, richly dressed. He is a nephew of Nkuva, the descendant of Livingstone's old Peremoe. To this day there is a song in the land—'*Ingeresa wa lala pa mavu*'—'Livingstone, who slept on the waves.'

"The Kazembe dynasty is now so old that these Shila on the east of the lake have become thoroughly Lunda-ized, and acknowledge no chief but the great Mwata. They no longer think of the day when the first Kazembe, hailing from the far west as an utter stranger, struck his spear into the big tree, thereby declaring the country his own. When Kafwimbi has occasion to mention in conversation Kazembe's name, he will pick up some dust, and rub it on his body.

"On my arrival here, five young black soldiers wearing red shirts and turbans and armed with Sniders, marched up and greeted me with 'Goody morning, sir.' Like most people about here they spoke Swahili, and informed me that their master was three days north from here on the Kalungwishi river. About a month ago the Englishman in command there died, and only one now remains.

"The attitude of Kazembe towards these newcomers is haughty, with a slight disposition towards friendliness. He has refused the British Flag. The English, however, are in great favour among the ordinary folks. Many of the chiefs alternately quake and secretly admire. The 'Goody morning' salutation obtains everywhere. One blow struck in the vicinity of Kazembe's *musomba* will make the country theirs.

"Some remarks made by listeners to-day are, 'God sent this man amongst us—it was truly God!' 'Tell me the Name again.' 'Yesu, Y-E-S-U. I'll always remember that name.' 'We come of age to-day; this day we are old men. Our fathers never heard this.' 'Come and live with us. Tell us these things always. We are slaves—slaves of Satana.'

"This is some of the soothing balm we get for all our trudging, for sore hearts, as well as our blistered heels. Oh that one—just one—would step out from all the crowd, 'a kind of first fruits' of the valley unto God!"

"6th. Canoes return; hear Shimba raided them."

"7th. Spent yesterday in Kafwimbi's village, started to-day on our journey north along Lake Mweru. We enter a forest and are in it all day, only crawling out of it about 3 p.m., and happily finding the Kabukwa rivulet we lie down, wearied out. Kafwimbi himself is my messenger

to Kazembe, bearing a letter as to my not presenting myself at his capital. Remembering his dignity I explain that I cannot come empty-handed, but 'D.V.' will come another day. In the north I hear that Mpweto, who had fled from the British soldiers across the Lualaba, is now back again, duly reinstated. There is, therefore, every prospect of a peaceful annexation in that important quarter, which is an unmixed blessing, for African kingdoms can dissolve and disappear in a day, and the place thereof be known no more."

"8th. We have fallen in with Livingstone's old route when he came to see Muonga; his map is thoroughly reliable. All the country here is well wooded, fairly watered and very healthy. But where are the people? To blame Arabs indiscriminately for all African atrocities is, perhaps, the tendency nowadays; but here we are on historic soil, and, if need be, the perpetrators—Arabs, of course—could be duly designated, and point after point in the black indictment proved up to the hilt. Old stockade trenches are very common about here. We met numbers of rude and as yet unbroken Vemba returning from the Kalungwizi river, where they had been to see the experiment in settled government now to be witnessed there."

"9th. Rain! Every stalk of long grass suitable for thatching has been swept off the face of the country; only leaves remain, under which the boys are trying to shelter. The rain in torrents pours in and the most promising of fires soon goes clean out, the firewood even ceasing to smoke. 'What next!' they sing. However, even an African cannot sing for eight hours, and in fact a few hours later misery is depicted on his face, for he sees no prospect of an evening meal ahead, as everything for miles around is soaked and as unignitable as asbestos. Persistent rain like this, however, here in the centre, is exceptional. Generally it is upon us with a loud thunderclap brief and terrific, accompanied with fierce wind, and threatening to carry everything before it; then all is calm again, the thunder pealing in the distance.

"In the evening a courier arrives with a kind note from Mr. Bainbridge, asking me to come on."

"11th. Crossing a valley to-day, we looked through it

upon the lake, sighted for the first time since leaving the south end. It is much narrower here though still a broad stretch. Climbing over the opposite ridge of this valley we descend again expectantly, and soon strike the Kalungwishi—a beautiful river, about 150 yards wide where we crossed, flowing swiftly, and teeming with fish as I have never before seen a river do. Every little boy with me averaged more than thirty in half an hour; they killed them with a stick as they leapt out of the water. They were like herrings.

“I sighted the bastions of the Government station from more than two miles off, and the Union Jack overhead awoke memories and emotions long dormant. I could not continue on such an occasion without turning aside into the forest and praying that righteousness might exalt that infant colony; that the downtrodden might learn soon to rally to that flag as the harbinger of hope. After a few hours inside the formidable stockade, hearing the babel of tongues, one discovers that it is a veritable ‘cave of Adullam,’ for here are gathered all the malcontents for many miles around.

“Some Lukaluka are here, who formerly did all the Arabs’ dirty work, butchering and looting; now that the tide has turned they have turned with it. Here, too, are many of Kazembe’s men, soured by the hand-logging and general mutilations carried on three days to the south. All have strange past histories made up of dark unutterable incidents, yet the prevailing disposition seems to be to settle down and submit to the rigorous discipline of the government, which admits of scarcely any license, and crushes the passion for murder and loot. For honest work they receive honest pay. ‘Who are you?’ I asked some of them. ‘Sir, we are the *valamata* of the white men.’ This noun they have coined from the verb ‘to stick to,’ ‘to adhere to,’ and it answers to our ‘adherents.’

“A regular monthly mail is being established between this station and Tanganyika, only ten days’ journey off, and Tanganyika is quite near the Indian Ocean. My purpose of heart is to carry on for long years (D V.) in this glorious cause, and so I point to this Zambezi-Nyasa route, and say ‘Here is the highway into the far interior—the shortest of all cuts to needy and open-armed tribes.’ It may prove the costliest, certainly, even although the missionary

come along with only his rightful pilgrim kit. This is a matter for the Lord's stewards to remember constantly. Who will say, 'I will give of my substance to the end that the people of Mweru and the Luapula lands may be fully witnessed to?' And who will say, 'Here am I; send me?'"

To his mother he wrote:

"Tanganyika is just about ten days off, and Tanganyika is only ten weeks from London. . . . However, I don't want to raise your expectations by all this. I have set my face like a flint to break up the virgin soil about here for years to come, and am happy in the prospect." Shortly before he had written begging them "to cease the plaintive queries about coming home." "I am going back to live and speak for my Lord, 'whose I am and whom I serve.' Bear me up. 'The Lord is ALL'—be this our motto. I have some old sermon notes given by Mr. MacKellar to my father in his illness. One brief sentence is always with me, a sweet morsel—'How true it is that our best and cleanest service is not our fussy officiousness, but our suffering.'"

He who wrote that was soon to suffer severely.

At this time British influence was just reaching out from its bases eastward in Nyasaland to establish order as far as the boundary between British Central Africa and the Congo Free State, which had then been recently fixed along the middle of the Luapula and Lake Mweru. The first tentative administrative centre was established on the cliffs of Mweru's eastern shore near the mouth of the Kalungwizi river. Messrs. Kidd and Bainbridge had been sent to man it, but Mr. Kidd had died a short while before Crawford arrived there, so that he found Bainbridge alone within the fort, full of foreboding and living with his two loaded revolvers within reach. To the bearded man of God who came limping in old slippers unarmed, out of the wild and streaming forest, with his clothes in rags and his body travel-worn and thin, but with an undaunted soul looking bravely out of smiling blue eyes, Bainbridge gave a royal welcome. At the man who had lived at the court of Mushidi he looked a little in awe.

Crawford had lived for years on unrelieved native produce: Bainbridge opened tin after tin for the joy of feeding him

with European food once more. Crawford was ragged beyond measure: Bainbridge insisted on replenishing his wardrobe, though he who loved better to give than to receive would accept only one or two garments such as a shirt and some hose. Crawford was not well, his feet were ulcerated and there was a look of fever about his thin face and bright eyes: Bainbridge learned with horror that his medicine had run out some time before, and divided to him a generous half of his own stock.

But Crawford is literally shy of this fleeting contact with civilization. He has no wish to revive the feel of things upon which he had definitely turned his back in order to complete the closeness of his contact with the Bantu. It is with difficulty that Bainbridge prevails on him to remain until the arrival of the approaching mail. In all he stays with him six days. Night after night within the stockade the native soldiers pile high the logs of the evening fire till the flames are roaring and the sparks fantastically flying; and sometime after midnight, Bainbridge, poignant loneliness at his heart, begins to pour out his soul to this unlooked-for companion, who, ragged, worn and penniless, is yet serene of soul, steadfast of purpose, contented and untroubled beyond any other man he ever met. And Dan tells him the secret, pushes home the royal claims of Christ Jesus the living Lord, who, taking away sin, removes all foreboding even unto the fear of death, because He conquered it long since, who gives life abundant now, with the power to live it, and hereafter will lead His followers into an eternity of life. Gladly he listens, gratefully drinks it in.

A week later he is dead.

Crawford writes:

"Arriving as young men do in this land wholly unawakened to the graver issues of life, the first glance they get amounts to a moral slap in the face. Perchance even the scarce missionary he meets is of a sour, mournful type, who has missed a glorious deed of helping this new-comer. Too often it is a fact that this Africa robs a Christian man of the victor's song and leaves him a broken-spirited jumble of distraction. But the fact is, a mere missionary in Africa is lost in its vast mileage, a poor pin-point in the immensity, and the lonely Europeans are long miles apart.

"Then he wakens up to find what an elegant fiction is

that loose talk in England about the joys and manliness of a 'man being alone on his own feet.' Fleeing from cities and the 'fight for bread' of congested towns, he soon discovers the value of dear old English ways. Even the starchy fads of fashion are seen in a new and almost favourable light. At sundown his thoughts, like homing pigeons, travel fast and far across the seas to his native land. He dreams of the old dainties and decencies of life and longs to be there. He drops that nonsense about a clerk in an English office being 'chained to his oar-pen like a galley-slave.' Finally and comprehensively he sums up a hundred African needs in the dear old phrase, 'the thin crust of conventionality.' Then it is England's boy shrinks suddenly into himself, the awakening being rude and poignant. Nor dare a missionary, who serves the God whose name is Jealous, be silent, for He hath cursed the man who 'winketh with the eye.' Gentlemen, to ignore is to wink, and thus to palliate."

As Bainbridge had promised, the mail ran in—great canvas bags with 'London—Chinde' on them. Open them! Quick! Quick! Out they tumble on the ground, the precious letters and papers. And there—can it be true?—is an envelope addressed to

" Dan Crawford,
Central Africa."

It is a letter from his sister—a mere shot in the dark.

In it is a little slip of water-proof paper folded around a few grains of cocoa. "Bring boiling water." Right on the spot in goes the cocoa, and he shares with Bainbridge the first cup of cocoa he has tasted in over two years.

On 16th November they separate. Bainbridge, remaining on the business of his Queen, was to die a few days later. Crawford, on the business of his King, tramped off into the rain to descend almost immediately to the brink of the grave. Malaria got hold of him; blackwater supervened; he passed into a state of coma.

When he was able again to take competent knowledge of his surroundings he found that his lads had carried him to Mpweto, at the north end of the Lake. About the 24th he wrote:

"I have never before had such an experience as that



Photograph by

G. E. Tilsley

Kasheñeneke

The Congo River leaves Lake Mweru by breaking past the north end of the Kundelungu Range, through 'The Narrows'—Kasheñeneke.

Luanza lies just beyond the furthest peninsula.

of last week. However, I have rounded another promontory and got into smooth water again, bless the Lord.

"Mpweto is a youngish, genial man and extremely capable. The houses of his people are all jammed together. The only beautiful thing about them is their density, but the sight is right gladdening. The people are all well settled and their dialect extends far. 'Would I be welcome?' From the chief down they are all thrilled by the idea. We had a large meeting about it last night and afterwards they danced for hours, singing a song about *Konga Vantu*, the Gatherer of the People, which is my native name and had preceded me here.

"Mpweto has given me a fine young boy; yet another addition to our little company whom we will imbue with the words of Jesus. I believe there is a responsive throb to that Name, though now and then they wander off. So we will welcome a host of them—and they are coming! We will build little streets of orderly houses, and make them sweep them every morning at dawn, and till their own gardens, the hoes all swinging to the tune of one of our hymns. It is real rescue work this, which God the Father loves, and is going to honour, too. If we can thus put spice and sweetness into the lives of these little boys we shall do the will of God. Hitherto theirs has been a bitter potion to drink.

"I am not yet decided about a site and am in no hurry. Mpweto is my chief adviser and seems very disinterested. It is to be just where I think well, and he will turn out of his best field if need be.

"Reluctantly he tells me of a great gathering of people at Chipungu, a little way down the lake and looking straight across at Rhodesia station (now Chiengi), a few hours away by canoe."

On 26th November, having decided to investigate the situation at the site suggested by Mpweto, he took his men down to the ferry at Kasheñeneke ("The Narrows"), the wooded canyon at the north-west corner of Lake Mweru where its waters, the Lualaba as it is called by the local inhabitants, cut themselves a rushing exit through the mountains. The river here pursues for some miles a very tortuous course in which occur several rapids.

As they marched toward it, Mweru lay before them, mile

after mile of gleaming waters stretching away southward as far as eye could see. A sandy shore ran eastward to lose itself in an undulating horizon of mountains whose gorgeous purple shaded off in the distance into palest blue, until far away on the south-eastern horizon it melted into the glimmer of the shining waters. This was the British side of the lake. Directly in front of them was the rounded promontory which terminates the Bukongolo end of the great Kundelungu range; and beyond it, from the western shore, cape after wooded cape was pointing its slender-seeming finger eastward into the lake. At the furthest of them, grey-blue against the horizon, they were to find Chipungu.

In coggly canoes they crossed the waters of the Congo and climbed the first steps of the range, proceeding along the narrow isthmus which is all that the waters have left of it there. As they went, on their left lay the lake, sending up through the woods the never-ending *shoo shoo* of its surf; and on their right, glimpsed through the trees was the first bend of Lualaba's canyon whence came the roar of its rapids. They marched southward for several hours parallel with the lake shore along a ledge of the range, its main mass towering above them on the right. Along the path they crossed stream after stream, one every few hundred yards, of Kundelungu's crystal waters, which come cascading gaily down from the hills above, dash their sparkling way across the narrow flats and throw themselves foaming and gleaming over the cliffs below into Mweru. To where one of the larger of these streams had silted up a rich foreshore at lake level they finally descended, and camped for the night at a fishing village of well-built huts stocked with food of every kind.

The next morning, sending off the main body of his men and lads to climb by way of the path that led along the side of the mountains, Crawford himself and the two wee laddies who were closest to his person stowed themselves away in a dug-out to make for Chipungu by water. There was a stiff breeze blowing and they had a boisterous tossing in rounding the first two capes, almost capsizing in the effort, and being driven ashore by the waves, where they had to await an abatement of the seas. People of the fishing hamlets gathered to him, and he spent the hours in telling them his message. "The west shore of the lake," he wrote, "is almost black with people." These were

the Shila people, the fisher-folk. Their communication one with another was almost entirely by water, as the patches of arable land on which their villages were built at the foot of the cliffs were none of them very large and all ended on either side in some neighbouring bluff. Late in the day the seas abated somewhat, and Crawford was able to proceed to Chipungu where he was received with open arms.

"28th. Resting and prospecting alternately. Visitors flock in all day bringing large supplies of food in response to Chipungu's messengers, who have scoured the lake-side to inform them of our arrival. Have some huge meetings, one following quickly on another as long as my voice holds out. 'Jesus at the heart's door.' What a subject for the African! How they take it in! Again 'No man can serve two masters.' Clearly and sadly it is that he sees there must be a clean break with his time-honoured *misambwa* (spirits)."

"29th. In the morning a large number of chiefs gather, and Chipungu explains 'that I have come among them seeking a country,' as he put it. They all agreed with acclamation that it would be an honour if Konga Vantu would come amongst them to teach the great wisdom which surpasses all other wisdom. The whole land, they said, was before me. Let me make my choice; if need be, any of them would turn out of their fields to accommodate me."

Chipungu's village at that time was situated at lake level on the north side of a fairly large perennial stream, the Muntemune. It is the case generally along the western edge of Lake Mweru (3,000 feet above sea level) that, except where the detritus brought down by some of the streams forms small shores in the bays, the mountain range rises precipitously from the water's edge for several hundred feet. At that height there occurs a ledge more or less level and varying one hundred to three or four hundred yards in breadth. From the landward side of this step the mountains again rise steeply for a further several hundred feet, after which by more gradual slopes they reach up to the savannah land which commences at a height of between 4,000 and 5,000 feet.

A good idea of the configuration may be obtained by

considering the figure, as viewed from the side, of a man sitting upright to table. Mweru lies at his feet, which represent the intermittent scraps of foreshore. Hills then rise to his knees. His lap, nearly horizontal, is the ledge; and the remainder of his body is the main mass of Kundelungu. This is the formation where the Muntemune runs into the lake. Chipungu was at the "feet". During his prospecting on the 28th, Mr. Crawford had climbed to the "lap" and, crossing to the south of the Muntemune, had found a fine bluff commanding a sweeping view of the whole north shore of the lake, and of the distant mountains of its eastern borders, in limping his way along which he had so dangerously experienced the truth of the old proverb of the Arab in Africa—"Safari i sahari"—"Travel is travail." At the foot of the bluff was a moderately-sized patch of rich silt sufficient to provide fields for his group of lads and for their families, for, although none of them was yet twenty years old, several were by this time married. There was abundance of beautiful water right at hand; and there were crowds of people within immediate reach.

Dan Crawford felt that he had found a location answering in every respect to all the requirements of his far-reaching plans of wide evangelization. Accordingly, to the protestations of welcome made by the chief and his elders, he returned answer that he would like to occupy the land immediately south of the Muntemune, both on the bluff and at the lake level.

Upon their expressing themselves as agreeable, the whole crowd climbed the cliff, and, crossing the swiftly running river at a point where, immediately above a beautiful waterfall, it narrows to rush through a deep crevasse in its rocky bed, proceeded out on to the bluff in question. There, in the native way, the agreement was ratified. The removal of a square of bark from one side of a tree provided a gleaming white target into which, in the presence of the crowd of witnesses, Konga Vantu first fired a steel bullet from his rifle, and Chipungu then followed it up with a copper ball from his old flint-lock. To this day the scars remain, a mute but incontrovertible witness to the undertaking that day made by the Shila chief on behalf of the tribe, to recognize as rightful the forthcoming occupancy of that land by the people of Konga Vantu.



Photographs by

G. E. Tilsley.

1. MUNTEMUNE FALLS AT CHIPUNGU.

2. THE TREE OF THE TITLE DEEDS; Nsefu, who was present at the ceremony in 1894, is pointing out the bullet scars.



Photograph by

G. E. Tilsley.

SETTING THE EVENING NETS, LAKE MWERU

It must on no account be supposed that there was in this any act of cession involving a change of ownership of the land. No such idea was, or could be, entertained by Chipungu. Neither he nor any other Bantu tribesman ever of themselves conceived the notion of ownership of land. Their ideas, and the usage of what might be termed their common law, carry them, in questions of land, no further than occupancy; and even occupancy is enjoyed by an individual only as he is a member of a community. It follows that buying and selling of land is utterly unknown to the Bantu. Dan Crawford did not "purchase" for himself land from Chipungu, whether for monetary or any other consideration. What occurred was that from the group of people he received an assurance that there would be no seeking to controvert their settling on, and cultivating the soil of, certain parcels of the Shila home-lands. Chipungu acted in the capacity of representative of the one group, the Shila clan or tribe; Konga Vantu was the representative of his miscellaneous collection of adherents.*

Having acquired the right of occupancy of just such a site as he had had in view for a permanent centre, from which in the future to conduct the planting of churches throughout the length and breadth of the Mushidi lands, Crawford now turned towards the second object of his journey,

* Compare: "The African admits no individual ownership in the soil. All land within the tribal boundary belongs to the community as a whole, and not to the present occupiers only but to the community in perpetuity. The individual acquires certain rights by reason of his being a member of the community, but no right of proprietorship. Where the chief is said to be the owner, he is nothing more than a representative and trustee of the tribe. It follows that no man, not even the chief, can alienate the land. Purchase and selling of land are inconceivable to an African.

"When Europeans entered Africa they naturally presumed that land could be bought and sold as in their own countries. They struck bargains with the native chiefs, bargains which they interpreted in one way and the chiefs in another, since each started from his own preconception, and they knew neither the language nor the views of each other. The chief granted (or thought he was granting) permission to occupy a parcel of ground, the white man was convinced that he was purchasing the ground in the sense that he would purchase freehold land at home. Naturally, troubles followed."—*The Golden Stool*, by Edwin W. Smith.

Crawford's steadfast aim it had been so to master the niceties of Bantu language as that ideas might be interchanged without distortion or misunderstanding; and he had so far succeeded, and was so impregnated with native thought, that he did not fall into the error of supposing that he was acquiring proprietary rights over the soil. Since the understanding was the same on both sides, none of the troubles of which Mr. Smith speaks, and which have arisen in some cases even about mission lands, have ever been experienced in connection with Luanza.

namely to investigate something of Lubaland. Between him and it lay the Kundelungu range. Accordingly on the following day, promising to return as soon as possible, he bade farewell to his good neighbours-to-be, and set off up and across the mountains and then down their precipitous western escarpment into the great plain of Disera, by "a valley fit for a king," along which were scattered numberless villages of Sera clansmen. "Sera" is the name by which the Luba clans occupying that territory are called.

"Little weaving establishments are quite common, and sometimes you come upon the weavers hard at work under a shady sycamore. By a good day's work he can produce a yard of cloth, of the texture of sackcloth, which though, coarse, is strong and warm. Stupidly enough, like everything else he has, he undervalues it, and thinks the rottenest Manchester rag something wonderful.

"Met a poor old leper woman in the dark forest, left to die. She had a little ill-thatched hut with a tiny aperture through which she burrowed her way. Her feet and hands were rotted clean away by the dread disease. I called her by a very endearing name, and her old shrivelled face lighted up for the nonce with a wondering and beaming smile.

"Further on we came to the aged Chipata. He and his people have been hunted about for years like rats, having had really no rest for the sole of the foot in this land of their birth. They took refuge in five different parts of the Luba country, from which they were successively driven by the original occupants, who denied their right to settle. Under the blue African sky surely there has never been any other record so harrowing as that of this poor Luba people. They are rent into shreds by the most deadly internecine warfare imaginable. Of course, the Arabs have been striking at every weak point, but they have only followed in the wake of the Luba chiefs themselves, who have been murdering their own younger brothers and nephews, and even grandchildren, and blocking the roads leading through the country from town to town.

"It is almost impossible to get guides on this account. In their own towns the people are most affable and obliging, but ask one to take you on to the next place, offer, if you

like, to pay him handsomely, and he will only say, point blank, 'I can't go; they would kill me.' This is astonishing in a people who boast of being one tribe. But '*Lwana lwa nyeke lwa va-Luba*' is a proverb in the land—'The eternal warfare of the Luba people.' Down south, with so many different peoples you might expect this sort of thing, but the bloodshed on this poor Luba soil is greater than that among Lunda, Ushi, Lamba, and Sanga combined. All this wrings our heart, for it blocks our way to them, and they are all the more needy because of these dark doings of theirs.

"Nyembwa Kunda (the most powerful amongst the eastern Luba chiefs) is N.E. from here. At first the Arabs had it all their own way with him. For once, however, in Luba history, all the chiefs were got to rise as one man; so that after a fashion he broke the yoke, with the result that the Arabs fled. The unity, alas, was very evanescent. Nyembwa Kunda's own cousin has turned traitor, and called back Arabs, promising to pay gangs of slaves—Nyembwa Kunda's brothers and sisters—while he is to get the chieftainship if the insurrection prove successful. The fighting is now going on. Mulongo Ntambo, on the beautiful Kavamba Lake, is in similar straits, the Arabs' Luakulas having surrounded him."

"2nd December. Shut in by rain, but we get off eventually rather late. Pass through numbers of deserted villages which have been cleared out by the Arab Kafindo, he who was brought into the country by the notorious Muliro Nanga, who calls himself *Leza*.* Further on we strike the Lubule river, a good broad stream flowing east into the Lualaba. On the right bank is a large bog. There should be plain talking about wading through these dangerous swamps. The result is foregone, viz., blackwater. I am down to-day with the early taint of this foul disease. I never in my life before felt so overpowered with weariness. Marching is a nightmare."

"3rd December. Dense mist all day, but we manage to grope along. By skirting the Lubule bog—now very large—we get fairly firm footing near the woods, yet the travelling is still very heavy and tiresome. Later we pass through numbers of hamlets belonging to Mwepu,

* That is, "God" (Luba and many other Bantu languages; but not all).

whose town is further up the right bank. Muliro Nanga, the chief who claims to be *Leza*, is his grandchild, but his grandchild-in-law only, and might be Mwepu's father as far as age alone goes.

"A name for God in common use about here is *Vidie Mukulu*, or Great King. This title forms a full text in preaching, for a king pre-supposes a kingdom, loyal subjects and rebels, a capital and glory, law and a tribunal. The imagery to the African is very bold and utters what Europeans shrink from. One man struck off with the idea that the Great King's capital was above, beyond moon and stars, and that this earth was his *chilolo* or outlying dependency. But, alas! the capital he pictured was not the Christian's heaven with sea of glass, but a real monster heathen stronghold with skulls hanging on every pile of the stockade! If that same man could enter the heaven I am journeying to, he would help to convert it into what he had conceived it to be.

"The mode of saluting a chief of any status in the land is most elaborate, and quite laughable in its way. The visitor approaches bearing earth in his hand—a speciality, for he carries it about with him in a little skin bag. Kneeling down opposite the chief he begins slowly to break the lumps into powder, looking up now and again at the chief most devotedly and saluting him. At last, after a good interval, when the earth has been pulverized to his entire satisfaction, and just when the stranger has given up believing that he is going to do anything in particular, out thunders the salute quite startlingly, 'Vidie Kalombo—Vidie Kalombo,' which he accompanies with profuse rubbing of the body with the earth. Returning back to the crowd he secretes a little of his powdered dust under his right thumb, and whenever the chief deigns to address him, he re-rubs himself as he answers.

"We lunched on French beans in a small village into which we ran for shelter, then took an afternoon's journey, reaching Mwepu's. Passed a large Arab village in ruins. Mwepu, the big man on this side of the Lubule, burned it down about the occupant's ears while he was sleeping. The said Arab had an appropriate name, "Mr. Ruin-the-Country." Everything goes to prove what Mushidi once remarked to me, that the Luba are a brave and warlike people, but for lack of a united front have been torn in pieces.

"On the approach to Mwepu's it was a pleasure to see a number of hospital huts, sensibly built off the path in the woods. Fire is their great antiseptic-destroyer of infection. When a disease has run its course, killing or otherwise, the huts, mats and everything the patient used during his illness are burned out of existence.

"Mwepu here is jealous of his grandchild, Muliro Nanga. Looking across at his village he says, sneeringly and scathingly, 'Wherein does his godhead consist?' He has built here on the edge of the bog ('sponge' really) and drinks bog water, the colour of very strong tea and most nauseous.

"One of my best youths, who sees to making me snug for the night, has been attacked by *munono*. He unfortunately hid the disease, and has been regularly spreading my rugs and generally helping me with my toilet. With what results I don't know yet."

Munono is a native name for the disease of yaws: a systemic infection of which the causative agent is a spirochaete. It is highly contagious, and contagion may be carried by anything which comes into contact with the sores, such as mats, clothes, bedding, etc. In the early and most infectious stages it is characterized by an ugly ulcerating rash, often extending over the whole body including the face, and giving the patient a most repulsive appearance. The latter stages of the disease may be crippling in the highest degree. It was this disease which Mr. Faulknor had contracted from his protégés, and which had completely invalidated him. The discovery of Sankuru's infection for a time caused Crawford the most acute unease lest, being attacked, he might share Faulknor's fate of having to leave the country. Fortunately, by taking prompt measures to boil all that Sankuru had handled, and by the guardianship of God, he escaped infection. He arranged for Sankuru to be cared for by the chief. He recovered; and later on followed them back to the Lofoi.

"Kafindo has his Lukaluka warriors lying in hiding on the other side the Lubule, just opposite us. They tie strings low across the path, which are connected with their camp in the woods, and when any unwary passer-by trips over them in the dark it is as though he rang an alarm bell. The women are kidnapped and the men are killed."

Later :

"I have another fever attack here, which brings me down into the 'Valley of the Shadow.' After giving good-bye messages and instructions for the second time on this journey, I come slowly back again to sensibility. God is thus teaching me that 'ETERNITY' must be branded on my eyeballs."

He was so ill that he lost count of time. Until the 13th, his dates are uncertain. As far as could be ascertained later from his boys, and from the people of the district, he was unconscious for three days. In the temporary and leaky hut which they raised over him he lay on an iron bedstead, of which the legs folded under, and which he had purchased against a draft in England from a trader from Bié who, thinking, no doubt, that he might never cash in on the deal, demanded £9 for it, which Crawford gladly paid. It probably saved his life on this occasion for the rains were very heavy and the ground sopping. On the third day his lads thought him dying if not dead, and actually debated whether or not to bury him on the bed which he had so praised to them. Just then, however, he showed signs of coming out of his coma, and, pulling round by the mercy of God, was able soon after to stagger on again.

"*Date? About 8th or 9th.* Crossed the Lubule to-day to see Muliro Nanga, from whom one instinctively shrinks on thinking of his god-pretensions. But we cannot leave him alone to die like a dog in the heathen night, and mayhap God in love will use us to reflect a ray of the world's Light. He has planted himself right in the bog, saying, 'It is not a country I want; I want to defy my enemies.'

"There is no firewood for miles around, and we had to carry ours a very long distance. When the floods are on, he is simply unapproachable. As it is, we only succeeded in getting to the place at all after a lot of manœuvring, for he had his scouts out as far as Lake Mweru, and every day our progress was reported to him.

"At length we meet each other knee-deep in the bog, for he has come to welcome us—a strange-looking old man with pompous stride. He wears a long black coat, with an under-garment trailing on the ground.

In his right hand he holds a long staff, while about the neck he is nearly choked with collars of amulets, all of which are famed and dreaded alternately ; for he is what his name indicates—a great ‘ fire-doctor.’ His eye has a very restless look, because he thinks white men are avengers, and if so, how can he escape ? A look around at his dirty half-village, half-camp, shows at once in what a life of suspense he lives. The houses are hovel-huts, ill-built and ill-thatched, and nowhere can you espy the welcome sight of a corn-bin, which is always more or less an emblem of peace. His people are scattered up and down the banks of the Lubule, living a hand-to-mouth existence, for the country has always been unsettled during recent years, not knowing when there may be an Arab or Luba raid.

“ He can speak, this man, clearly and cuttingly, all he says being in extenuation of his doings. What a tale of horrors—alternately crushing an enemy and being crushed, for more than a quarter of a century ! On the top one month, and at the bottom the next ! He got along with the late Mushidi fairly well, and the day of his real trouble began when in a mad moment, with thought of vengeance in his heart, he called in the Arab Kafindo. Since then it has been Kafindo *versus* Muliro Nanga, the former with insatiable greed demanding everything for doing nothing. However, there is not much chance of his getting everything, nor the sixtieth fraction of it, for he has caught a tartar in this ‘ fire doctor,’ who speaks in quite a lively way about driving him out of the country.

“ ‘ King,’ as a starting point for preaching, I find capable of expansion and full of supply for heathen needs. Paul’s method of attack on Mars Hill can be ours, too, and we point out their own sayings, proverbs and axioms ; backing each from God’s Word and often surprised to find some of them like paraphrases of the latter.

“ Coming along the path from town to town, we often wonder what is in store for us ahead. On entering a place, a strange baffling feeling often oppresses me, that the Lord has not much for me to do. We seem indeed to be knocking everywhere at gates of brass. Nevertheless, we keep knocking, and God knows all about the results. Thank God, oftener it seems all the other way, thirsty interest and even expectancy await us. Then we know that the praying ones far away have prevailed over the enemy.”

" 13th. Reached Mwombe's, once occupied by Malova, the famous daughter of Chifuntwe, who had a great reputation as a cultivator. It was in this valley of rich loam that the Lomotwa tribe and Shimba, the Arab, combined against old Chifuntwe. The story nowadays is only a memory, and the Lomotwa in great numbers have settled in their special scattered style—three huts here, and three huts there—peeping out from among the manioc. The dense numbers are a delight to us, who have no eyes for much else since the days of the great scattering after Mushidi's death."

" 14th. We found old Mwombe extremely kind and considerate. There never was a better host. On the road to-day we came upon the advance guard of a large caravan of Biheans, heavily laden with guns, powder, and calico, hunting for slaves and ivory. They are liable to be captured at any moment and carried as prisoners to the East Coast (by the Congo Free State), in which case, like a big ship going down in mid-ocean, they would vanish from home and friends for ever—no blame of course attaching to the infamous employers who had deceived them by giving them a letter! The ignorant Bihean thinks any letter is all-potent, and armed therewith he thinks himself impervious to attack. Preached to them; told them they had been deceived, and left them."

" 15th. On the road to Kalonga's through breaks in the forest we had many glimpses of lovely glades, carpeted with green, on to the foot of the range. Crossed the Lufwa River, where the approach to the banks was very dense, creepers and tangled overgrowth smelling badly of malarial damp. Beyond the river about three miles is Kalonga's, built on a lovely open spot encircled by a dark belt of trees, through which the sleepy little village stream winds its way through groves of bananas growing wild on either side. Kalonga is a little high-spirited man, who makes all the better host by being treated at first somewhat coldly and told his faults. He goes, however, not at all on the impulse of loyalty, nor yet out of neighbourly feeling to help to drive off a common enemy menacing the public peace. It is only a job for which he has duly submitted an estimate in African £.s.d. (i.e., slaves and ivory), the said estimate having been accepted under pressure.

"Goodbye to bathing in streams with which I am unacquainted! To-day when I was in the water a formidable water-snake fairly chased me, coming on with head erect like the prow of an old viking galley."

"17th December. Yesterday we enjoyed our rest at Kalonga's. The place is beautiful and never seems to have needed to discuss the hunger problem. Banana clumps everywhere, fruitful yet untended. Beyond we are among the characteristic Lomotwa huts—ten all together being the maximum, while the commonest sight is the single family with a stockade round it—a picture of independence! The general housing arrangements about here are: a house for a wife, which is her own property, and in which the children are reared; the husband's own house next; and another called *mbala*, which is the dining-room, into which no woman can enter. The doors are only of plaited straw and are simply drawn across the doorway. And where is the native who would dare to cross it? In like manner a Lake Mweru boatman can pull up his boat, tie his fetish at the bow, and go away for a month if he likes; he will return to find it undisturbed.

"If all these houses were built together, the result would be an African city. This however, cannot be, for all are farmers and live on the soil. Crossed the Lufwa River three times; flowing swift, and about 50 yards wide. The whole land, especially in the valleys and along the river banks, is so rich and beautiful that to describe it would entail extravagant use of adjectives and exclamation points. I have never before beheld anything so ideal in Africa. Slept at the mouth of the Luizi valley. Sonta is the name given to the rounded head of the plateau as it turns to form the large valley of the Luizi, not unlike a lion *couchant*. There is a whisper that far up on Sonta is the ancient burial place of the chiefs.

"The strange name of 'Muitomba' on new maps was no doubt meant for an improvement. There has been some curious mistake, for no local chief can fathom the meaning. Although Dr. Livingstone was never about here I heard some people singing a song about him which is curious:

"'Ingeresa who sleeps on the waves,

Welcome him—

He has no toes—he has no toes!'

'No toes': that is, 'not visible,' for his boots hide them."

"19th. We stagger in to Lusengo's wet and wearied. The death of Jesus—was it 'Ku ifwila' or 'Ku tu fwila'? This is the great question at Lusengo's, for it means a world of difference if they declare for the reflexive instead of the relative form of the verb 'to die.'

"Did He go to death on His own account; or did He die for us?"

"20th. The native who is chief of nature has, alas! been reading his book all these years to no real purpose, i.e., the God-given purpose, for in all his penetrating into the books of nature (and he has got far further than we visitors) he has never found God, because he has really never sought after, if haply he might find Him. He has his systems of physical geography, very crude yet often quite correct: while in natural history and botany he is simply encyclopædic and unapproachable, classifying trees, animals and all the rest in what he calls 'brotherhoods,' the degrees of resemblance being expressed by the various relationships of the human family."

"21st. Rain fell incessantly in the late afternoon, drenching us all through and through; and the cold dark night set in upon us in the cheerless forest, far away from fire of any sort. The tent man was five good miles in the rear, crouching under some leaky umbrella-like trees, while my bedding, exposed to it all, was further off still. Worse things, however, have befallen us in this same journey; so we force our way along the foot-wide path, now a stream ankle deep.

"At some parts along the brow the cliffs are terribly grand—a solid mass of masonry riven here and there by a dark chasm, over which you must step on a tiny ledge of rock three to four inches broad. . . . Last night an incident occurred up above there that would make a good subject for an academy picture. After sundown a native was holding his breath as he picked his way down the face of the precipice, testing every foothold before he took the next step, and so intent was he on this really awful venture that he did not see a hungry old lion stealthily stalking

him from behind. The lion madly sprang across one of the chasms, to reach him, and not reckoning on the narrowness of the ledge on the other side which would not afford him a foothold, was dashed over into the abyss below, falling hundreds of feet. He was afterwards raked out by the natives, broken in every bone.

"Thus in the mercy of God, we come back to our starting point of two months ago, having made a big circuit across Lake Mweru, up the east side, round by Mpweto's at the north and thence through the southern Luba country to our old road leading south from Chifuntwe's.

"Reached home on Christmas Eve and found all well. Ntenke is dead. He has ceased thundering in the south, and gone down to a heathen grave. Only once in his life did he ever hear the Gospel. Two of his sons, suspected of having an eye to the succession, were killed."

To his sister he wrote :

"The reception the people gave me made me weep. I fairly broke down. Everybody covered his or her body and face with mud and came out to meet me on the way. My own personal young men flung themselves at my feet and wept, while the women, who could not be so familiar, kneeled all on the ground and made the air rend with their cooing. What a greeting! Lots were weeping, for it was the longest time I have ever been away from them yet. This is no friendship because of 'the loaves and fishes' to be derived therefrom. If there has been anybody getting both the loaves and the fishes it has been myself. Why, they have fed me when I was hungry often and often enough; and all out of grateful remembrance for some pickings of corn and meat bones distributed among them during the famine over two years ago. I know for certain on this last journey when I was very low with fever that some of my own boys did not eat food for about two days until the worst was over.

"If ever, therefore, you dare think of me as being alone and friendless even from an earthly view, banish the thought. I have brave loyal hearts around me, who have no father in the world (as they *often, often* say) but myself. There is nothing save an overpowering desire to see my loved ones, coupled with an overpowering sense of

duty, that would induce me to leave them. There are scores of chiefs who are willing to oblige me to almost any extent. Why, on my recent journey I added seven more fine young boys to my family. It will soon be seventy, and why shouldn't it? When Mr. Thompson leaves one of these days, there will be nobody better able to care for them in all this dark land. I'll build their houses in little streets, with a head boy for each house. They will all be afoot by daybreak, each group sweeping about their front doors. Then we will divide the day—an hour for prayers, another for manual labour, and school in the afternoon. Other naked little urchins are envious of these little boys—the sons of Konga Vantu, as they are called.

“ ‘Konga Vantu’ is my name on the east of the Luapula around Kazembe's and Mpweto's. It has reached these parts now and is in common use. It means ‘The Gatherer of the People’ and may be derived from my beating up the audiences in a village for a Gospel meeting; or from a number of Mushidi's scattered people whom I got eventually to gather round here.”

He found Thompson established in his new house on the north bank of the Lofoi near the C.F.S. fort. He himself returned to the building in which he had experienced the flood, on the south bank where the people had settled. It was from it that, on the last day of the year, he looked back over the months, and wrote to Gourock in these terms :

“ My beloved Mother,

“ I have just got in here at nightfall of the old year, after a rough enough bit of travel through the poor distracted Luba country. I was once or twice very low—in fact never expect to be lower, but came up again out of the Valley of the Shadow leaning on the arm of my Guide, and am now on a Pisgah peak with all the windows of my heart open to the day.

“ ‘ I stand upon the mount of God

With sunlight in my soul.

I hear the storms in vales beneath—

I hear the thunders roll.

But I am calm with Thee my God

Beneath these glorious skies

And to the height on which I stand,

Nor storms, nor clouds can rise.’

"Retrospection during the closing hours of a year! It is simply impossible! I have been trying to brace myself up for it, trying to make a muster of all my faculties, in answer to the trumpet call of conscience, and yet I can't ever grasp the blessings of one day—how much less those of 365 days.

"Oh, the dark hours! Now as I look back on them they seem resplendent with light. They are worth all the sorrow they bring, and much more. They teach us to CLING, and in clinging there is bliss.

"1893 seems to us so big—momentous and full with blessing, but after all it is only a speck in the Calendar of the Ancient Days, and so, too, our little tribute of work in the great march of time. This, however, is not the great point. It is everything if our little seedlet dropped in the furrow is living, for and if so, then it is Eternal, and will go on growing throughout the ages.

"I enclose another somewhat longish journal. You will gather from it how my heart is set on occupying the strategic position in the north of Lake Mweru, which one day, please God, will be a centre for missionary enterprise in all the valley of the Luapula. God willing, it may be the home of saintly itinerators whose souls are fired with love for these dark, unlovable neighbours. . . . '*God willing!*' for we and the work of our hands are His, and what He wills for us and in us must always be the chief thing, yes, everything.

"So much for our hopes. Fears we have none, for He that is for us is greater than he who is in the world. We are in the line of God's will as expressed in His commands, and therefore in the line of His purposes, which He hath purposed in His great heart of Love. '*God gave His Son—His only Son—Jesus whom He loved!*'—this rings in our ears to dispel every doubt shot in upon us by the enemy; and we are re-energized and pour out our message from full hearts."

His heart was set upon the occupation of the strategic position at the north end of Lake Mweru. He trusted that, once occupied, it would become the centre of outgoing enterprises into the whole of the lands he had come to know.

What follows tells the story of that occupation and of those wide-spreading enterprises.

FIFTH PERIOD

Luanza.

1894-1911.

- I. EXODUS AND THE PROMISING LAND.
- II. THE LAST OF ARAB FREE-BOOTING.
- III. THE TIDE OF ISOLATION TURNS.
- IV. LUANZA: 1894-1897.
- V. WIFE AND FAMILY.
- VI. JOURNEY TO THE GRAVE OF LIVINGSTONE'S HEART.
- VII. EXTENSIONS AND CONSOLIDATIONS: 1897-1911.
- VIII. REINFORCEMENTS: HOW THEY CAME AND WHERE THEY WENT.
- IX. LANGUAGE AND TRANSLATION.
- X. BIBLE SCHOOLS.
- XI. FINANCE.
- XII. GROWTH OF THE CHURCH.
- XIII. KONGA VANTU LEAVES LUANZA.

I

EXODUS AND THE PROMISING LAND

WHEN the year 1894¹ opened Dan Crawford, weary and fever-ridden, was at Lofoi, convinced that God willed his removal to the new-found strategic base on Mweru. He delayed the move only till the grain should ripen in their fields, for without it, flitting, in the absence of the where-withal to buy food, he and his family would surely starve on the road. Before 1894 ended he was installed on the bluff above Chipungu, new huts were up and going up around him, new fields were digging, and he himself was a new man, breathing deeply of the invigorating lake breezes.

One of the first cares of the year was to send from Lofoi on to Chipungu, ten men in the charge of Mushimishi, to make a clearing at the new site, and to prepare materials for building huts and stockade—poles and bamboo, and inch wide strips of the fibrous inner bark of certain trees for rope to tie it all together.

With but three interludes, the months of awaiting the favourable moment were filled with steady application to translation work—passages of the Gospels, a few from the Epistles, and some of the Psalms. He was “primarily,” so he wrote,

“feeding upon them, and secondarily passing them on just as God wrote them. Our hopes for coming blessing are quite outside of ourselves. Of old it was *His voice* that echoed through the darkness, and from chaos evolved cosmos. ‘My soul faileth . . . but I hope in *Thy Word*’ is what vibrates through us when engaged in this holy work. The 119th Psalm often strikes me as being a beautiful devotional portion for any man undertaking work of this kind.”

Not a little of this labour looked toward replacing what had been lost in the flood of 1893. The great comparative dictionary, however, which he had previously commenced,

with its six parallel columns of as many languages, and which had been lost at that sad time, he did not re-undertake. At this time he restricted himself almost entirely to Luba-Sanga, which he had become convinced would prove to be the most weighty and comprehensible vehicle for God's Word over the large areas which he had in view. Time has proved the correctness of his judgement in this.

Events which interrupted his application to translation were three in number.

Firstly, he chose to set it aside for a time in order to make a farewell tour through the district, visiting each of the scattered Yeke tribesmen, the proud compatriots of the late Mushidi, in order to press upon them, the aristocrats of the land, the claims of Christ. At that time, fearing famine if he should take with him many people to the new site, notwithstanding that many of the people were urging this upon him, he was discouraging all thought of a general exodus from their home provinces. He therefore desired to take leave of his old friends.

Secondly, the malaria with which he had become so heavily infected in the marshes of the Luapula valley once again reasserted itself, and brought him so low that he thought for a time that he should not recover. However, the Lord raised him up, and although for some weeks he was very weak, and though his old cough returned to rack him, yet he recovered strength enough eventually to undertake the exodus.

And thirdly, for a short time he turned Officer of the State. For this last extraordinary turn of events Shimba, the Arab marauder, was in some degree responsible.

This swashbuckler, highly elated by his success in driving off in November, 1893, a Belgian attack on his island stronghold, was daily becoming more arrogant and more ruthlessly destructive. The chiefs of the neighbouring mainland lived in constant terror of him. He was attracting a considerable following of lawless and turbulent men, and constituted a real menace to the peace of the land. In consequence the two officers at the fort on the Lofoi, Lieutenants Brasseur and Verdickt, who were at that time the only representatives of White Man government in all the hundreds of thousands of square miles of the upper Congo Basin, determined to go together to make a second attack upon him. In the way of their plan was this difficulty, that to do so would

leave their fort, sole centre of white administration up till then established in the country, at the mercy either of an enemy if they should evacuate it entirely, or of the untrustworthy soldiery if they should leave any of them in charge of it.

Being thus embarrassed, Lieut. Brasseur, who could not help but realize in what universal respect Dan Crawford was held by the natives, soldiers as well as aborigines, asked him to accept a temporary command on behalf of the State. Dan's feelings towards the proposal were these :

" To mix myself up with the government of a country is the last thing I would choose for myself. Yet, the better day that is dawning for the man preached to and his preacher will never be reached except through resolute government and punishment of evil doers."

He therefore acceded to the request of the officers, and Brasseur, thinking it quite within the bounds of possibility that neither he nor Verdickt might return from their expedition, properly documented him with a commission as Commandant. He wrote home :

" If I were connected with a missionary society I should probably be scored off the books—as though a heart which the Lord has touched can be put out of employment so easily ! "

He was satisfied in his own conscience that he was taking the right step, and that sufficed him : he did not depend on the approval of others for his guidance.

When he had been nearly a month in command of the fort, on 20th April, 1894, he wrote :

" I find open doors everywhere amongst the soldiers. All the men are well behaved, and up to date, no one has been imprisoned or punished in any form."

About 20th May the expedition returned, having lost two native soldiers, and without having made any impression on the stronghold which Shimba had constructed in the hills of his island home. The net result of this second victory was to convince Shimba, and not only him, but

also all the people of the country, that he was more powerful than the white man.

One other circumstance must be noted concerning this period. During the month of May, Mr. Thompson found himself at last able to set out upon his long deferred journey to the Niembwa Kunda district of the Luba country. After a tour rather more extended than he had purposed on setting out, he returned to Lofoi on 19th July. In the meantime Crawford, waiting for him, was keeping an anxious eye on his reserves of food, which a visitation of locusts, just before the harvest, had reduced to a scanty minimum. He had hoped to leave Lofoi in June, but remained on until news came through about the 12th July that Thompson was approaching again. Thereupon Dan gathered together his family, which at that time consisted of one girl, Sombo, and some thirty young lads led by Chipanse, amongst whom were Sankuru and Tapila and Segunda, and bade good-bye, on the 13th July, 1894, to the crowds that had settled around him at Lofoi. Exhorting them to stand by Thompson and to obey the Belgians, he set off northward in the cool shadow of the Kundelungu along the road to Kasanga which had been his first "Gospel seed-furrow."

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That first night in a valley village they make their camp in the usual way. It is the dry season and so all will sleep under the stars. There is no need to roof themselves in. The lads cut grass, and spreading it thinly out on the bare ground, lay on top of it a reed mat. Such is all their bed. Konga Vantu, their beloved leader, their father, their Big Chief—he will sleep in the midst of them on his iron bed, sole reminder of any racial difference. Water has been drawn in earthen pots by the village matrons, who have sung their way to and from the river, glad to serve Konga Vantu. Logs have been brought in from the hillside, and half a score of fires are brightly burning. The village chief has brought an offering of flour, and mush is being cooked. The excited babble of a great adventure well begun fills the air.

What is this? A man fully armed files out of the dark night into the circle of the flickering firelight. He is a Lofoi man. What is it? Is it a message? Is anything

wrong? The questions that are shot at him remain unanswered, for other dark forms follow him into the light. Armed men, laden women, children. More and more, and yet more of them. The village is full of them. They overflow its narrow confines. Women everywhere lay down loads of pots and baskets, mats and calabashes: children cling around their thighs; men strike their spears into the ground. The hubbub dies away. "Squat!" says Konga. They obey. "Pile logs on this fire here." It is done. The dancing flames leap up; thatches gleam; dark shadows grow blacker; spear heads glint; beads glimmer; anklets clank; babies whimper; the smell of fresh-pounded flour mingles with the clean scent of wood smoke; and the Gatherer-of-the-People looks across at the dark mass of close-squatting forms. "What brings you thus by night?" he demands. Up speaks one brave man. "Our hoes we have taken from their sockets," says he, "and the handles of them we have thrown away. Thou art our father. We are thy children. Whithersoever thou goest, thither will we go. We will not leave thee."

And when he saw that they would not return, but had set their hearts like a flint to follow him, and had abandoned their homes and their crops, Crawford said to them: "It is well. Only, mark this—he that comes with me enters a new life. The old life at Lofoi is dead. Of many tribes and clans are ye, but they that come with me must be one people and not many factions. Therefore every dispute that is of old shall die this night; it shall no more be named among you. There shall none of you make any claim hereafter concerning a matter which lies behind this night. It shall be a new life. And no offence shall be remembered against any man. And as for me I will teach you the words of God; and ye shall obey my voice." And all the people answered, "*Mo monka*"—"So let it be."

The next day, when the people were counted, it was found that beside his own immediate household circle, and beside children, there were 130 souls. Of Arabs there were two, Yuma and Eli Masi; and amongst the others no fewer than ten tribes were represented.

And so on the second day they continued their pilgrimage about 200 strong. Moreover every day yet more were added to their number; of whom many were such as were tired beyond measure of the anarchy which had ruled since

the downfall of Mushidi's empire, and desired to put themselves under a regime which they anticipated would prove stable ; and others were young men raised up (*imika*) by chiefs to be attached to the new court as their representatives, and as proof and daily evidence that their will toward it was good. By one other means also their number was swelled—in the long grass by the roadside one day a baby was born.

By short stages they journeyed northward past Chifuntwe's, rounded the abrupt angle of the Kundelungu spur beyond that centre, and so came into the valley of the Lubule river. Being far too numerous under the altered circumstances to throw themselves on the hospitality of the villages, every night they built themselves into a stockade of freshly-cut poles, measuring about forty yards across. Only one door, and that narrow, was allowed in it. Now that they had women amongst them, each family secured some measure of privacy for itself by raising partitions inward from the stockade, and laying leafy branches across the top and in front of the cubicle so formed. Now, too, that there were amongst them numbers of full-grown men for whose goodwill to subjection it was wise to find a vent in public service, Konga Vantu ordered a detached hut to be built each day for himself, their leader, in the open space in the midst of his people's booths. Before it were piled the logs of the big camp fire, beside which, night by night, Crawford gave voice for them to the Will and the Ways of God.

Wherever they passed the people of the land poured presents of food upon them. By so doing they expressed a recognition of the potentialities of the new formation. By experiences all too bitter they, and their ancestors before them, had become accustomed to see rise into positions of ruthless dominance men of outstanding forceful character, whether of their own tribes or of foreign extraction. This tribe of white men, of which representatives had come amongst them during the last few years, were the most powerful of any ever known—witness their enormous caravans, their immense armament and untold riches ; witness also the ruthlessness in rapine of their servants and soldiers. And of these white men, some only came and went. But Konga Vantu was evidently " the sticker " amongst them. It was therefore provident to stand well in his eyes.

Moreover, very fortunately, his goodwill toward themselves was well known. Also, clinching the whole matter, it was of him that the great Mushidi had so vehemently declared again and again: "Sons of the dust, when I die the land is Kalawfwa's." Such a man might well become the predominating influence in the land. They were more than willing that it should be so; and all began to hope for a regime of peace and prosperity.

If any real appreciation is to be formed of what God wrought through Dan Crawford, it must be clearly understood that this leadership was thrust upon him when he had nothing whatever of worldly wealth by which any follower of his might profit. They followed him for his God-given manhood. He was a lone, out-at-elbows, white man. He was not one of those millionaires in Africa, who, living (in perfect good faith) in big glass-windowed palaces, eating imported food, employing scores of labourers, wearing yards upon yards of cloth and filling a single abode with a maddening display of materials sufficient to clothe the whole population of half a dozen villages, have found themselves surrounded by a crowd of adherents greedy for pickings. Nothing could he give them but leadership. On the contrary, it was they who must labour to build up his prestige, if they would have him accommodated as befitted their dignity as a people, and his position as their honoured leader.

In the history of missions in the Dark Continent there is probably no other incident to compare with this: it is unique. Foreigners there have been who, by force of arms or of wealth, or by display of magical-seeming powers, have commanded a following amongst a people of strangers, even amongst societies of a totally dissimilar race. But this, that a destitute stranger devoid of wealth, not a trader, without political backing and disowning all armed force, should create a personal following drawn from amongst warring peoples, and over tribe after tribe throughout broad lands, should attain to a spiritual leadership by no other means than those of sterling righteousness and transparent selflessness—this reads like a page out of the prophets.

While he accepted as God's will these alterations in his circumstances, Crawford yet deplored them. He thought longingly of India and of China, where the traditionally settled state of society would have enabled him, so he

supposed, to cast aside his foreignership and to become humbly a mere voice amongst the people. There, he thought, he could have lived in all respects the life of the people.

"The charm to me," he wrote on this exodus-journey, "around Kazembe's and Mushidi's, was that chief was chief and missionary was missionary; and that every one knew the distinction. Now, with new responsibility and widened opportunity, comes new danger as well as privilege. Two paths once distinct threaten to conjoin."

And so on past Mwepu's, where he had so nearly died seven months before; on along the line of the Lubule; up and across the Bukongolo end of the Kundelungu range, until at last the pilgrim host peers down through the trees on the eastern edge of Lake *Mweru-mukatamuvund-anshye*,* the Great White Water, whose shore is henceforth to be their home. What wonder! What awe! Never before have they seen more water than in a river. Here is a water that goes on and on till it meets with heaven! How they scramble down that last mile of rocky cliff they hardly know, but down on the chosen bluff at last they are. So this is their new home!

Strenuous days followed in building the stockade, and in finishing off the huts of Crawford's inner circle of family which had been begun by Mushimishi and his band. Crawford's own hut was built well out on the bluff. It faced toward the hills and looked along the street of huts for his family circle, and so off to the large village of temporary grass huts, which were springing up like magic or mushrooms. A fortnight later, on August 23rd, 1894, he wrote:

"I am now snug inside my stockade. My door is just twenty yards from the edge of the cliff, at the bottom of which runs a narrow belt of beach. Beyond is the lake stretching far away. One might be on the shores of the Indian Ocean for all one sees of the opposite side. Only on an exceptionally clear day does land show itself in the north-east, and then hazily." (In the rainy season the

* The significance of this name is that Mweru, the White Water, is so broad that the locusts are unable to fly right across it and so drown in its vastness.

east shore is visible all the time, as it had been when he chose the site.) "A steady south wind blows in upon us all day; and the waves often run high. I am even now writing under difficulties in my verandah, holding on to my paper with both hands. There is something like ozone in the air which reminds me of the days of my boyhood by the shore."

Exodus was ended. Entry had been made.

II

THE LAST OF ARAB FREE-BOOTING

AT the time when Dan Crawford was founding the missionary centre on Mweru, Mushidi had been dead nearly three years, but very little had been done by the Free State in the matter of settling Katanga. Not only was it torn by quarrels between the various tribes, and between the clans and families of those tribes, but it was also suffering from the cruel depredations of several foreign brigand chiefs who lived by rapine and plunder. From the west came marauders from Bié, who even as late as 1893 were still raiding for slaves as far east as the Kundelungu. From the east for generations bold spirits amongst the Arabs, the Yeke and the Lukaluka, had looked on the lake-lands of Bangweulu and Mweru as their El Dorado, where they could carve their way by force of arms to a wealthy independence.

As British influence in the early nineties was spreading westward to the Luapula and Mweru, many of these, in what is now Rhodesia, apprehending that the day of the robber chief was done, with what of their fortunes they could transport, returned to their homelands; while others knuckled down to the new discipline, refraining from murder and from open slavery, and relying upon trade for their living. A few there were, however, who could not bring themselves to either of these gentler alternatives. War, rapine, the lust of independent power, were the breath of life to them: they preferred rather to be crushed than to yield up their sturdy autonomy. These die-hards retreated before the advancing waves of European influence, and sought out far-away strongholds where they might still dwell in unchecked license.

In 1894, of outstanding men of this character, there remained four in the upper Congo basin.* One of these

* Arabs were firmly established in the basin of the Middle Congo at the time when H. M. Stanley made his voyage across Africa. The mainstay of their prosperity was the slave trade. As it was an avowed object

was Shimba, who, entrenched in the island of Kilwa, had twice repulsed the expeditions of the Belgians, and who was even then making mock of both British and Belgian authority. We shall meet with him again. The other three, retreating northward and westward, had established themselves in a country then still unreached by white influence, to the north-east of the Lualaba. They were Rumaliza, Muruturutu,† and Kafindo. All these were Arabs; and their following consisted of lawless Lukuluka and Manuema. Rumaliza had retired to the difficult hill country of the Marungu between Lakes Mweru and Tanganyika, several days to the north of Mpweto. Muruturutu was established on the right bank of the eastern Lualaba, several days down stream from Lake Mweru, opposite to Niembwa Kunda, one of whose daughters he had taken in marriage—a circumstance which did not restrain him, however, from waging continual war on that great Luba chief. It was his sardonic custom, on rising in the morning, politely to pay his respects to his father-in-law by firing a gun at him across the river, which at that point is some two or three hundred yards broad. Kafindo had found himself a fast retreat on the slopes of the gorges of the same Lualaba a day or two nearer to Mweru.

In contrast to them, the Yeke who still remained in the land had begun to show more peaceful tendencies, and, seeming to ask only to be left alone, were refraining from actively interfering any longer with their neighbours, and were settling down to cultivating and hunting.

The Congo Free State authorities realized that they would never establish their prestige in the country as long

of the Free State to invoke the aid of the natives in developing the resources of the country, it was obvious that the interests of Arabs and Europeans must clash. Acting on the bold policy suggested by Stanley, King Leopold in 1887 appointed Tippoo-Tib, who was the leader of these Central African Arabs, to be governor of Stanley Falls as his representative. The *modus vivendi* thereby established only lasted for five years, during which the Belgians built a number of forts. In 1892 the Arabs murdered eleven Belgians on the upper Lomami. This marked the commencement of the Arab war. Under Commandant (afterward Baron) Dhanis, a Belgian expedition fought several battles, captured the strongholds of Nyangwe and Kasongo, and killed many leading Arabs. From that time forward the power of the slave-raiding Arabs was broken in the Free State, though individuals of their number continued for some years to evade submission to European rule.

† One of this man's wives has lived in Luanza for years, and is now a member of the church there.

as these Arab free-booters continued in defiance of them. Accordingly they organized expeditions against them. The command of the scattered Belgian forces in the Upper Congo Basin had devolved, in 1894, upon a Captain Descamps. Collecting as many troops as were at his command and carrying a Nordenfeldt gun, this officer advanced from the west against Rumaliza who was installed in the walled town of Masala in the difficult mountainous country of the Marungu. The old warrior put up a very stout defence. This was in August and September of 1894.

In the meantime the Lofoi district received a visit from a Mr. Law, who entered the territory from the direction of Kazembe's and who was a representative of the African Lakes Corporation, a trading concern operating in British East Africa, which had been launched from Scotland by the brothers Moir in a spirit of missionary enterprise. From this Mr. Law the officers of the State Fort at Lofoi learned of the eastern mail service, which at that time had begun to reach Lake Mweru with real regularity once a month at least. Returning toward British territory, Mr. Law formed the intention of passing by the newly-founded missionary centre and of there visiting Mr. Crawford.

Accordingly he climbed the range near Chifuntwe's and so came down its eastern cliffs to tumble unawares on Senami, Shimba's only outpost on the mainland. His caravan was attacked by this ruffian and four of his men seriously wounded before they could withdraw. He carried them up the lakeside to Chipungu where he was deeply impressed by the high resolve and the noble devotion which enabled Crawford so whole-heartedly to carry out his spiritual labours despite his having been for so long cut off from all sources of supply. He showed his esteem by showering kindness after kindness upon Crawford, whom he overwhelmed with personal gifts. Dan wrote: "Shirts and boots and socks and tea and coffee and sardines and corn-flour and lime-juice and medicines—all as a present! Behold how the Lord gave me back my harp, and bade me never droop again. I had gone a-hankering after my heap of loads which have been lying out west with our brethren there all these years, as though my Master had misgoverned His universe just this once and had forgotten me. Never! The old goods were unworthy of Him, so He has given me these new ones."

Mr. Law brought him also the cheering news that a sum of £80 had been placed to his credit with the A.L.C. Accordingly, he drew from Mr. Law cloth and beads up to the value of that amount. After four years with nothing but an odd load or two, think of it, a whole £80 worth of currency! Passing rich on £20 a year! Little enough that small sum could purchase on Lake Mweru, to reach which every load had had to pay heavy transport charges. But glad indeed was Konga Vantu to be able to clothe his family once more, and to return a present for each of the many kindnesses which had been shown him by his sable friends. He accompanied Mr. Law as far as the east coast of the lake to lend a hand with his wounded, and then returned to his rapidly growing village.

Almost immediately after this, Lieut. Verdickt followed Mr. Law up from Lofoi to pay Crawford a visit and to ask him, firstly, if he would undertake to collect at the British Post Office and to forward to Lofoi any communications which they, the Belgians, might be receiving by the eastern mail route (this Dan willingly undertook to do); and, secondly, to request him to accompany him, Verdickt, on an expedition down the Lualaba to lend the weight of his paramount influence to an endeavour to make peace between the Arabs and the aboriginal chiefs. Verdickt had hopes that the prestige enjoyed throughout the land by Konga Vantu would enable him so forcibly to place before Kafindo and Muruturutu the considerations of the altering conditions as to secure their peaceful acquiescence and allegiance. Upon this errand Crawford willingly set forth with the lieutenant. Hardly, however, had they gone to sleep in their first camp down the Lualaba when at midnight they were awakened by an urgent courier who had come at speed from the Marungu country with orders from Captain Descamps for Verdickt to the effect that the lieutenant was to join him in the attack on Rumaliza. When he had despatched the runner, Captain Descamps had been more than a month engaged in a siege of Masala's walled town, and feared that he might have to retire.

As Verdickt's new business was an operation not of peace-making but of warfare, Crawford would take no part in it; so that while the lieutenant hurried off to the assistance of his senior, Konga Vantu retired once more to Chipungu, where his village was growing ever more and

more extensive and populous as yet more and more people centred in upon him. Verdickt arrived at Rumaliza's fortress to find that fifty days of battering at its walls with the Nordenfeldt had had the desired effect—the brigand chief had capitulated. In the meantime Crawford sent messengers to Kafindo and Muruturutu urgently advising them to seek peace.

With his forces considerably augmented by recruiting into them the warlike mercenaries who had been the backbone of Rumaliza's regiments, chiefly Manuema and Lukaluka, Captain Descamps, with Lieuts. Verdickt and Duvivier, marched southward dragging with him the Nordenfeldt, which had already become the heroic subject up and down the land of scores of fabulous camp-fire yarns. Crossing the Lualaba at Kasheñeneke, he passed by Chipungu with a flourish of trumpets, and proceeded along the lake hills with the intention of smoking out Shimba. As there were three or four miles of open lake to be negotiated between the mainland and Kilwa, the first problem was that of providing water transport for a sufficiently large force. For this purpose Descamps called in all the canoes of the west and south shores of Mweru.

While he was collecting these dug-outs he lost Duvivier. That officer attempted to kill a hippopotamus from a small canoe, a most foolhardy thing to do. As the great beast rose to blow, he put in a shot and evidently wounded it. Bellowing with rage, and stretching its gigantic jaws widely open, the hippo made straight for the tiny craft. As far as can be known, the beast engulfed not only the end of the dug-out but also its assailant. Hearing of the accident Crawford hurried to the spot and spent four days dragging for the body, but failed to find the slightest trace of the unfortunate man.

While accumulating the canoes, Captain Descamps launched an attack on Shimba's outpost Senami, the ruffian who had attacked Mr. Law a short while before. He was repulsed with the loss of several of his best men.

At length he attempted the difficult feat of ferrying his forces over to Kilwa island; and did succeed in landing a portion of them. But Shimba not only beat off the attack on his fortress, but succeeded in smashing the canoes by which his enemies had arrived. A considerable number of the Belgian native troops were killed; and, since with the

loss of the boats their retreat was cut off, those who had landed would in all probability have been completely annihilated in time had not there been with them a contingent of Shila boatmen, very much at home on the lake, by whose knowledgeable directions they constructed a fleet of rafts out of the buoyant pith trees which fringe the shallow waters near the shores of the lake. By means of these rafts, cleverly held together by pins of tough bark, they managed to reach the west shore under cover of night. The whole expedition then fell back in some disorder on the mission town.

As he came northward Descamps cleared the villages *en route* and carried the people with him. At Chipungu, having but the scantiest idea of the measure of the young man with whom he had to deal, he desired Crawford also to evacuate the territory. Against any such plan Konga Vantu vigorously protested. It was not for nothing that that clever character reader, the African native, in a land where numbers spell security, had named him Gatherer-of-the-People. He was not at all intimidated by the proximity of Shimba notwithstanding that he had now three times repulsed the armed forces of the white men. What seemed to him the course to take was to call together all the chiefs of the neighbourhood to live in one locality, to put up a strong stockade, and to keep on carrying on. After some argument Descamps agreed to refer the matter to the chiefs, and to refrain, in the event of their agreeing to stand by the missionary, from giving orders to Mr. Crawford to withdraw. At the same time he warned him that if he did remain on the State could not undertake to protect him.

A dais having been improvised within Crawford's stockade, and the chiefs having been assembled *en masse* with their elders, and the people in crowds behind, brilliant in his uniform, the hilt of his sword gleaming in the sun, and its scabbard clattering at his heels, came Captain Descamps, glittering representative of the powerful white dominators of the land. He mounted to a chair over which floated the flag of the State. Verdickt, also gloriously arrayed, took his place beside him. Dan Crawford, in a native-made grass hat, in a patched jacket, and in shorts put together of trade cloth by his unskilled lads, took a stool below so much magnificence.

Through an interpreter Captain Descamps addressed the crowd which numbered several hundred, pointing out what he conceived to be their serious danger, and laying before them the two alternatives, either to follow the government representative out of the land, or to congregate round the missionary.

When he had finished there arose from the ranks of the chiefs an orator whose reply was couched in the form of the following tale :—

Once upon a time a little Musk-rat there was. [*Kimpinde*—the tiniest of African mammals.] By the banks of a river broad and long did that little Musk-rat live. Living, he lived ; and ageing, old grew he ; and dying, he laid him down to die by the bank of that river so broad and long, with his four little feet so dainty and small a-sticking right up in the air. The sky grew red and the sun climbed up, and the women came forth to the river with water-pots on their heads. And they saw little Musk-rat there. Then they told the King, and the King came forth with his great big drum, and his wee little drums, and his drums of the sycamore tree ; his big marimba, that came too, and his musical clappers were many. His women they danced and their anklets clanked, and his men and his lads danced too. And they sang a song, and the song was this—

“ Little Musk-rat, he has died right here,
By the side of the river has Musk-rat died.
And the name of the river it shall be this—
‘ Where-the-little-Musk-rat-died ’ River.
‘ Where-the-little-Musk-rat-died ’ River.”

And after that it came to pass that the women who went to the water sang as they balanced their pots on their heads :

“ We’re off to draw water,
Down to the river we go ;
To the ‘ Where-the-little-Musk-rat-died ’ River.
To the ‘ Where-the-little-Musk-rat-died ’ River.”

Now there came from the forest to that fair land a roaring ramping Elephant grand. And he stood in the grass and he saw them pass, and he heard them singing the name of the river so broad and long, the “ Where-the-little-Musk-rat-died ” River. And he grew very wroth and he thrashed around, and he swore an oath that he’d alter that stupidly

insignificant name of the great big river so broad and long. Kimpinde was small but he was great ; he would alter that name to a name worth while. So he lifted his trunk and he tore the trees, and he stamped around till he had flattened the grass by the side of the river whose name he'd change ; and laying him down, he laid him down ; and his four great legs he stuck up in the air, and he died there *dead*. And he said : " Now they'll name the big river a dignified name : they'll call it the ' Where-the-great-Elephant-died ' River."

And the sky grew red and the sun climbed up and the women came forth to the river with waterpots on their heads. And they saw the great Elephant there. Then they told the King ; and the King came forth with his great big drum, and his wee little drums, and his drums of sycamore tree ; his big marimba, that came too, and his musical clappers were many. His women they danced and their anklets clanked, and his men and his lads danced too.

And they sang a song and the song was this—

" The great big Elephant died right here,
The great big Elephant's dead.
He died on the bank of the big broad river,
The ' Where-the-little-Musk-rat-died ' River.
The ' Where-the-little-Musk-rat-died ' River.

And when he had ended that impromptu song the orator sat down.

The official interpreter was looking everywhere but at his master. Captain Descamps asked Crawford what it was all about. Crawford replied that under the guise of a sort of Brer Rabbit allegory, the spokesman had expressed the intention of the chiefs to remain on in their lands under him, Konga Vantu. The interpreter, relieved, confirmed this interpretation. But Descamps demanded to be told in plain words whether they preferred to congregate in on the missionary or to flee the land with him. Categorically they replied that they preferred to stay with Konga Vantu.

And remain they did.

On the 23rd of October, the expedition, marching out of Chipungu with flags flying and bugles bravely blowing, disappeared to the north. In came the chiefs with their people, almost the whole range deserting their villages

to congregate in a seething mass at Chipungu. "What will Konga Vantu do?" That was the great question of the time. Mushimishi, ex-executioner of old Mushidi, gave the answer: "Do what he always did; shut the gate* at sundown and trust his great God." Dan Crawford was certainly not trusting in firearms; for his last cartridge had been fired more than a year before.

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In later years, when Albert, the present King of the Belgians, then Crown Prince, visited him in his lakeside home, with immense gusto, Mr. Crawford narrated to him the foregoing story. "Well, what did he really mean, that fellow?" asked his royal guest. And Dan Crawford, laughing, told him the interpretation. The river was the waterway of the Luapula-Mweru-Lualaba—that is, the Congo. Little Musk-rat, the insignificant—he was humble Mr. Missionary. Great Elephant, who kicked up such an intentional fuss, but whose rampaging was soon forgotten—he was Armed Officialdom. Musk-rat missionary had been first in the land: he would still be influencing the trend of the country's affairs after all the self-important statesmen had ceased from troubling. The prince was delighted.

And there and then Dan Crawford went on to remind Prince Albert that the counsels of God are immutable and eternal, but that earthly kingship must ebb and finally fall into oblivion. "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things that are unseen are eternal."

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In November there arrived at his cliff home an embassy from the Arabs Muruturutu and Kafindo which brought an offering of rice, milch goats, sugar cane, limes and salt, and an assurance that they desired in future to live at peace with the white men and with their African neighbours.

Shimba, and his underling Senami, the Lukaluka, then remained the only determinedly lawless forces in the land. Nor did resistance to the extending law of peace last much longer. Early in 1895, Kilwa by then having been declared to be British territory, the local magistrate wrote to Crawford asking him if he could negotiate a rapprochement

* In those days, and for years after, the whole settlement was surrounded by a stockade with one only break in it, and that guarded by a raised fortress above the gateway.

between himself and the Arab, undertaking that if Shimba would give up his marauding he should be maintained in the chieftainship of the island.

It so happened that one of Crawford's people had relatives who had been enslaved by Shimba. This man was very willing to make a preliminary reconnaissance to see how the land lay, and by what means approach might best be made to parley with his dangerous majesty "The Lion," as his self-given name signified. This young man swam across the crocodile-infested waters, and (it was probably in March) crawled up through the reeds and the thick grass till he could oversee the Arabs sitting fully armed about the gateway of the fort with its flat mud-topped *tembes*, playing their favourite game of backgammon.

As he was watching from his hiding place, he heard Shimba give orders for the preparation of a stock of flour to victual a raid on the chief Chaka, whose fields and village were on the mainland under the lee of Kundelungu, a good day's journey from the shore. Having waited to see the women make a start at pounding the meal in their wooden mortars, Shimba left his fort and proceeded to the edge of a rice field where he sat down on a log, and, at the expense of the slaves working there, indulged himself in a bout of ill-tempered abuse. In the act of rising, he hitched up his trailing loin-cloth, twisting it over at the top to keep it in place—a movement which every African man makes many times every day. But in the folds of cloth around his waist his pistol was stuck, and the casual, unconsidered movement had the effect, all unknown to himself, of putting the charged weapon at full cock. There for a moment, a bloody ruffian who had lived by murder and loot, his mouth yet full of curses, stood Shimba, poised on the brink of eternity. And then—took his one last step into the unseen void. The pistol, jerked in some way by the slight move, discharged itself into his vitals, and he died almost immediately.

Remained only Senami, inflated by the success of his attack on Law of the A.L.C., and by his victory over Descamps. On the 20th of December of the same year, 1895, Crawford paid him a visit. He sent on a messenger before him asking for a meeting without arms—*Kitabu tu!* that is "Book only". But his man returned, robbed

of his gun and followed by Senami and a yelling mob of red-fezzed Lukaluka armed with rifles looted from the Belgians. Every man of them flauntingly wore at least one necklace of human teeth. Some had lengthened out their strings with alternating beads. Others were under no such necessity, the teeth torn from the skulls of their victims alone making ropes of grisly pearls long enough to hang almost to their waists. These wild and lawless men surrounded Konga Vantu, leaping and yelling, vaunting their prowess against the white men, and ripe for murder on the slightest provocation. Of set purpose Crawford had hidden away his gun, and he faced them with nothing in his hand but a stick. He refused to be intimidated, and keeping his temper well in check met their taunting and provocative insults with his usual cheery smile. Finally, finding no excuse for a row, they quieted down somewhat and allowed him to pass on into the village.

"In the evening," Dan Crawford wrote in his diary, "over the faggots, God shut the mouths of the wild beasts, and they crowded round to listen. One after another rough fellow blurted out his desire to have done for ever with murder and loot."

One big fellow, who had been boasting that he wore the full set of teeth that had been Dioko's (a man whom Dan Crawford had known well in Mushidi's days), became so much in earnest about his resolve to reform that he declared with vehemence that if any man tried to kill him while he was peacefully "following the hoe", then *two* would certainly die on that occasion!

"Another touchingly called me 'Father; father,' and said they were true words. Nimrod, alias Senami, went with the flow, and spoke of letting the past be past. Thus the climax was reached, and a true victory scored for the Lord."

From that time forth for 20 years in the lands of the Belgian side of the then newly-fixed international boundary raiding and warfare was no more learned—until, indeed, the white men themselves retaught in 1915-16, for their own purposes, what the pioneers had hazarded their lives to suppress.

III

THE TIDE OF ISOLATION TURNS

As the first ten days of November, 1894, were speeding past the busy village-building colony at Chipungu, one may be sure that Crawford, gazing out across the gleaming waters from the wind-swept verandah at the back of his mud-and-wattle hut, took occasion to survey the situation of the country and his unique position in it. For the fourth time since he had first reached Mushidi's capital, there to enter into that strange intimacy destined so profoundly to influence the course of the Gospel in the broad lands dominated by that savage monarch, the sands of a year were running out. At the age of twenty he had marched into the midst of a kingdom of violence, and into the court of a despotic and death-dealing megalomaniac. For more than a year, a very Elijah, he had lived there at the imminent risk of his life, sternly rebuking the chief for his murderous propensities and for the vile corruption of his entourage.

During that same year he had witnessed the coming of the mailed fist of Europe into that kingdom, its steely talons clutching at a wealth which, however, had so far eluded them. He had lived through the murder of the emperor and through the days of anarchy and famine that had followed upon that colossal blunder. He had surveyed from the missionary point of view vast tracts of land, travelling thousands of miles on foot in abject poverty, not only making friends with the common people but being heartily welcomed also on all sides by the paramount chiefs. He had preached the Gospel amongst no fewer than eight separate tribes, all of whom were anxious to know more of the Word. He had seen the growth of a will to peace amongst the diverse factions existing in the country and had himself been one of the most potent factors thereto, a unifying factor recognized by all as transcending tribal jealousies. Out of the welter of conflicting interests, not so much of deliberate intent as by the inevitable consequence of the spiritual sanctions under which he conducted his

life, he had welded together a community of diverse elements and had brought it, new-born, to begin life afresh in a land of promise. But in all the four years he had not seen that which he most longed to see: he had not yet seen a soul turn from death unto life.

Another daily regret there was, too, which might have troubled him sorely had he not long since found the way into the secret of the long-suffering of God. This was the continuing absence of reinforcements to occupy for Christ the strategic centres which he had surveyed. While he prayed on and on that they might come, and that soon, he continued still in the faith that "God never is before His time and never is behind." Nevertheless, that he had been lonely at times is certain, for, though he had had a few Christian white companions, they had not always seen eye to eye with him, particularly in regard to his policy of constant itinerating and of immersing himself in native life. Nor had they remained. Faulknor had been desperately ill and had gone home; Swan, having gone on furlough and married, had remained out west; Lane had returned to the west; Thompson, not believing in the wisdom of the move to Mweru, had remained on at Lofoi but was now planning the journey to England from which he was never to return to Africa. Reinforcements had been freely promised but had not followed them in. Arnot himself had returned sick to England.

As his mind travelled over the broad lands ripe for the harvest, Crawford, like Elijah of old, felt the keen edge of the desolating wind of loneliness. He seemed to be isolated, one lone Gospeller in the midst of opportunities for which scores, yea hundreds, would not have been too many. But his faith was undaunted and his purpose unwavering as there ran out those last days of his fourth year.

Be of good courage, Dan; change is at hand; very near at hand. *Kafulamova*, the Ancient of Days, is standing beside His Sent-One with hand outstretched to reverse the invisible year-glass. His invisible smile portends swift encouragement.

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On the 11th day of November, 1894, the first, the very first, day of the fifth year since his arrival at Mushidi's, *Bang! Bang!* go unexpected guns high up in the cliff above his home. They herald the arrival of the first of

those reinforcements for which he had been so earnestly praying. In a few minutes, down the cliff strides D. Campbell. He has actually broken right through from the West Coast, the first of all those who had landed at Benguella to succeed in so doing. It had taken him no less than two years to work his way past the several stations along the road, and even so he had been obliged to leave behind at one of them the companion, D. T. Smith, with whom he had set out. Not being aware of the move to Mweru he had contracted with his Bihean carriers to bring him only as far as Lofoi, and there he had paid them off. But about that time there had arisen some misunderstanding between the neighbouring officers of the Congo Free State and Thompson, who was then making plans for a return to Ireland. In consequence he had decided to abandon the Lofoi station and to continue with the newcomer to make his headquarters with Crawford for the remainder of his time in Africa. Not long after his arrival at Mweru, Campbell experienced the deep chagrin of witnessing the passage past Chipungu of a sad caravan of his quondam carriers, who had served him well. They were being marched in chains to Lake Tanganyika, there to work out life sentences to which they had been condemned by the officers at Lofoi on the charge of having dealt in slaves.

Hardly had the happy excitement of Campbell's arrival somewhat abated when in the mail there came a cablegram from Europe which had been "flashing" across Africa for several weeks in the satchels of plodding natives. It announced that Arnot was on his way, *via* the East Coast, to pay Crawford a visit. By the next mail there followed a letter with the news that he was bringing with him a recruit for the work in the person of Benjamin Cobbe, a Belfast man. Crawford rejoiced exceedingly at this glad news.

"One wants," he said, "one wants men who will turn their backs on Albion and who, in answer to the inevitable question, 'When are you going back?' will shout, 'NEVER'."

For himself he said at this time:

"I shall, D.V., take a certain bishop's advice—do my

work here and go to heaven the first good opportunity I get."

And to his mother and sister he wrote expressing the feeling which was growing upon him that he had said goodbye to them for ever.

He went off to Kasheñeneke to meet the newcomers. On the 28th of December, with shining eyes, Cobbe, second of the Lake Mweru reinforcements, stepped out of the canoe that had carried him across the Lualaba to land him on the soil of his longed-for-land, stretched out his hand to Crawford, and said, "I've come to pay my debt." He and Arnot had a wonderful tale to tell of how the African Lakes Corporation had undertaken everything for them, handing them on from station to station from Chinde up the Zambesi, on to Lake Nyasa, and again to Tanganyika, and finally right on to Mweru—all as absolutely without any effort on their part as if they had been bales of baggage. From England to Chipungu had taken them but four months. To Crawford and Campbell, thinking of the ardours of their West Coast pilgrimages, it sounded like a fairy tale.

Konga Vantu brought them to Chipungu by dug-out, so that Arnot, who had left England not a little critical of the move away from his old centre at Bunkeya, climbed the cliff still in ignorance of what he was about to find. When, as he finally rose above the edge of the bluff, the sight suddenly presented itself of a crowded population building a great town of which the central and dominating feature, not only civically, but, as he soon came to appreciate, also spiritually, was a huge church hut, he was astounded, and almost at once swung round from his critical attitude to one of warm approval. Unfortunately he was by no means well. Easy and devoid of effort as the route *via* the East Coast had proved, it had yet been too severe for his physique, which had been undermined by malaria during his first arduous travels in Africa between 1884 and 1888. His spleen, dangerously enlarged by the chronic infection from which he suffered, had been somewhat ameliorated by his prolonged residence in England, but now again swelled up and caused him considerable pain. He decided to return at once along the route which he had just proved to be so facile, and on January the 22nd, 1895, he left Chipungu again, after a stay of only twenty-four days.

The account which he gave of the ease of travelling by the East Coast route and the fact that he would very shortly again be in England and able to bear effective testimony to those facilities, decided Crawford to broach to him a subject which had long been in his mind and heart. His isolation from fellow-countrymen had done nothing to hinder his dwelling often upon the remembrance of the young lady at George Street, Bath, to whom he had felt so strong an attraction while visiting there in 1889. He had given no sign at that time, for not only were the conditions of his future in Africa entirely enigmatic, but his life even was despaired of by many. Nor had he written so much as a line to reveal his heart-longings during all those first unsettled years in the interior. But he now felt that the healthy site on the lake, which would in future be his centre, might perhaps be considered to offer sufficient amenities to warrant his inviting the advent of a white woman. Evidently she would need to have the adventurous heart and the unflinching courage of the pioneer. He was convinced that Miss Tilsley of Bath was possessed of just those very attributes.

He had held some strong views concerning marriage for Central African missionaries. They were in part at least the outcome of a certain disillusionment. Arnot, single in England, had fired him to follow him to the interior; Arnot, married in Africa, had let him go on without him; Swan, single had left him at Mushidi's with the intention of returning; Swan married had not got beyond the reach of a doctor on his way back. Mr. Bird at Kavungu would have loved to join him, but wrote him that he felt the risks were not justifiable of removing so far from the possibility of medical assistance a white lady exposed not only to all the dangers of a tropical climate and insanitary surroundings but also to the hazards of possible child-birth, and to the subsequent unceasing anxieties attendant upon rearing European children under conditions so notoriously adverse to their health and well-being.

Such were some of the circumstances within his own experience which led Crawford, about 1894, to the opinion, which he conveyed privately to his home folk, that, as far as Central Africa was concerned, "a missionary married is a missionary marred." His conception of a missionary was that of a man who entered whole-heartedly into the

life of the people amongst whom he laboured and who remained entirely free to itinerate amongst the tribes as the Spirit might lead. He passed into a phase of enquiring whether it was not marriage *per se* that militated against a man's measuring up to that concept of the work of an evangelist; but he emerged again to realize that given the right man and the right woman it need not do so. He could in no way conform the notion of living in a state of acutely marked difference from native standards of life and of immobilization in a burdensome and institutionalized station, with his understanding of what was the work of an evangelist, which was what he conceived a missionary ought pre-eminently to be. And it was into this "station" life that it seemed to him the missionary married, in his anxiety to protect his women-folk was apt to allow himself to drift. To be "stationary," that is to be standing still, he held to be the antithesis of being "missionary," that is of being sent. Writing on this subject in 1894, he absolved the ladies from all blame. He believed that the fault lay in an over-anxiety on the part of the husbands, "who," said he, "will not allow their brave wives to rough it as they would like to do." However, he now felt that, given a woman who would understand what other people might condemn as a lack of care or even as absolute negligence on the part of her husband, it should be possible for a married missionary to maintain as close and intimate a touch with the natives as for one unmarried; and to be equally free, too, to pursue that beloved itineration which he believed to be the divinely appointed way for the sowing of the Gospel seed. And it may as well be said at once that to the hilt, with the loyal and loving co-operation of his wife, he proved in his own subsequent life how possible it was for a missionary married to be, in those respects, as one that was not married.

In his own case there was a very serious further obstacle in the way of the consummation of his hopes. It has been pointed out that just at the very time when in his heart he was pondering over the considerations just outlined he was also deliberately setting his face against all thought of quitting Africa. How then was it possible for him to marry the woman he had in mind, the woman whom he had met long ago, and whom he had carried in his heart all these years?

Such was the problem upon which, sitting by the sparkling

falls of the Muntemune, he asked Arnot for his opinion : would it be in any way reasonable or fair to ask a woman to share his life of pioneering ? She would have to make her own way into Africa, for he must not leave his work. She would have to be willing for him to spend much time out of the home amongst the people of the villages ; she must leave him free to go off again and again on itineraries of frequent occurrence and of unpredictable duration ; she would have to face the necessity of living far from all medical assistance ; she would have to join him in the very simple conditions of his mud hut life ; she must face this also—that she would be the only white woman in all the far interior. Was it, he asked, a proposition which might in fairness be made to any young lady ? Arnot, wise man, advised him that the only person rightly to answer him on the matter was the young lady herself. On his part he promised to convey to her parents and friends his favourable impressions both of the facility of the route to the home on the Lake, and of the healthy situation, as well as the vast possibilities of the work for God which lay all around within reach of it.

So it was that Dan Crawford set himself to the task of composing a proposal of marriage to Miss Tilsley, the lady who, as he realized grimly, had known him in Bath for but a short few weeks, and those six years before, who was entirely unaware of the attraction which he had felt toward her, whose Christian name even he did not know, and who might, indeed, have married in the interim. It was not the easiest of epistles to indite. Letter after letter was written only to be torn up. But finally one made its escape out of his jealous hands into the post. Followed nervous months of waiting for a reply, during which he called himself all manners of fool for having allowed himself ever to hope for a " yes " on such terms as he could offer. As often happened to African mails in those days, his letter of proposal, sent off from Mweru some time during the months that followed on Arnot's departure, that is, at latest, before June, 1895, was greatly delayed in transit. After its arrival some time passed in due deliberation, before a reply was despatched. That reply, too, suffered from the uncertainties of the mail service. Crawford had been hoping for his answer in the course of the latter months of 1895, but the year ended with him still in suspense. Actually it was not until the

first half of 1896 was already gone that the important letter eventually came into his hands.

In the George Street home, with its continual stream of missionary visitors, the coming and going of young Dan Crawford had not left any particular mark. George Tilsley continued to prosper in business, to support his orphans, to minister in the assembly and to keep open house for servants of the Lord. Constant association with missionaries from all over the world was not without its effect on his large family, who were continually reminded thereby of the deep need existing in the vast lands at that time still unevangelized. His third son, John, began to study medicine at Bristol University College with a view to going abroad in the Gospel to China. His eldest daughter, Grace, a girl of vivid and forceful personality and of abounding vitality, announced that she, too, was drawn to the mission field and that she felt Central Africa to be the sphere in which the Lord would have her work: this despite the fact that no white woman had at that time ever yet penetrated into the interior of the Dark Continent.

At that time she came under the influence of two outstanding personalities. It will be remembered that there was in Bath a certain Dr. Maclean who there devoted his whole time and fortune to holding the ropes for any believers who, having been accustomed in the homelands to worship with the "Brethren" had ventured forth with the Gospel, not linked with any organized "mission society" but in direct dependence on God both for guidance and for support, into the wild waters of a Christless heathendom. In addition to placing at the disposal of such as were about to set forth the information which his wide acquaintanceship had brought him (this, it must be remembered, was before the days when travel bureaus had become a commonplace) he used to undertake, entirely gratuitously, responsibility for the conveyance of goods, contributions, and so on, between missionaries and those ignorant of how to set about such matters, who, in those days, were the great majority. He used also to publish in a monthly paper called *Echoes of Service*, which he edited in conjunction with Mr. Henry Groves, extracts from the letters he was accustomed to receive from the many in the field to whom he ministered. This periodical had taken over in 1885 the service previously rendered for 13 years by a smaller

monthly *The Missionary Echo*, and enjoyed a considerable circulation among the assemblies of Brethren. By means of it not a few were first brought to a realization of their responsibility toward those who were in ignorance of the Gospel.

Such was the devotion of this single-hearted gentleman and of his wife that in order to be able to devote almost the whole of their income to ministering to those in foreign fields they restricted their personal expenses to the point of austerity, while at the same time they kept open house and were seldom without some half dozen or more missionaries or prospective missionaries in their home. Although in those years of the early nineties he was no longer young, having been born in 1830, and although he had been ordered by his doctor not to walk overmuch, but to take his outings in a pony carriage after the manner of those days, yet, rather than run the risk of offending by any seeming self-indulgence those of his visitors who cheerfully bore great discomforts and privations in the mission field, he disposed of his equipage, gave away the proceeds, and thereafter went afoot. Dr. Maclean became intensely interested in the work being done by Dan Crawford whose early letters, unique in their way, he prized very highly and published at length in *Echoes of Service*. During several years he was accustomed to ask for and to obtain the help of Miss Grace Tilsley in reading proofs of his paper, in preparing maps, and in other labours incidental to his absorbing work. He was very fond of her and held a high opinion of her capabilities and character. He encouraged her in her desire to go to Africa, but both he and her father urged upon her the advisability of first acquiring nursing experience before going forth into what were then savage and unknown parts into which no white woman had theretofore ventured. Accordingly it was arranged for her to enter a hospital in Glasgow where she remained for two years acquiring training both in ordinary nursing and in midwifery. Moreover, owing to the kindly interest of some Christian men in Glasgow, who were struck by the efficiency and intelligence of her work, she was allowed also to attend classes intended for medical students, and by this also she profited signally.

In this manner she passed the first years of the nineties. At that time there was living in Barnstaple a man of most

outstanding saintly character, esteemed and greatly beloved by all who knew him, who was then become very aged ; he was, indeed, almost as old as the century. This was Robert Cleaver Chapman, one of the earliest " Brethren," who in early life had laid aside a career of great promise in order to devote all his time and energies, without stipend or official position, to the ministry of the Gospel, in which labour of love he had then continued for some sixty years. Between him and George Tilsley there existed a warm friendship. And when, on account of increasing years, it became advisable for him to be cared for by an attendant possessed of some knowledge of nursing as well as of the ability to act as housekeeper to the open house which he, too, kept for Christians, Mr. Tilsley arranged for his daughter, Grace, to undertake that kindly office. She left Glasgow to accept as from the Lord and as a preparation for the labour she hoped to undertake in Africa the care of the saint and his house. Nor did she ever regret it, but rather blessed God for the privilege of having come under so gracious and lovely an influence. It was while she was engaged in this labour of love, though at the time on a visit to her home in Bath, that she received Dan Crawford's letter proposing that she join him in Africa to marry him there. Needless to say at first blush the proposition appeared astounding enough ; immensely more so, indeed, in those days that were still Victorian when it was unheard of for a woman to travel abroad alone, than it may seem when regarded from the standpoint of the more liberal and enfranchised days of George the Fifth.

Nevertheless, after consultation with Mr. Chapman, Dr. Maclean, Mr. Arnot and some other godly and responsibly-minded men, Grace Tilsley returned answer to Dan Crawford that she would come to him and that she was ready to marry him at Blantyre on Lake Nyasa, that being the Consulate farthest in from the coast toward the interior lands where lay his work and the home that would thereafter be hers. That letter of hers took many months to reach the bridegroom-elect.

There were in Great Britain at that time three young men who were also planning to set out for Lake Mweru in the course of 1895, travelling by the East Coast route, and it was arranged that Miss Tilsley should travel by the same boat with them, although not in the same class. Their

funds were at a minimum, and they booked steerage, but she was advised against doing the same, and booked as a cabin passenger. The three young men were W. H. Gammon, W. George, and H. J. Pomeroy. The news that they were coming to reinforce his work reached Crawford without undue delay. Accordingly, in June, 1895, he set out eastward to meet them at Lake Nyasa. He had waited as late as he dared, hoping against hope still for an answer to his proposal of marriage. It had not come; and he left Luanza supposing that the proposal had been considered too outrageous even to be deigned a reply! What, then, was his joy when, having reached as far as the south end of Lake Tanganyika, there on the plateau he encountered a mail containing the delayed but delightful letter with the news that his lady was coming. Not only so, but the dates given in it made it evident that she of whom he had been thinking as being in England, disdaining him and his proposal, must even then be already actually at Lake Nyasa awaiting only his arrival in order to marry him.

All this train of events was set in action as 1894 was merging into 1895, at the time of Arnot's flying visit to Chipungu. It was then that the tide of Crawford's isolation and loneliness turned and the waters of companionship began to flow in.

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Not only did the first white reinforcements arrive at the beginning of that fifth year in the persons of Campbell and Cobbe, but then, too, occurred another signal event, namely the public confessing of faith by the first convert out of all the tribes of Mushidi's empire.

Mushimishi was his name, and his story was a remarkable one. As a youth, finely muscled and upstanding, he had sought and obtained entry into a gruesome profession indeed; he became one of Mushidi's executioners. The first glimmering of a law other than that of death entered into his mind on a day when he was sent to execute a certain young woman, whom he found with her babe on her back. As he prepared to deal out death by smashing her skull with a great stone, she, unmindful of her own impending pangs, held out her babe to her murderer with an anguished cry of, "*Ikala viya ne kana kami*"—"Oh, deal kindly with my bairn." That cry, and the frightened, "*Mama!*

Mama!—"Mother! Mother!" which was the only answer of the babe, never ceased to ring in Mushimishi's ears.

Not all at once, but here in the day a little, and there in the night upon his sleepless mat a little, the light of comprehension began to dawn in his soul. He learned that there was a law of love that in life transcended self and in death remained the conqueror. He began to grope his way blindly toward a life of love. And on a day in June, 1891, he was brought in the providence of God to a definite act of repudiating the old life of hate, though he did not then yet know Christ, the True Living Way. In the late afternoon of that epochal day, as the sun was westering across the plains of Mushidi's capital, Mushimishi was pushing through the high and tangled grass of a narrow path in the environs on his way back from an eastern suburb towards *Nkulu*, the chief's personal stockade. As he reached a point where forked one of the multitudinous overgrown tracks leading out of the capital, he saw that Bwana Kalawfwa, Mushidi's white friend, had just taken the other arm of the fork, a path which, if he persisted in it, would lead him far out of the direction in which Mushimishi knew he desired to go. Crawford and Lane were that day flitting from the capital to the Lofoi, and the former, lingering unduly long over his farewells at court, had set out to follow after Lane and their men distraught and without a guide, and had lost his way in the maze of tracks.

Hailing him, Mushimishi brought him back to the fork and indicated the right path. It was late; he had far to go; there was every chance of his missing his way again if dark overtook him, but Crawford would not, could not, pass over such an opportunity to tell out to an individual the precious old Gospel.

In the tangled forests and the long grass lands of Central Africa, where all the world for very safety must follow only in the trail trodden out in the beginning by bare feet that paid the price in pain and blood, the trail that winds and winds its way amongst obstacles that are hidden and dangers that lurk unseen, the Gospel of the Way comes home with a force and cogency which it lacks in lands that are open and in such as are covered with a network of broad high-roads. Standing there at the cross roads (*mansanga*) Dan Crawford, rescued by Mushimishi from the

wrong path, stood and told him, murderer that he was, of the two roads through this life ; of which should a man follow the one he will find it to peter out in the territories of death and he become lost and ultimately perish, but if the other he will find it a living way, a cleared path, and be led on to a destination, unseen, certainly, but known to be of great and everlasting attractiveness. That path, said Crawford, was the way that he was following along ; and the Pioneer who first with bleeding feet had marked with His tracks the safe course of it was the Son of God, Jesus the Christ.

Mushimishi listened in silence. Suddenly he turned into the path by which Crawford must go and began to lead the way along it. "Where you white men are going I do not know : but I am going there too," said he. And from that day forth as long as he lived, Mushimishi never quitted Crawford. Mushidi acquiesced in his quitting his executionership, and building at the Lofoi. As has been already mentioned, it was Mushimishi who, with a party of ten men, preceded the main body of the pilgrim band at the time of the exodus from Lofoi to Chipungu where he prepared the bluff for occupation.

When Arnot, after his short visit, set off back to place himself again in the competent and kindly hands of the African Lakes Corporation for re-transportation to England, Crawford, with a few men, accompanied him across the Lualaba to wave him good-bye. There at the farewell camp on the fringe of the forest, the logs of the evening fire piled high, they settled to a farewell Gospel talk. The Southern Cross shone down upon the group of squatting carriers and the drowsy *lap! lap!* of Mweru's quiet wavelets beat out a soft obligato to half a score of hymns. As the last one died away, up stood Mushimishi. "Why should I not speak?" said he. "The God-words have reached my heart ; now they are coming out of my mouth." And he went on to tell the story of his life as an executioner ; dwelt on that dying cry, "Deal kindly with my bairn," that had never ceased to ring in his ears ; spoke of the time when he had put Konga Vantu on the right path at the time of the flitting to Lofoi ; recounted how that Konga Vantu had told him of the two paths through this life ; and finally declared that to walk thereafter in the path that led to life and to God was his choice. "Why

should I not speak, for over against my many sins stands the atonement made by Yesu for us black people as well as you white folk."

So it was that early in the fifth year God put an end to Dan Crawford's loneliness: Campbell joined him from the west, Cobbe from the east, and Mushimishi, first of the thousands to follow, stood forth for Christ.

The next morning he waved Arnot off—Arnot, "my dear old leader," who, none the less real because not demonstrative, would, as Crawford wrote at the time, "literally give away his last coat, as I have seen myself. He does not exalt himself, but God one day will do it in spite of him." As for himself, having resisted all suggestions that he should take a furlough, he turned back to his work.

Arnot, who had left England with thoughts of continuing on across Africa by the west coast route, had brought equipment which under the altered circumstances he would not need. He gave much of it to Crawford. Amongst the items was a fine rifle, over which, the first good weapon he had ever had, he rejoiced greatly in thinking of the meat it would kill for his family. Almost at once he shot with it a hippo.

"This means pails of fine fat" he wrote, "sufficient for all our cooking for a long time. Our pancakes of native flour eaten with honey are delicious, but without fat we can do nothing. Palm oil is abundant but provokes bile, so we have to look out. Our salads are famous. On the whole I believe I have got on top of fevers and propose to dance on them! The only thing I cannot fight against is poverty of blood—the slightest scratch festers for weeks, continually oozing pus, only healing to break out again."

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The close of Crawford's fifth year in Katanga saw six Christians in the new town of Luanza: Crawford, Campbell and Cobbe, white missionaries from Europe; Dick and Delunga*, black missionaries from the west; and Mushimishi, sole confessed local convert, not yet baptized.

The tide of isolation had turned.

*In November, 1895, Arnot's convert Dick, with his wife Delunga, came to Luanza from Bié in Campbell's second caravan (see following chapter). They were the first baptized Africans to be seen by the tribesmen around Lake Mweru.

IV

LUANZA : 1894-1897

THE site at Chipungu had been chosen by Mr. Crawford with a view to its settlement by himself and a handful of native boys. Its extent was limited. The cliff dropping away to the lake in front and the steep mountain-side behind rigidly restricted the accommodation. There was room indeed for a large number of huts ; but there was cultivable soil for a small community only. Garden-space is the decisive factor in a land where every family lives on its own produce. As whole villages poured in upon him, it became obvious to Mr. Crawford that he must find, and that quickly, a more commodious site.

He did discover one. A few miles south of Chipungu, close by a river called the Luanza, the ledge between mountain and cliff broadens out over a considerable length to a width of about half a mile ; and the foreshore below it is wide and fertile. It forms an ideal site for an African township.

As soon as the rains threatened in the fall of 1894, Crawford went there with his men and set about preparing it for habitation. The first step was to cut down the trees of the thick bush, and to burn off as much of the undergrowth as possible. When clearings had been made, with their hoes they broke up the surface soil. Housing they postponed till later. While the men slept in booths of branches and grass, Crawford inhabited a hollow ant-hill, in front of which he erected a sun-screen of leafy branches. By the time the rains really broke considerable areas of virgin soil had been turned, so that Indian corn, beans and manioc were all sown at their correct season.

Once the following year's food was in this way assured—as nearly, that is, as it could be assured in the still unsettled state of the country—they turned their attention to housing. It was not the best plan to build during the six months of the rains, but they could set up the poles of

the walls and the roofs, and interlace them with bamboos and withies. Crawford equipped himself with a length of cord, home-rolled from the fibrous inner cortex of a local shrub, and lined out hundreds of yards of hut frontage with it. He was determined that this village should be orderly, sanitary and not without beauty. The streets he made about eighteen yards wide, and planted a row of bananas* and paw-paws down each side, so that the thoroughfare was divided into three portions—a main roadway in the middle, and a six-foot path on each side between the verandahs of the houses and the trees of the avenue. He spaced the houses broadly; and along the street front, between each pair of huts he put up a fence of stakes and tree cuttings.

Each hut was built in a rectangular form, instead of the customary circle; and he insisted that every one contain at least two, if not three compartments. The custom among the tribes was for the children nearing puberty to find their own sleeping quarters. Nominally the lads who had not passed through initiation were supposed to sleep together in a communal hut; and the initiated lasses utilized a similar hut recognized as theirs. In point of fact, the actual result, winked at by the adults, was that unrestrained promiscuity was the rule amongst them. Dan hoped to bring home to parents a sense of responsibility to guard their children from such things. He knew it was hopeless so long as the small, one-roomed hut was the sole accommodation at night for a whole family, and in laying out Luanza made provision accordingly for every house to have at least two rooms.

In addition, he insisted that behind every house a courtyard should be fenced off, in order to inculcate the advantages of some degree of privacy, of which the tribesman and tribeswoman ordinarily enjoyed none at all. Within the compound he ordained to be built a smaller round beehive hut for the housewife's cooking, so that the larger hut might be free of smoke at nights; and also a pit-latrine, so that the surrounding bush might be kept clear of ordure, and the town remain sweet indefinitely. With one exception, the tribes of Katanga then made no

* As the fruit trees were found to favour the presence of mosquitoes, and as they made an inconvenient amount of noise with even a slight wind, they were later replaced by shade trees.



THE TOWN.



THE FALLS.

provision for sanitation, with the result that sooner or later every village had to be abandoned for a clean site. The earth-pit system worked extremely well. The white ants, of which the soil was full, contributed largely to its great success by acting incessantly as scavengers below the surface.

The town was laid out so as to centre upon a large open square in which subsequently was erected of mud-and-wattle the largest building the country had seen up till that time, and which was used both as church and as school-house.

After several months of very strenuous labour at his town planning, he wrote to his mother, dating the letter from "Luanza River, N.W. Mweru, 1st March, 1895 :

"I am over here breaking soil for our new station and a truly pretty place it is going to be. You see, mother, I have cut once and for all my old moorings at British Islands and am going along cautiously, because I would have been in glory long ago, but for the good Lord's purpose that I should be more out and out for Africa and always at my post. It is no roving commission we have got—far otherwise, and He is going to minister grace more and more—the graces of solidity and plod to hold on our way. What the blessed Lord Jesus wants from us down here in the world's wreck is some fruit of His passion—this is all He is lingering for—staying back the flood which must soon rush on this doomed earth. All the glitter and clatter of this busy age has nothing in it of fruit for Him, who is looking down longingly from the heights of glory hungering for more. Isn't it glorious thus to be wrapped up not only in His white robes but enfolded in His purposes with fold upon fold of sure predestined love upon us.

'He is sounding forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat, He is sifting out the hearts of men before His Judgement Seat ;

Be swift, my soul, to answer Him ; be jubilant, my feet, for God is marching on !'

"Oh ! mother, do you know what the 'Lo, I am with you always' promise means to us here ? It is 'Jehovah, who is enough at every step of the way—Jehovah, with His arms for me—His heart pledged—His all in all, my enough and to spare.'

"Did I tell you of a little gem of a rifle Mr. Arnot brought me ? It shoots like a die. Now having told you this, let me tell you the secret, that when I came on here alone with

Shimba foaming at the mouth hard by, I had no gun—not even on the march through the Lubule bog, menaced as the place was with lions. I did not let you know this before, but can do so now. You can't fancy how very much more than an ornament one's rifle is, so far in here. I have never had a gun accident yet of any kind—which is more than many men can say in Africa. Praise ! ”

Unfortunately, this same gun, with the receipt of which he was so delighted, was the very one to occasion him his first accident. One of its barrels burst, fortunately without doing any harm either to him or to his native helper.

“ Muliro Nanga of whom I once wrote, has turned out a royal friend ; and, big chief as he is, headed my boys in person on a journey far into the Luba country to bring back a monster herd of goats for me.

“ The two big Arabs are extremely kind sending goats and rice ; and Nkuva, the big Shila Chief, prophesies that before the year is out Shimba will make overtures of peace.

“ Praise ! We want the Lord to use us in this matter so that the land may rest and the poor souls around forget the old smothering sensation of fear which so doggedly haunts them year in year out.”

Two houses for the white men were also erected during 1895. In March, Crawford moved over for good to the Luanza site with the majority of his men and boys. In April Cobbe followed with the remainder. In that month Campbell set off back to Bié with a large caravan to bring in reinforcements if that proved possible : and if not, then to use the men to salve as many as might be of the barter goods and private loads of Crawford's which the friends there had been unable to send in as they had hoped. Crawford wrote : “ I joyfully waive my rights to my old loads—if I ever had any !—and offer any one out there my men with which to break through. And then good-bye for ever to the Atlantic ! ”

In a letter to his sister which he began on May 1st, 1895, and to which he added at intervals throughout that month, he said :

“ I can write nobody else as my hands are full up. Am compiling a vocabulary ; writing a grammar ; translating ; preaching ; receiving chiefs ; building a braw house ; etc., etc.”

The letter itself gives revealing glimpses of life as it was in Luanza's earliest months.

" My dearest Mary,

" My old boy Kaloko turned up the other day, as one risen from the dead. He hailed from the Far West, and has been knocking about for two long years, staggering in through our gateway at last thin and haggard. I probably reported him dead to you lately, as on the first attempt to get inland, he was captured and made a slave. Nevertheless he hugged his precious load—some of dear Mr. Corson's precious clothing with a little tea, etc.—and made it his pillow, until a mulatto coming out from the interior who had been helped by me at Mushidi's, redeemed Kaloko and his load and took him back into port at Bié. So you see once again that our Father God stands backing with power His own promises, and the little prayer at home committing these precious things to His eye was heard in Heaven, His Dwelling Place, and answered here in Africa. Oh ! If I had only one half hour at your fireside telling you of His faithfulness, and of how true the good Word of God has turned out to be all these years ; and of how the ' Verily, verilies ' have been bridges thrown across dark chasms over which I've gone in the dark African night again and again without a quiver, I am sure we would have a true praise meeting at least once in our lifetime.

" The longer I stand by my post out here the more does the thought grow upon me that the supreme purpose of my life should be to get into and to keep in the current of the will of God. Not strike it off and on as we do the Lualaba or Lufira in our wanderings ; getting a bewitching look at it through tropical vegetation ; but getting once for all into its channel, and thence being borne along onward, ever onward, on its breast to the ocean of Eternity. Oh ! how a man could pray and praise if borne thus along in the will of God—always trusting, even though it should engulf him.

" On this side of the western Lualaba by a coincidence which God only could bring about, we got possession of our long-lost mail bag, full of all your precious little notes and seed packets—the accumulation of more than a year, and wrested it from an infamous Bihean who was doing away with it. So as I write I have a singing sensation in my head, having gorged myself with news. I feel somewhat muddled after so much pleasant dissipation. You can never guess what these seeds mean to us. Already I could show you precious parsley and carrots growing beautifully from your envelope of seed. So you see you have really done valiantly ; and with the start we have got, we hope soon to scare off

fevers as truly as we do the wild beasts of our locality. Mr. Arnot's arrival inaugurated a new era to us, in the matter of gardening. We have strawberries growing and Cape gooseberries—both having given first fruits already. Likewise lemons, oranges and limes; pineapples, guavas and pomegranates, pawpaws and bananas. Rice, too, of course, we always grow, and this year we will cut, D.V., our first crop of wheat, although in the interim, we have as much as we care to eat from Tanganyika—grown by Mr. Carson, a London Missionary Society worker on the Mambwe Plateau. It is the small Egyptian variety. We make first-class brown bread, getting yeast from native beer. A little after sunrise every morning we inaugurate the day with a meal of wheat meal porridge with plenty of milk and a big cup of fragrant Nyasa coffee.

"Besides our quickly growing flock of goats, we have eight rowdy little black pigs from Luba-land, fattening up ominously for the slaughter; also three beautiful sheep of Asiatic extraction—not woolly like your English animal, but hairy; for here in Africa the tables are turned, and the black man's head has got the wool, while the black man's sheep have got the hair! Then we have Sambo, a nice donkey, friend of all the other quadrupeds, even of pigs.

"We are now gliding into the lovely dry season. The rains still continue, but there is a degree of rawness in our early mornings, and a beneficent south-wester blows in upon us all day.

"You will notice that this year I have stuck steadily to our village—necessarily so as Mr. Cobbe is a new comer and needs a little initiation—thus avoiding the swamps and the long smothering grass of the plains. This lovely plateau life has saved me, not one virulent attack of fever having occurred as yet. We seem on the crest of the health wave; but God's will is above all, and we abide the issue. This wonderful old world—the Theatre of the Cross and so much of God's Love—we will discover by and by what a boon it was for us to have dwelt in it, and won an Eternal crown therein.

"I have an ugly crop of sores* just now, annoying in one sense and extremely merciful in another. They are taps, through which a lot of poisonous matter oozes. I feel sure that fever germs exude with it, giving me a real solid guarantee against virulent fever. These taps or sores remind one of the big African forest trees, from whose bark every year the gum oozes out, apparently with beneficent results to the trees—I

* Almost certainly these were veldt sores, from which he suffered a lot in the early years. They do not have any direct connection with malaria.

do not try to plug them up with forced treatment. It might be disastrous."

In this month of May, 1895, on his island of Kilwa, the Arab marauder Shimba killed himself in the manner which has already been noted. As a consequence of his death, Crawford was able to urge many of the people back to their ancestral lands, where they resettled in peace without much fear of disturbance. Shimba's people sent an embassy to Luanza carrying gifts of rice, and promising peaceable behaviour.

In the same month Kazembe also sent an embassy entreating advice and help in the matter of the increasing pressure being brought to bear on him by the agents of the British South Africa Company. He sent a bull and a cow. These were the first cattle to reach Luanza; and were the foundation of a herd there, the first in Katanga, which became quite famous. The stock was added to from time to time; and various other herds received their start from it. In 1924 it numbered well over a hundred, when the thatched roof of the byres was set on fire by lightning and all but five of the animals perished in the resulting conflagration. The two embassies met.

"A Kilwa island man (i.e. a Shimba-ite) can't look a Kazembe-ite in the face. If they had stumbled across each other a few miles out from Luanza probably a combat would have resulted. Here they are friendly, and inwardly delighted that it can be so. Moreover, if a Belgian soldier comes along here, he also recognizes the neutrality of the ground, and does not run at the hated Kilwa man's throat. Above all, they are delighted that we are learning to speak as many words in their own language (i.e. Shila) as they can themselves. We tell them that if the Ethiopian can't change his skin he certainly can't change his heart; that the skin is just as good as heaven intended it to be, and the heart as bad as hell could make it; that *now* a new heart is needed; *by-and-by* there will be a new body, and then at last all things new."

A lion gave Luanza a bad time just at that time, killing in one week no fewer than eight persons.

No wonder Dan's hands were full!

The next few months passed quickly by in completing the building of the town. After the rains had ceased it was possible to fill in the interstices of the wattle with mud; and when that had dried in the tropical sun, to fill in the cracks and to plaster the walls inside and out with liquid mud laid on by the hand. Nakedness is no drawback to such operations! By about July or August the long tawny grass in the open glades of the bush had dried out enough to be cut. With it the roofs, whose rafters of rough forest poles were laced with slats of split bamboo, were to be thatched before October should bring again the early rains.

By September, Crawford felt he could leave the work for a little while. Not only was Cobbe run down, but he himself was far from well.

A change, he felt, would do them both good. Taking Cobbe with him, he embarked in canoes and turning toward the south spent a few weeks amongst the Shila fisher folk in their villages along the western shore of the Lake.

After having been immobilized, by the necessity of overseeing the building of Luanza, for what was, for him, an unconscionably long time, Dan found the short lake trip only added to the restlessness of his mind. And although the rains had come on, and all the world was hoeing in the fields, early in December he felt he must be on the move again. Campbell had come back in November (though without any reinforcements) so that Cobbe would not be left alone. On December 12th Dan set out on a tour which took him southward along the eastward flank of the Kundelungu range as far as Mulangadi; thence across to Lofoi; on again to visit Mushidi's son and successor; and, at the end of February, 1896, back to the south end of the lake, up which he travelled in a dug-out to Luanza.

Of this, his first revisitation from Lake Mweru to the Lufira valley, he wrote thus:—

"14th December, 1895. Mushimishi has come with me. Dick remains as right-hand man. He is the same good lad—dear, dull and hewn out of rock. Passing little stockades, one after another, beyond our Luanza stream on the way south, we thanked God that the first stage is gone by, and the people are getting within range of the Gospel."

"15th December. Began a long depopulated stretch to-day. The climax was to find Muvanga's village burned, and the remaining people in a state of starvation. The hamlets remain standing of the people who fell back on us to escape Shimba's raiding. Now he is dead; but more of them keep coming to Luanza for other recent reasons. The Belgian native soldiers . . . are worse even than the Lukaluka."

"18th. Canoeed it to-day for ten long hours to avoid the sedge of the savannah, which is foetid with the rains. As we grounded in the mud at Chilomba's,* the chief ran behind us, and . . . I found myself riding pickaback on his shoulders into the village. He has been at Luanza and attended several of our meetings.

"Bagged ten spur-winged geese, weighing in all between eighty and ninety pounds, in three shots.

"Got in hot, hungry and annoyed! Yet God in grace gave a glorious time. When halfway through . . . Chilomba . . . demanded: 'How then can we worthless fisher folk be reconciled to the Great God?'"

"19th. The awful effluvia in the black marsh was hardly bearable."

On the 20th they reached the stockade of Senami, who had been Shimba's flank on the mainland. He was the man who had attacked Mr. Law, the agent of the A. L. C.; and had beaten off a punitive expedition of the Belgian forces. He was in belligerent mood; but Crawford faced him courageously and won him to peace, as has already been related.

"22nd. Had to-day that weary, disgusted feeling one so often has in Africa. Passed by Chilolo Ntambo's old village. Two years ago when I passed there was a big roaring town here. Now there is not a soul about. Chilolo Ntambo was hunted out on a charge of plotting the death of Mukovi. It was false. Two days ago, Senami, the only man who held the secret, roared with laughter at the idea of its being true.

* A grandson of Chilomba's was baptized in 1925 and became an evangelist.

“ When I was in C. Ntambo’s a year ago, an odd sort of embassy arrived from Kazembe’s to relate a vision of the ‘ great Mwata,’ this being fundamental to true friendship. Kazembe said that at midnight he saw a great Being descend from the skies, who, standing at his door, commanded him to come forth and give his name and credentials as chief. Kazembe fell at His feet and replied with one name after another, adding likewise the bounds of his broad lands. But the more he multiplied his titles, the greater did he realize a sense of weakness pervading all his bones. And still that awful voice kept sounding out ‘ Stand upon thy feet ! ’ and the louder it sounded the more helpless was he to do so. Then it was the thought struck him that solved all his misery and difficulty. ‘ Call yourself a slave ! a worthless slave ! ’ it said, and he no sooner did so than strength came again and he stood on his feet. The embassy had merely come to suggest that C. N. should do the same in like straits ! ”

“ 25th. We broke an old law of African travel which insists that when the last stream of the day is reached you should cross and camp on the off bank. And here is our penalty this morning for Lufukwe has burst in the night, carrying away bridges and destroying corn fields. Now, *how* will we cross ? And yet somehow or other after two hours swimming and battling, nobody distinctly remembering how, we got over it at last. Shall always remember the little boys bobbing about in the turgid and turbid water, frantic all of them with cold.”

“ 26th. Went only 8 miles, and got the meeting of the week at a most unlikely place. I found the chief, a Sanga hunter of great prowess, in the hands of his wives, who were doing up his hair in fantastic style ; Livingstone’s phrase ‘ bull of the herd ’ being very much in point. This big, vain, soft-hearted fellow, if not vulnerable himself, led us out again and again, and there was the chief Kapwasa* from up stream just over his shoulder, taking it all in. One of those sad-faced women to be found all over Africa let her lower jaw drop to take it all in, too ; and mayhap

* Afterwards a faithful Christian who built up a native church around him.

'The Lord shall count when He writeth up the peoples—
This one was born there.'

"Again and again a sigh. But not for sin! It was only
envy at the *chance* we had.

"Said a man to-day, 'You *were* born!' Meaning not
my best and second birth, but the other into a land of
Bibles.

"Said another, 'So hath God commanded us' (sic), and
that in connection with vile sin. And yet another, by way
of proving precedent, which please note is LAW in Africa,
'The animals do so.' "

Having crossed the range, on the 31st he reached the
station of the Congo Free State, which has been moved
from the former site on the Lofoi. Captain Brasseur was
in charge and showed bountiful hospitality to the out-at-
elbows missionary. Dan says: "The evidence of the iron
heel is visible all over the land"; but adds that it is almost
as though the C. F. S. had abandoned the Poste. "The
supplies are utterly inadequate. And the *carte blanche*
given to the *Chef du Poste* makes for dictatorship." As
for himself, he says, like Paul in chains at Rome, his war-
fare was not in respect of the earthly powers of flesh and
blood, but of spiritual wickedness in the heavenlies.

"4th Jany., 1896. Crossed the Lofoi, going south, through
the scattered hamlets. In anticipation of the bi-annual
flood, each little ant-hill is topped by a tiny mud hut,
stored with faggots, and on the first boom from up stream
they rush. The suspense is awful. Our prediction that
this dangerous flood would doom the Lofoi Valley as a
habitat is being fulfilled. At Mwemena's, our friend was
the only sober man about. Found him standing among a
crowd of revellers, saying slowly and solemnly, 'Ye young
young men and elders, too, have ye forgotten that beer
broke the country?'—alluding to Kasengo's death."

"5th. Got into Mushidi II's at the fifth hour. It is a
great seething town ranking second to Kazembe's in all
these parts. The death wail was going up at the entrance
gate; in a corner some were playing dice, and further on a
boisterous game of handball was in progress. Only this
fine young fellow Mukandavantu could have kept them all

together during these exceptionally hard times. The old trade roads are shut, and as a result rags and skins are the only covering everywhere. But the old looms are set agoing, the cotton (Pernambuco variety) is spun, and the boys droop over the weavers until they get an inkling of how the thing is done. With memories of those dark famine days, they have cultivated the whole countryside, reaping a fabulous quantity of millet; so much so that these days they are brewing off the surplus grain.

"The first big gathering, or reception, rather, was affecting, Mushidi II giving all the news and running down the long obituary. 'Death, death, all are His both we and they,' said he.

"Then Talashio, the gentleman farmer of the family, who never could fight, delivered *ex post facto* lamentations as to the old days. Then came the fire-eating Chamunda, crippled for life by Muliro Nanga's bullets in the Lubule bog. Old Kabweneshia, too, had a long speech, beginning with the days of his travels in Buganda to the present time. Wonderfully hale old man this, nearly 80, who *will* harangue lads on matters of polity and etiquette, his words ringing out like pistol shots.

"... Maria Fonseca is terribly ill. Her disease is leprous. Senhor Coimbra put me in an awkward position when he committed her guardianship to me."

At the end of a week he wrote that he had been hard at Gospel preaching, to which all turned out, "Chiefs, strings of elders, and boys."

He became very friendly with Chitanika, also called Mwenda, the young lad whose head had the same strange ridges and projecting occiput that the old emperor's had had. Dan thought him an outstanding native. He was the only one, in those days, who listened seriously to the missionary.

He liked to tramp around to the villages with Konga Vantu. He later succeeded Mukandavantu in the chieftainship; and in later years, though never becoming a Christian, was a tower of strength to Mr. Last when a mission station was opened on the outskirts of his capital.

"14th. A very interesting time with old Likuku. . . . He is Mushidi the First's elder brother. . . . They bring

him out every forenoon, just as he puts it, 'to see God's lovely sky.' Even now he is wide awake, every sentence charged with wisdom. . . .

" 'I was a trader, sir ! ' he said proudly. ' No fighter. I always spoke out for it (i.e., trade) but he (i.e., Mushidi) wouldn't hear of it. But he was a great Chief, my younger brother.'

" We breakfasted together in good old heathen style. You break off a sop and with a dent of the thumb make ' a boat ' which is dipped into the sauce. This old man at the foot of life's hill, with lots to talk about except God's love, is a heart-aching sight. And yet he listened once again as though for the very last time I was offering him a glorious recipe on which to die. ' Brought nigh unto God ' was the sentence that stuck to him."

" 20th. After a fortnight steadily at it, good-bye words are necessarily solemn. One stands aghast at what Satan has been doing with our labour of past years. Some may have clutched at the hem of His garment ; but there is no one standing up for God, really with the Lord's mark upon him. Three names I put down for prayer, Chipamina, Chitanika and Mafinge—all Princes. I would gladly add the name of one slave did I know it, but nearly all these are a wild bloated lot."

" 30th. *Lofoi Valley.* Maria Fonseca died here at sunset, her last charge to those around her being that I should bury her well, i.e. in a coffin. This remarkable woman used to give the old Mushidi and his elders lectures on the proper conduct of affairs in the capital, always passed as a ' white woman,' and would brook none of Mushidi's threats. She insisted in her weak health on following us, being earnestly bent on getting out of the low lying Lufira Valley, and died *en route* to Mweru."

" 26th February. The long countermarch is over now, We struck the extreme south end of the Lake at 4 p.m. Every hour by canoe as against the march will tell in our favour. The all-day splashing in the marshes was unutterably wearying. Only the timely remembrance of ' what is it all for ? ' makes the meeting in the moonlight with scared villagers worth while.

“ On arrival, I heard a fisherman who was beaching his dug-out tell a man over his shoulder, ‘ And do you know the news from down (Lake) at Luanza ? The house of God is finished ! It is *not** a house both for bigness and beauty ! ’

“ For the opened door
And the opened ear ;
The plain path,
And the plain message ;
Food in season
And health out of season ;
For all
And more—
PRAISE ! ”

So the end of February, 1896, saw Crawford back at Luanza to find that the great “ House of God ” in the centre of the town was indeed finished. But from that time forward he knew no rest till a mission work was in being amongst the people who had gone back to the region of Mushidi’s capital. This became possible at the end of 1896.

Hardly was he back at his home, than in March he started out on an itineration northward beyond the mountains. But in April he was back near the lake, camping out on the range above Luanza with Cobbe. On April the 24th they read together as usual after breakfast. The portion was the 107th Psalm. Cobbe read aloud the words, “ For he commandeth and raiseth the strong wind,” and then, looking up, said, “ Dan, I entered this year with the conviction that it would be for me a year of great suffering.”

Just then a large troop of zebras rushed past their camp. Both men snatched their rifles and went after them. They became separated. Some considerable time later, when Crawford returned to their camp, it was to find that the effort had brought on fever for Cobbe. Almost at once blackwater supervened. For two days and nights Crawford nursed him as well as he was able, and finally the flow of hæmoglobin in the water ceased. Summoning Campbell to his aid, Crawford then carried the sufferer, who was

* That is, it is so much more than a house that it cannot properly be called merely “ a house.”

very exhausted, to Luanza. He was unable to rally, and at 6.45 a.m. on the morning of May 2nd he passed away in the arms of the comrade that loved him.

To his mother and sister Dan wrote :

" I am so sad ; bereaved. My beloved pal is gone. . . . We kept common purse and had common access to each other's boxes. . . . He was a saint, so meek and so holy, subjugated by grace, which had placed its marks upon him all over. It was an honour to sleep in the next bedroom to him in our house.

" As he saw night closing down upon him, he held up the poor dark land of his sojourning unweariedly before God in prayer. ' Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.' "

About this time, news reached Luanza that three young men, Pomeroy, George and Gammon, were preparing to set out for Luanza via the east coast and Nyasaland. On May 10th, 1896, Dan wrote : " I am ready now to start at any moment on receipt of the cablegram for the east to bring in the young men."

While waiting for the cablegram, he collected carriers from across the range. He was shooting game for their provender in the Lubule bog with a gun of which the right barrel was rifled and the left was for 12-bore shot, when the rifle barrel burst. It was a near call for him, but all that Crawford remarks in narrating the incident is that " my servant, standing by, narrowly escaped with his life." That was on June 30th. On the next day, July 1st, a large leopard suddenly presented itself before him at a distance of ten yards. From the remaining 12-bore barrel of his gun, Crawford shot it down with a cartridge full of bird-shot, which was all he had with him. Not having a spear with which to make an end, he finished off the big cat with two more shots.

Shortly after this, he determined that, though no cablegram had come, nor indeed any letter, he ought to be off for Nyasaland to meet the party of three men. He set out. And he preached his way across to Lake Tanganyika, skirted the south end—and learned by letters which found him there, that not only were the three men *coming*, but that they had *come*. And more than that—Miss Tilsley had accepted him ; not only had accepted him, but had joined the party ; and therefore, as he hurriedly calculated,

was already awaiting him in Nyasaland! Speed! Dan, Speed!

He crossed the plateau to Karonga at a rush. There he greeted the three young missionaries, gave them 170 of his men, and his blessing, and despatched them on their way to Mweru. He himself went down the Lake to Blantyre, and thence to the Zambesi Industrial Mission station at Chilangani, twelve miles away. There he found the brave girl who had dared to do the unthinkable.

Three weeks later they were married by the Consul at Blantyre.

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Mr. and Mrs. Crawford's honeymoon was the trip from Nyasa to Luanza—an exciting experience for the bride who was the first white woman to travel that country. When on trek Dan was so accustomed to accepting without question whatever his lads provided that there was for his wife no being let down gently. She had to plunge, and she did plunge, right in and take hold of the domestic reins from the very first day, despite her ignorance of the conditions. By the time she reached Luanza, at the end of November, 1896, she was an accomplished camp cook.

Arrived there, she found that the bridal chamber was floored with bare earth; but that the resulting dusty condition of the atmosphere was not a little ameliorated by the rain that leaked through the roof whenever there was a storm! As it was the rainy season, this happened most days for the first months. Dan might hardly notice such trifling matters, or, noticing them, simply put up with them. Those days were ended. Henceforward he was to have someone not only to notice them for him, but also to insist on their amelioration. For instance, Campbell's house was better constructed and more weatherproof; and he left with George for the Lofoi a few days after the Crawfords got to their lakeside home. It is, therefore, with no sense of surprise that we find the Lady of Luanza (as Mr. Crawford delighted to call his wife) noting in her journal that "we have been moving into Mr. C's house . . . more comfortable and watertight than this one . . . and are getting things shipshape." Her husband's journal takes no notice of the change. Again, grass mats on the floor, Dan, to keep down the dust; cloth ceilings sewn together

by the first sewing machine in Katanga, to keep off the dust showered down from the roof by the borer-beetles; pictures on the walls; regular meal-hours; mended garments and darned socks. Such were the beginnings of the care that in all probability was largely responsible for the good health which Dan enjoyed for so many years thereafter. Later she took over the garden, and made it one of the finest in Katanga. It was she, too, who became responsible for the livestock. In short, she brought to their partnership that practicality, that capacity to strike root, that stability and tenacity of whose lack in himself he was fully conscious.

Dan had once thought, as has been said, that "a missionary married was a missionary marred" because he was apt to become stationary. He now modified that opinion. In his own case, at least, it was not so. Before he had been back in Luanza a month he wrote: "I am writing on the Upper Plateau (on the mountains behind Luanza). Gammon is with me." And then a few days later . . . "God sent me back on the 26th to find my dear wife very sick. Since then we have been keeping African vigils. . . . A long fagging fever it has been.

"God has . . . zoned some lands round with . . . fever, as though to challenge our faith with the question, 'Who will take their life in their hands, and enter and win for Me?' He gave His body; and we, having given ours, do make up in our bodies that which is lacking of His sufferings. The enemy will surely rout us, if we try to work upon apostolic lines without the apostolic spirit." Crawford was never afraid of death, nor did he count his life as of weight in the balance, if the work of his Master seemed to call for hazard.

In February of 1897, the first convert was baptized. This was Mushimishi, who had professed his conversion two years before. The ceremony took place in the lake. Under the date of February 25th, Dan wrote:

"Yesterday we baptized Mushimishi . . . our very first, after all these years. We did so tremblingly . . . we were finally comforted with the thought, dared we delay any longer? We trust the Lord God has put His fear upon us in the matter of laying rubbish upon His elect and precious Foundation. A little crowd of his friends—mostly men—accompanied him to the lake, and he addressed them, saying

this act meant 'crossing the boundary' from one kingdom into another and better, leaving one set of doings and friends for other and better.

"This was not a bad way of expounding 'sin reigns unto death,' the friends of sin and the doings of sin, yea, the kingdom of sin, being left at the boundary in figure. As the Lord heard deep calling unto deep in His holy passion, so, too, does He wait for the hearts of Africans. And for this we long, pray, preach and wait. He lives and loves. So may we!"

Immediately after the baptism, Crawford made a tour of the lake, establishing rest-houses in the villages whose chiefs herded some of his goats and cultivated wheat for him, so that any who went to preach in the village might find food-stuffs in them, without having either to carry all they needed or to resort, as he had done for so long, to purely native diet. In each of these rest-houses, which he furnished with a bed, a table and a chair or two, he used to leave a letter inviting any Europeans to avail themselves of it and to accept from himself the eggs, fowls, and flour which he asked the chiefs to supply willingly, and for which he prepaid them. In the years which followed, Belgian officials, traders of all nations, and a British sportsman or two began to turn up here and there on trek. They gladly availed themselves of the unexpected hospitality. Later on, the government built rest-houses in the principal villages, but in those earlier days it was a very welcome change for travellers to find the natives volunteering supplies instead of fleeing away leaving the visitors hungry. Then it was that Luanza began to earn the reputation, which was consistently maintained, for what a recent author, writing from personal experience, called its "unbounded hospitality."

At this time a Belgian Poste was being established at Mpweto on the east bank of the river that flows northward out of Lake Mweru (called Luvua in many maps; Lualaba by the natives and by Mr. Crawford). Monsieur Fromont was in charge. Visiting him on the 28th of February, 1897, Dan found him absolutely alone—all his men, even to his cook and table-boy, having deserted. He was very grateful for help.

In March and April it was necessary to spend more time marking out further streets, for large numbers of natives

continued to flock in to Luanza. One large caravan arrived from Lake Tanganyika—a whole village *en masse*; elders, families, goats, pots and pans—begging to be allowed to settle under Konga Vantu.

The three young missionaries had brought out with them the parts of an iron sailing boat, subscribed for by Christians in Dan's old town. There had been considerable delay in getting the loads comprising her across the plateau from Lake Nyasa; but by the middle of April all the parts were on the beach below Luanza; and Mr. George had returned from Mwena to help with the building of her. This proved to be a tough job under the prevailing primitive conditions, but she was finished before the end of 1897's dry season. She was named the *Mtume wa Imani*, and made her maiden trip in time to meet Mr. and Mrs. Crawford in the Luapula as they were returning from the pilgrimage to the grave of Livingstone's heart, upon which they set out shortly after her keel was laid down. She did yeoman service for years. One drawback she had. Designed for sailing, she depended for stability upon a somewhat deep keel, and drew rather a lot of water. The uncharted Luapula, upon which she was the first boat to sail other than the indigenous one-log dug-outs, proved to be so shallow in places that the *Mtume wa Imani* was in danger of ripping the bottom out of herself; and after the first voyage or two she confined herself to the lake. Her captain was an Arab named Juma, who in his day had sailed a slave dhow on the Indian Ocean and had even been captured by an English *man-a-wari*, about whose stokehold he had marvellous tales to relate. He had been with Crawford in Mushidi's capital; removed with him to Mweru; and was still alive in Luanza when Konga Vantu died. In the early days of the Great War, when the road from Elisabethville to Lake Tanganyika led past Luanza and Pweto, the hull of *Mtume wa Imani* was taken over by the government for transport purposes. Although the opening of the railway joining the Congo to Tanganyika afterwards diverted the traffic from the Mweru route, the old boat, stripped of her keel, still remained in government service, being paddled once a month by a score of natives between Kasenga on the Luapula and Mpweto at the north end of Lake Mweru.

In May, Mr. Crawford wrote: "The last two or three years have transformed these parts. Unmarried brethren

themselves being judges, the need for married couples is great." Oh, Benedict! He hurriedly added: "To settle down into tame domesticity is not to be thought of."

Very soon after writing that, leaving the three newly-arrived brethren at work on the boat, and Campbell holding the fort back in the Mushidi country, Crawford left Luanza to investigate more fully the upper reaches of the Luapula and the country between Katanga and Ilala, which Livingstone, dying at the latter place, had been unable to traverse.

V

WIFE AND FAMILY

EUROPEANS whose work involves their living in the tropics when the question of marriage comes up, are given even more furiously to think than men otherwise situated ; and particularly more closely to consider what may be involved in the upbringing of a family, both for them, for their wives, and for their children, of separations and isolations, of divided interests and of influences that, however conscientiously and lovingly exerted, cannot but fall short of those of the parental home. That the missionary's periods of labour abroad are frequently longer, sometimes much longer, than those of white men whose activities lie in commerce, or in government, does not lighten the load of his perplexities in coming to a decision about matrimony. For very many of those who have married, necessary separations have added heavily to the burden of the many other difficulties of their lives of self-forgetful service. Not a few have been the sorrows involved. And of them all the most poignant has been the irreparable tragedy of the alienation of a child's affection from its parents.

In Dan Crawford's case the bare chronological bones of the sacrificial story may be exposed in all brevity.

He met his fiancée at Blantyre, Nyasaland, and was married at the Consulate on September 14, 1896. During the two years succeeding their nuptials he was often separated from his wife, though only for short periods. He had often inveighed against the lessened mobility of missionaries after marriage ; and he determined not to merit any like criticism himself. He certainly never did. He was able to write : " I am more free to itinerate even than before." Their journey to the grave of Livingstone's heart was made together.

On 13th October, 1898, far from all doctors, and with his mother for her own and only nurse, a son, Ernest Lyndesay, was given to them. He was the first white child to be born in all those central parts of Africa. Three

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weeks later Mr. Crawford departed westward on a ten weeks' tour of preaching. From this he returned to make his son's acquaintance during two months; but on 23rd March, 1899, he left again, going eastward to Chinde with Mr. Pomeroy, who had had a sunstroke. He was occupied at Livingstonia over the printing of some MSS., and arrived back after an absence of eight months to find that his baby had died ten days previously.

In July, 1900, a second son was born to them; he also was named Lyndesay. During the ensuing twenty-one months, Mr. Crawford made only one considerable itineration, and on that he took with him both Mrs. Crawford and the babe. Those were the only months in which he was ever to experience life *en famille*.

In May, 1902, Mrs. Crawford left Luanza with the child, who was not yet two years old. In June of the following year she left him with his paternal grandmother, in whose care he remained always thereafter.* Returning to Africa, via the East Coast, Mrs. Crawford met her husband in Nyasaland where he was occupied about the printing of his first translation of the New Testament, spent nearly three weeks with him, and then continued on into the Interior; where, more than a year later, toward the end of 1904, Mr. Crawford rejoined her. Mrs. Crawford subsequently saw her son during one other lonely furlough; and again in 1912-15. His father renewed acquaintance with him for the only time while he was in Europe in 1912-13, during which period he was able to see him when the intervals between his engagements (which were, alas, but few) coincided with the lad's school holidays. When in 1913, Dan left Britain for U.S.A., and Australia, he was never again to see his boy. Mrs. Crawford remained in England until 1915, when she sailed to rejoin her husband at Luanza. Since that time she also has been without a sight of her son.†

Dan's own story of these matters may be indicated by extracts from a few of his letters. To his mother, from Luanza, early in 1896, he wrote:

* Mrs. Crawford subsequently, about 1914, said to Mrs. Player, of Bournemouth, an old school-fellow: "I would never do it again. I lost my child."

† Mr. Lyndesay Crawford completed his training as an architect shortly after his father's death; and is now a partner in a Greenock firm of architects.

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" You remember I am waiting these days for that SPECIAL LETTER I whispered to you about some mails ago. I am all impatient and nigh exasperated. ' Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' Now remember my injunctions to secrecy ! . . . Life is far too solemn and short for one to be made a laughing-stock."

Only when actually on the way out to Nyasaland did he get his " special letter." He wrote from Kawimbe on the plateau between Lakes Tanganyika and Nyasa, 1st August, 1896.

" Darling Mama and Sister Mary,

" You knew all about it long ago, and doubtless are getting accustomed to the idea. But I am most joyfully dazed ; only got THE NEWS a week ago at Cameron Bay, Lake Tanganyika. . . .

" How ideal it is, being married so business-like on our own African heath ; we who want nothing further than to live here for Christ, except ultimately to die upon it.

" THE promise in all the Bible to my way of thinking is that given to the man who throws away his life. We are going in for that sort of thing.

" Here is the secret of it all. I have found that men, even though one's own dear brethren in Christ, make poor companions. In Africa people somehow *seem* to know each other better than they actually do."

His diary records that when he had read his mail on that exciting day, he called up the elders of his caravan (it numbered more than 250 men), and they " filed in . . . the slight cough of pleasant anticipation in their throats." At the announcement that a white lady was advancing from the east to pioneer their land, they were delighted. Juma, the Arab sailor from the Indian Ocean, afterwards captain of Dan's schooner, spoke : "*Misuri!* (Good !) At last our country is settled." Chorus of assenting grunts.

" *From Blantyre, September, 1896.*

" I met her at last, not here in civilized Blantyre, but out from its brick houses about 12 miles.* First a wide road ; then the ordinary African path ; a hillside at a good gradient ; then a runnel of water ; a hamlet farther on ; and then a longish clump of grass, and—oh ! you know the rest after all these years. It was sundown when we met, but it might have been Sunrise in the Millennium !"

* At Chilangani, a station of the Zambesi Industrial Mission.

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Next a postcard to Mr. Corson: dated from Blantyre, British Central Africa, 25.9.95.*

"Married at the Consulate; far-Interior-bound, on the 14th inst.

In Africa for Africa
In Simplicity for Simplicity

Yea

In *Him* for *Him*

Daniel & Grace Crawford.

'For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the Future in the distance,
And the good that WE can do!'"

Another postcard to James Corson, dated from Luanza, on the 23rd October, 1898:

"Dear Mr. Corson and *Uncle* James,
for,

'*Unto us a son is given.*' Eight pounds avoirdupois weight—the adorable mother being very well—Ernest is the name: and 'the prophecies have already gone before on him' that he is a preacher born. Meantime '*he is alive without the law*': but the commandment is coming along: Sin will revive and he will die. But pray that he may hear the voice of the Son of God and LIVE for ever and ever."

Six weeks later, when away preaching in the villages, he wrote:

"7th December, 1898. My birthday.

"I want little baby to be his *mother's* boy, and keep the flag flying when I fall. There is something BIG coming down from God on this work if we will only take the unknown and unseen path which is flooded with Light from the Throne. Oh! forgive my not writing to you oftener, but our backs are to the ocean and you can't fancy until you are here on the spot how far stretching and engrossing is the dark land. I don't think England would do me any good bodily. I am toughened now, I think, for Africa—'a bottle in the smoke'—but all that cold of the north would simply kill me. I want little baby and the mother dear to go, though. Oh! what a gem God gave me—worth a baker's dozen of me!"

* The date should be 1896: a mere year out was immaterial to Dan! Such trifling mistakes often occur in his letters.

WIFE AND FAMILY

In April, 1899, his son being six months old, and he on his way with Pomeroy to Chinde, he wrote: "Dear Grace and baby are receding on the horizon (at Luanza) . . . I want Grace and Dinnie to be off home very soon; but how can we part? When I turn my weary steps interiorwards again, Grace, the darling, and Dinnie will be standing at the end of the line against the sky with 'my ain fireside and a' that'."

But, alas! from Luanza, 30th October, 1899, he had to write:

"I send you once more a sad little message, wrung from our stricken hearts. Our darling Ernest Lyndesay is in the Shepherd's bosom, and his loving mother is almost broken-hearted. Just three days did he live beyond his first year, a brave, well-favoured boy, and then he ascended unto God. But this 'ascended' unto God, what is it but that, as to his body he 'descended also' into a cold African mountain grave with no father to perform the last rites or comfort the broken in heart.

"All unconsciously I was flying home, taking the great moon at its full, and simply rushing Itawa in the night, doing the distance between the two lakes* in the incredible time of three days and a half; but too late—ah, the pity of it. Messengers brought me the news one day from Chiengi. But thus God leads us on unto Himself. Oh! we want to learn our lesson, spelling out every word of it slowly in His own presence. Just on that funeral day, so dark and drear, your letter reached my prostrated wife, and, there, behold almost prophet's words as to this departure. But he has left a track of light. Our African says that 'babies are the sweetest things in the world because they come freshest from God.' And so He beckons us on!"

On 27th July, 1900, from Luanza, again a postcard to Mr. Corson:

"Here comes a brave boy-cherub from the skies—'Unto us a Son is born!' If you please, as pink as a Turnerian background; and precocious, too! He is Lyndesay the exalted's 'double' repeating him in eyes, hair, dimple and learned attitude. Said an Apostle—*The Apostle*—about the Covenant (and we claim it in our foolish selfishness): '*He taketh away the first that He may establish the SECOND.*'"

"May he indeed be a new baby of the new covenant and out of love may he '*keep the commandment without spot*'!"

* Tanganyika and Mweru.

DAN CRAWFORD

This was the Lyndesay who went on trek with them, so that on November 5, 1900, his father wrote :

"Baby sleeping sweetly going over a dark chasm—suspended between earth and sky, was a lesson of the blessedness of not knowing the perils of life if hidden in God's arms. Rains threatened and generally made good their threats to about 5 p.m. Actually baby puts on roses and looks at his first hippos with a look which says that they are not half so interesting as his own mama. This wonderful baby and this wonderful mama—what a compact of love they have struck."

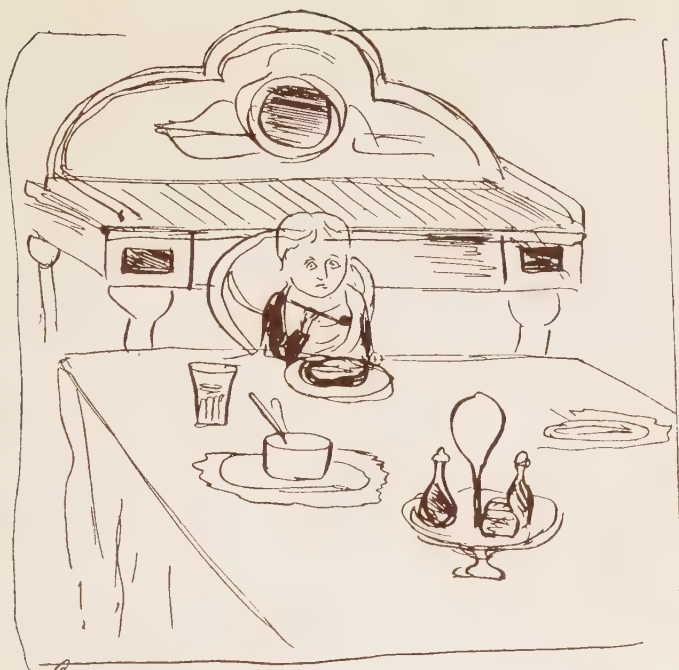
Even after he had determined on sending his second baby home to his mother, doubts as to whether it was indeed an unavoidable course could not but recur. However—"The question of Dinnie's NEED of going to England," he wrote in May, 1902, immediately after Mrs. Crawford had taken her departure and he was left at Luanza, "was really settled to my mind on the morning I kissed him off in the Vemba country. Dinnie was quite quickly picking up the language and on that morning the native chief of the village had turned the Devil's preacher. Talking to half a dozen of his intimates his voice really reached all of us; voicing shamelessly the vilest impurities of Heathendom. Dozens of little boys and girls heard it all, and there was Dinnie lying on his mother's breast. Dinnie, thank God, just escaping it by a few months of babyhood. Two or three months at most and all those impure words would have found lodgment in his childhood memories. The Devil's seed for the Devil's harvest."

On the heart-breaking task of taking the wee lad home and leaving him there, Mrs. Crawford had been away from her husband for fifteen months. He was in Nyasaland when she returned. In July, 1903, he wrote to Mr. Corson :

"Last week I saw a little steamer puffing round a cape in Lake Nyasa. Presently, behold too! a fluttering hkf.—and in half an hour I embraced my loved wife—a vision of good health and loving messages from you all.

"We mentioned you particularly by name and your kindnesses: the good strong friendship of the years not yet wavering.

"For long months I have received not one letter from old friends, and although you do not write, yet well I know your kindly wishes go with us."



Little Jack Horner
 Seorning the corner
 Ate at the table his pie
 With a fork in his hand
 And a countenance bland
 He exclaimed, 'Ah, how cultured
 am I!'

Facsimile of illustration in a letter from
 Dan Crawford to his son Lyndesay, circa 1908.

WIFE AND FAMILY

His son at home in Scotland grew up to hear from his Grannie's lips much proud talk about his father. At times he wearied somewhat of hearing so constantly of one whom he did not know. "Granny," he said one day, "you think there is nobody like your son, but he is just a man like other men."

Well, no, Lyndesay—not so altogether like other men. How many other men would have written you such wonderful letters as this?

"Luanza, July 3, 1908.

"Dinnie Dear.

"This is Thursday, and I have pledged my troth to visit you once a week inside an envelope.

"When will the day come—will it ever? Oh! Yes!—when I shall come to you not in a paper envelope but in my own skin envelope: the genuine dad in flesh and blood: not the substitute in pen and ink! An envelope, yes, that is what our body is: some are fancy scented envelopes, some are square envelopes, some are long official envelopes and others—like your old dad, for example, are poor, thin, foreign envelopes stamped all over with foreign marks, and torn at the edges: so torn an envelope, that the contents may fall out on the route without ever reaching England and home.

"Livingstone was such a case; the contents of his envelope dropped out in the marshes of Lake Bangweulu, and they actually took the envelope home to England and put it in Westminster Abbey: poor worn out envelope with foreign marks all over it.

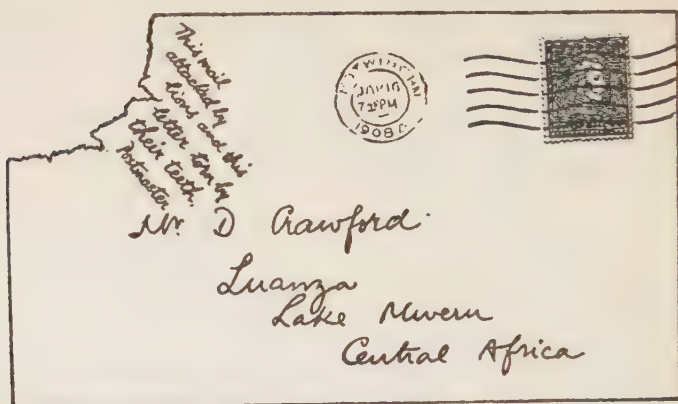
"Here is a tale of a paper envelope very like what happens sometimes to the skin envelope of a man. On opening our mail bag not long ago there dropped out a funny envelope tattered and torn, but at the corner there was a wicked looking hole bearing the marks of teeth! What had happened? Just this. The Government official signed his name at the ugly hole and wrote the words: 'This mail attacked by lions and letter torn by their teeth!' It looked all so funny—I mean, such a solemn looking red-tape notification over such a funny incident.

"The Prophet long ago said that he found God's words and did eat them, and we also read of a lion eating a prophet who in his turn had probably eaten words.

"Here in Africa you have some lions resolve to eat words if they cannot eat a prophet—how hungry they must have been for information!"

DAN CRAWFORD

"How much nicer, though, for those lions to eat the paper envelope and not the skin envelope of your Daddy.



"But how like the Devil's way of doing things, for is he not a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour? And, mark you, lad. That lion tears up God's letters as much as he is able. He devoured at Golgotha the Living Word of God, no, not devoured, but tore the envelope of the Living Word, and he wants to do the same with the written Word. But it is only the envelope he can eat because the life is hid with Christ in God. If Satan burned all the copies of the Bible in the world, he would only touch the envelope, nothing more!

"Another point about the envelope. When God says he will write His laws in our hearts, let us grasp this fact as merely another way of saying He will enclose His letter in our envelope of a body.

"'Thy Law have I hid in my heart,' said David, which is only another way of saying: Thy letter have I enclosed in the envelope—special envelope; just as Jesus said: 'A body hast Thou prepared for me!'

"Then you know every envelope has a stamp, dear lad: a stamp with the king's head on it!—'And man was made in the image of God' remember: a stamped envelope launched on a long journey.

"But don't forget the *address* my boy: every envelope must be correctly addressed—the destination: the one to whom it is speeding, and the city in which he dwells. Oh! my lad, *what* destination is written on *your* envelope, where are you bound for?

"Then the posting, remember! Some letters are put in

the envelope : some envelopes are even stamped, yet they are never *put into the letter box* and never receive the stamp of acceptance ! Yes ! that is what the black office mark means on envelopes : it means that the Postmaster looks with acceptance on the sum paid for the stamp : sees that it is not under-charged and then stamps his acceptance on it, putting *the date* as well.

" Be sure of a definite date : be sure of a definite acceptance at Calvary, and letter and envelope will get to Zion.

" And now having written about the thing, let me do it : here's my letter and here's my envelope, and here is an African stamp, while yonder in Scotland is Tower Drive.

" Farewell, dear,

" Daddie."

Dan Crawford was very fond of children, though he was too indulgent with them for one to suppose that he would have made an unqualified success of bringing any up. He was tender and abrupt by turns. He would have provided great store of inspiration for them. He had a theory that one should never talk down to children—but was not always consistent in putting it into practice. In Africa he liked sometimes to caress native children. At other times he would completely ignore them. When in 1911-15 he was amongst white folk, he liked to group children around him, and he could always hold them enthralled without making himself in the least their servant.

But it was not until 1921 and the years that followed that he ever actually lived in continual contact with white children. Seldom a day passed but he paid a visit to his grandnephew David, and later on to David's brother, Bobbo, and his sister Mary, born in Luanza in 1924-1925. He had queer little songs of his own which he sang to them :

" So slow, so slow
Yet on I go
Into de years of a man ;
Be it ever so slow
My bonikins grow
Into de bones of a man."

And again, over and over again,

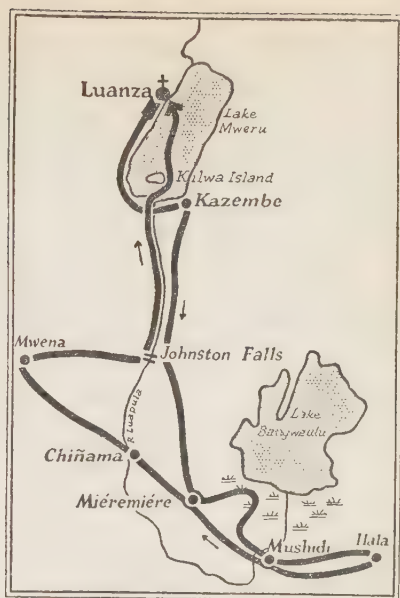
" Bendikins, Bobbikins,
Bobbikins, bendikins,
Bendikins, bendikins, Bo ! "

In January, 1926, he was paying daily joyous visits to Baby Mary Tilsley, whom he called the "Luanza Princess." Looking on her and her two brothers he one day said to Mrs. Tilsley: "That's right, Little Lady. You'll never regret it." A pause; his blue eyes took on a far away look, and he stared out over the cliff into the hazes of Mweru's horizon. With a seeming effort he brought himself back to his surroundings, and said, with sadness in his voice, "Look at me! A man of my age ought to have his children grouped around him."

VI

JOURNEY TO THE GRAVE OF LIVINGSTONE'S HEART

May to October,
1897



It had long been a cherished desire of Mr. Crawford's to visit Ilala—the spot where Susi and Chuma had buried the heart of their master, David Livingstone, and where, in the bark of the mupundu tree, Jacob Wainwright had carved the immortal name and the date of the burial, 4th May, 1873.

At the end of May, 1897, leaving Messrs. Pomeroy, Gammon and George in Luanza at work on assembling the boat, *Mtume wa Imani*, he was able to set out thither. This journey was the last but one of the series by means of which he acquainted himself with the lands and peoples having Lake Mweru at their centre, and whose evangelization was his dominant purpose.

During this journey he made his first visit to Kilwa, the small island in the south end of Lake Mweru, which had been the stronghold of the Arab, Shimba. By international convention the Luapula river had been designated as the boundary between the Congo Free State to the west, and the lands to the east, which were to be British, under the British South Africa Chartered Company. Kilwa Island was included in the British sphere.

The chief Kazembe, situated near the right bank of the Luapula, was in the lands which the Chartered Company was in process of "effectively occupying." He resented

either the assumption that he could be taken over, or, more probably, the manner in which the news was broken to him, and had offered resistance. Not long before Mr. Crawford made his journey, a force from the Chartered Company's station at Kalungwizi to the north had advanced upon his town and opened fire, but had been repulsed by him. The whole east bank of the Luapula was in a fever of unrest. Kazembe himself was not unmindful of the fate that had attended the arrival of an expedition, led by an Englishman, at Mushidi's capital a few years before. However, he received Crawford with acclaim. The missionary was able to expound to him the advisability of a peaceful submission, as well as the advantages of putting an end to the constant feud with chiefs across the river.

Further south the expedition made its way through the country of Miéremière, or Mirambo. This was the man who had plundered Giraud, the French explorer, of his sectional iron boat. No white man had visited him since that time. The expectation, however, of a punitive expedition had remained the constant fear of his country. The chief concluded that its non-appearance argued the white men to be afraid of him, and grew loud in boasting that should any dare to approach him, he, Mirambo, would kill them. All which notwithstanding, he received Crawford without offering violence.

Still further south, Crawford reached the village of Chitambo, the successor of the chief who so well aided Livingstone's men in their gruesome task of preparing the body for transport. The village was then some distance from "The Tree," having been moved more than once, as African villages often are, from where it had been in 1873.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford were conducted by the chief to the tree, a *mupundu*. Upon Mrs. Crawford's taking a walk through the bush, she was suddenly aware that a short distance away a rifle was levelled at her! Upon her disclosing herself a Mr. Frank Smitheman, lowering his weapon, advanced in unbounded astonishment. He explained that his boys had told him a lion was bearing down upon them. With a companion he had made his way from the far south, prospecting.

Returning south, Mr. Smitheman and his companion spread the wondrous tale of their having gone north and still north, to the limit of their pioneer journey, and of

having there found a white woman, who not only had got so far, but had actually come from still further in, and who had nearly been shot by them in mistake for a lion. When the yarn passed through half a dozen mouths in as many bars, any who cared might have learned, as much of South Africa in the years that followed did learn, that up around by Livingstone's grave, in the heart of Africa, a White Woman, who rode about the forest on a lordly lion, was queening it over a barbarous tribe.

Mr. Crawford cleared the bush away from "The Tree," and erected a palisade around it. On a nearby tree he carved "D. and G.C. 31.7.97" below the "P.W. 8.10.96" which bore witness to the previous visit of Capt. Paulett Weatherley. Another tree bore the initials of Mr. E. J. Glape, the correspondent of the *Century Magazine*, who had been the first white man to visit the grave.

Mr. Hugo Genthe visited the spot later in the same year, and the report he submitted becoming public, the mystery of the initials "D. and G.C." became a matter of considerable curiosity and newspaper comment in England.

Mr. Genthe wrote in the *British Central Africa Gazette*, "Zomba, 5th February, 1898 . . . There is quite a nice and strong circular fence round the tree apparently not many months old. When I asked who had made it I was told that a white man and his donna who had come from the north-west of the Luapula had visited the grave and caused the fence to be made.

"I went over to the two trees where visitors leave their card, that is to say have carved their initials, and found already quite a list. The one tree shows in one square the Letters D. L. and underneath E. J. G. (the late Mr. Glave, but who is D. L.?) The other tree P. W. 8.10.96 (Mr. Paulett Weatherley), and neatly carved in big letters D. and G. C., 31.7.97 (the mysterious couple from the other side of the Luapula); and further F. S., 1.8.97 (Mr. Frank Smitheman).

"Underneath his name I carved mine, and was told by the natives that Mr. Smitheman and the couple from the north met here at the mupundu tree. Truly a strange meeting! . . .

"Livingstone's Grave,

HUGO GENTHE."

Lalonga Njobpu.

22nd October, 1897."

Mr. Crawford's diaries of the journey to the Grave of the Heart are as follows :—

" *May 27th, '97.* We are going to plunge—may never come back or be heard of again, but it will be glorious !

" Luanza here has had a very good opportunity of coming back to God, and we will leave God's Seed in His own keeping and press further on.

" We don't believe in an elect township or tribe or anything of the sort, but in the Gospel for all the world."

" *May 28th. In camp. Lwilwa River* (5 miles south of Luanza). It is about time we were off ! The villages around have had a long spell of solid Gospelling. Here, then, for the far south !"

" *May 29th. Mulonde River.* Camped in the ravine of Mulonde not 300 yards from where the river leaps over the brow of the range. Grass is too terribly long so we go by canoe to-morrow. Lake unfortunately bluish these days and roaring. Events will shape route, and events are with God. Kazembe's town is straitly shut up on the British side, but I think we may get in from the west. Thence on across country with a possible visit (i.e. if we have any pluck) to Miéremière. This last, of course, is a truly doubtful individual having been steered clear of since the day he made Giraud prisoner. The plan is to reach Bangweulu Lake *via* Miéremière's, going straight for Ilala as a terminus ; then north again to Chinama's where we cross over for Lufira Valley, then over the hills and home ! Pilgrim kit need alarm no one, and may they always remember with joy our 'manner of entering' in amongst them. We are heading south with utter joy, longing for true capitulations to the Lord."

" *May 30th.* The country is opening out as we go south, the Range receding from the Lake. Several dead old streams to-day, dry and silent, full of bare brown sandstone boulders.

" Kalulwa, who is chief at Mulonde, is now building a mission rest house for all comers. To-morrow we descend into the savannah where Muvanga has built for us another place."

" *May 31st. Muvanga's.* Waiting for canoes here as the land journey is simply impossible. Mweru, too, is blue and wild, which makes even this a choice of evils. But breathing is scarcely possible in the grass."

" *June 1st. Resting.*"

" *June 2nd.* Sick to-day and several natives, too. Hunters are trying in vain to bring down game, but can't even sight anything. God again intervenes and gives us a brave, big hartebeest from a lion's paws, the latter against all precedent runs for its life from its prey. Honey, too, comes in great quantities.

" If the devil can only lethargize us as he has done our poor labrose African, and get us to take his lethian doze ! In their thousands they will awake one day to everlasting shame and contempt !

" Regarding the lavish praise we give some African chief, it is probably mere selfishness on our part. What if, as often happens, he is a vile old wretch behind our backs ! "

" *June 3rd. Chitele River.* Another proof of God's providing care to-day. Away up in a tree Mushimishi spied the body of an antelope. On climbing up he found that it had been dragged there this morning—of course by a leopard ; which had eaten the whole of the abdominal contents, leaving us the head, neck and legs. The leopard you may be sure was lying hidden near, intending to return shortly and finish it off. How disappointed he will be ! He certainly has the right to owe us a grudge ! ' The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that wait upon the Lord shall not lack any good thing.' This is the third time that the wild beasts have fed us.

" Going dead level with Lake now, which is visible on the near left only as a ribbon of blue heaving badly. Kilwa Island is lying abreast of us. At the Chitele River here Mushidi had one of his strongest men in the old days, who kept order ; or rather, who guaranteed 353 days of disorder to the year. Two years or so of such deputed sovereignty and the erstwhile henchman outbrazened his paramount Chief, forgetting all about liege vassalage ! "

" *June 4th. Kilwa Island.* We joined our flotilla of canoes. At first it was doubtful whether the men would

venture to cross, but after an hour, when the waves were lower, they darted out. Just about two hours it took. Our mere specks of 'dug outs' seemed awfully risky so far out, and we thanked God anticipatively for our iron boat of the future.

"This island is a right-angled triangle. Running round the south-west corner we saw lovely limestone caves, down on the Lake level. The fretful waves have drilled out far-receding tunnels into the rock, the mouths of which are covered with jagged stalactites, at a distance looking like icicles.

"The (Elias) oil palm is growing here in good number—the only spot around Mweru to have it.

"The Arab community here is fairly large, but *religious* Arabs are always difficult to approach and merely bluff off all warnings as to the doom of the impenitent. The impenitent and doomed are we, think they. But common people hear gladly. This is no place to come up from the beach beaming with smiles! *Night on Kilwa*. It is very solemn to spend a first night in this old brigand den, where Shimba's body is lying in the old tumble-down *tembe*, fit mausoleum indeed! The sun, setting in the west, lights up the dark Bukongolo mountains which were systematically raided by the Arab bands. When the last fleeing hamlet put in for safety behind us at Luanza, then we remained, with the great Lord God as the only buffer between them and their foe. No shot was fired by us, and the last shot came from Shimba's own gun when he accidentally shot himself. Therefore sink on, sun, in a halo of glory, and teach all the land that God can give light for darkness and the oil of joy for mourning.

"'A night is a year' say the Arabs. Tried to burst in on them with a few straight things about the Lord Jesus, and seemingly carried the *outer* works.

"But it needs a strong man of good calibre for them."

"*June 5th. Lake edge.* The return crossing took quite four hours. An Arab accompanied us as escort—really to see us off the premises and make sure that we were not carrying off some of their captives. The aching part of this Kilwa visit is just here. Lots of poor Bukongolo slaves came round telling the same harrowing old tale of bondage. The men in the attack were either killed or

fled, and they, women and girls, made captives. Now that Kilwa is British soil all this bondage has been legalized in essence, good offers of redemption being stoutly refused."

"*June 6th.* At Chilomba's to-night. Sleeping, eating and verminating—these three participles tell the tale of their lives."

"*June 8th. Chishite's.*" [This was the man upon whom Shimba took vengeance because he had given canoes to Crawford when he first crossed the south end of Mweru. His village was burned down and himself put in chains for a time.]

"*June 9th.* Dragged a canoe overland to Mary Lake—then about 12 square miles in extent." [There is no water there now.]

"*June 10th.* We gave the south end of Mweru the slip to-day, and are cutting across the savannah to the Luapula River. Maps seemed to provide a convenient waterway for our journey of to-day—no man making splashes of blue so bravely as the gentleman in the London cartographer's office. But alas! it was a dull, unresponsive prairie with, say, a hundred kinds of grasses. Three kinds, however, are everywhere, viz. down grass, meadow grass, and finally, lord of all, rank, rapidly-growing spear grass. Skirted a long thick fen choked with reeds and crocs. Here, too, of an evening bands of elephants run riot, bathing with glee. A croc, venturing in error to bite the former's toes, was seized by the tail and thrown through the air for his folly."

"*June 11th.* Struck the Luapula River at 11 a.m. We are in Kashobwe's, perched on the left bank among reed grass. The chief (who is absent on a journey) is a Yeke prince who has held his ground here for many a day and was originally planted here by the late Mushidi to look over at Kazembe and prevent Lunda aggression on the west bank. Unfortunately, the old feudal fires have not yet burned out, and here is Luapula rushing between them, true type of that other torrent of enmity separating east from west. Now, thank the Lord, we can be of use here. We mean, D.V., to establish better relations.

"The tall pith trees of the Mofwe lagoon are visible 200 yards beyond the Luapula's off bank. It was on the east edge of the same Mofwe that Livingstone saw the then Kazembe Mwenga. The claimant to that branch of the dignity is now at Luanza.

"Just a bow-shot from here is the confluence of the Mulungwishi River with the Luapula, the former almost rivalling the latter for width at the meeting point. Up stream, however, after an hour's flow it is quickly choked with fen bulrushes and lotus. Kaindu has built up there, successor to an old friend of mine who, apprehended by Brasseur's men, was tied to a tree, shot at by two native soldiers, and finally despatched by a third bullet from Brasseur's own pistol."

"*June 12th.* Kaindu came down yesterday. Took him out under a tree and, encircled by a large crowd, proclaimed the way back to God. They gave the usual earnest response of first hearers, but to go near to God means to go far from heathendom; and over this they are stolid and glum—yea, rebellious.

"Kazembe's canoes have just run in with the chief's hearty welcome to his country. 'Yea, come quickly, my friend, for four years have passed since I saw you,' he said. 'Will you camp inside my town or outside, please say? I am impatient to know what is the real cause of this war between the English and me.' Such are the messages brought."

"*June 13th.* *Kazembe's.* As we approached the greatest of our Central African towns (Mushidi's having passed away) we tried to think about angels hovering round to carry tidings Home—saints in thousands praying far away—and the Lord our Master hungering for fruit of His Passion. Here indeed are heights to storm for God—and deepest depths withal.

"If one has a spark of grace or a ghost of a faculty, or a remote throb of desire for the cause of God, oh, may they be given now and here for His service!

"If the English appear before the north gates we are resolved to go out with a flag of truce and plead the people's cause.

"Inside the crowds throng, uproar wild. We stand the

siege of curiosity—our consolation being that had he come this way, the Apostle, too, would have gone through it all, for he, too, had a white skin.”

“The public reception by the monarch was an affair of crowds and noise, of the booming of drums of every size, and the banging of guns.”

In private he spread for them a royal leopard skin.

“*June 14th.* Kazembe declared that he had come of age by looking upon a white lady. ‘Yes, white lady, and don’t forget that you, too, are great in having seen the Mwata Kazembe!’ said he. Then came his long tale of troubles on the Luapula with our host, Kashobwe, of two days ago, and this war with the English which blocks the roads north. His unconscious dignity and dispassionate demeanour is very attractive and the tale he tells—point after point—has no perceptible flaw in it. As his friend, however, I told him point blank that ‘London town’ was indeed big, and backing this B.S.A. Company. Unfortunately, instead of attempting to conciliate a man of this sort, the methods of approach have been to England’s dishonour. With no desire whatever to poke your nose into any white man’s private character, you settle down to hear what you suppose to be a tale of interchieftain relations to find—ugh! gross immorality carried on under the Queen’s name.”

“*June 15th.* A comparatively quiet day, the crowd around thickening and thinning at intervals. My old friend, Chilolo Ntambo of the west bank, who is a refugee at this court, came to-day and along with others heard the Gospel.

“His Majesty is engaged in ceremonies to-day, ‘worshipping God’ (sic!) and ‘asking sanction to put the town on a sorghum diet.’ For ‘God’ read ‘spirits,’ although they say the former. Manioc is the old-time food of the country.

“A little drum sounds at daybreak to herald the day, the chief also eating to the sound of this drum.

“Engrossed in poor old heathen shams, sensual and devilish, they believe deep, deep down that this, their farthing candle of religion, is as good as the sun of the Gospel. It is the artillery of God, not of the B.S.A., they

need to shell them out. So, too, this old Kazembe thinks he can shut my mouth by talking about his country being ours, and that we have only to say the word and the other English shall be cleared out, etc., etc. Our position here, in fact, is exceedingly delicate, as so far he is the conqueror and not the vanquished. Coming in on the wake of an English victory would be different. However, here is the open door and the Holy Ghost saith 'Now.' We are witnessing for the Lord on the eve of *His* Great Victory. This is our Gospel—that we have come to snatch loyal subjects for *the* Lord before they enter the doom of eternal captivity.

"Livingstone was in error in saying that '*Kazembe*' means 'General.' It means that stinging bush-fly so annoying to travellers (the tse-tse).

"The boma is rather formidable; has a very deep ditch and is quite half an hour's walk in circumference.

"The Arabs have a settlement outside the town, a number of my old friends being there. They are here for ivory; and they quite believe that we are playing for higher stakes. Not mere souls of blacks. 'Oh! no, that wouldn't bring you all the way from London town.'

"These Arabs are labrose and don't get at native dialects as well as we do.

"Quite a crowd of chiefs of those involved in the war have been called in to do us honour and as roads radiate from here it is a royal opportunity for the Gospel."

"18th. Got off to-day, the Kazembeites keeping up Lunda fame for roaring. Is it too far a cry to England to try and inoculate you with some of the pity we felt for this greatest of our towns?

"No messenger of Christ in it! From all over Africa comes this same monotonous moan with good old Livingstone's name as a rallying cry. Forgive us if thus going over the *last journey he ever took in his life* we say, 'Come over and help.'

"Camped to-night on the margin of Lake Pembe, a respectable sheet of water lying between us and the Luapula River. Lagoon it is, rather, and must have been formed since Livingstone's day as he makes no note of it. Lunched in good-sized village beyond the Lufubu River, a deep thing of 50 yards and ridged. Here I found my

friends of three years ago lounging as they did then under the spreading cloth trees. These Lunda people have quite afforested their towns with these trees and derive all their clothing from them. Once again we told out the Gospel. So simply must it be put—so translucent. 'It is not smoke nor haze—not dream—not concocted tale, oh, no, oh, no.' "

" 19th. Last night we were in an old town lying on the black shore of Pembe lagoon. All water, even for drinking, is as black as the surroundings and one of faith's tests. In all these out-lying villages Kazembe has a lynx-eyed officer defending Lunda interests. Here we camp a day to fight King Fever, Grace being very ill."

" 20th. Victory, and flag mast high again; 98.4 degrees."

" 21st. Skirting the Pembe lagoon, which now appears a longish strip of blue, margined with marsh. Scattered wayside seed at two good-sized villages, the bomas being strong affairs. Even here, so far away, friends of the old days at Mushidi's capital turn up, reminding us by the one phrase, 'The little mountain!' and pointing away west in that direction. Highly favoured were we then to stand at 'the parting of the ways' of Central Africa and send the call to all points of the compass.

" The climax of these memories, however, is at our lodging place for the night—the village of none other man than the great Chilolo Ntambo. Kazembe most royally gave him a shelter when the Belgians threatened him in an ominous manner. But he is longing for his old home down the left bank—'the elephant-shooting side'—and will scarcely believe the guarantee of safety I am permitted to offer him. Another lagoon to-day—Chitwiwe, quite half the size of Pembe."

" 22nd. The Luapula is now three miles off on the right, and we travel through light forest land, removed just a gunshot from the fen. Crossed the Mununshi river, cold and deep, and flowing down to form a third and last lagoon—Chisiba Buensi; say eight square miles in area.

" These lagoons have brought people around; good

sized villages being numerous along our path. They and many more line *Mtume wa Imani's* waterway. And the word 'waterway' makes our hearts jump with memories of winding paths and a thousand 'snags' tearing shoes and toes."

"23rd. At Luamfwe's last night on the south corner of the last of the three lagoons. As we were canoeing round a bit of it, teals rose in clouds of thousands—the size of a widgeon. We ran south from Luamfwe's and in one hour ran into Kapala's town. Here at last we strike the right bank of the Luapula. These places are dirty and filthy, and smelling most evilly. One must not only preach to these people, one has to get near them; and to do this while living with them on a dunghill one must reckon as dead all sensitiveness and high-strungness and, above all, the olfactory in one. Domestic animals are comparatively numerous in all these hovels of towns, the fat-tailed sheep being in particular good specimens.

"Here we get aboard a dug-out and run up river to Kalumbu—the great ferry of these parts. The first Kazembe, coming long ago from the west came over at this point, so it has become an institution. Villages are numerous on the bank.

"Three discoveries. Two islands, Gidi and Chisongi, lying two miles apart and near the off bank; and a large unmapped bay at Kalumbu's here, with a 6 mile circumference, Luke by name.

"Kazembe's pass-word has worked wonders thus far but beyond this it is denied. In fact things come to blows—or shots rather—and they refuse to pass us down."

"24th. A leopard raided us last night as we camped in the middle of the town, and killed a sheep and wounded a travelling goat. A murmuring of last night amongst our men and the villagers came to a head this morning in an open rebellion. 'We will go down the *west* side as far as you like, but not the *east*.' The matter was decided by our going off alone, and soon after one and then three and then a dozen sulked in our wake. I told them—chief and all of them—that they could shut up these roads of theirs as far as *they* were concerned, but I would open them and keep them open by honest dealing as far as *we* were

concerned. 'We have no dealings with them!' 'Very well, you know your own business and I know mine!' Aye, and my Lord's, too!

"A good way of getting a *start* in the Gospel with a big chief in these parts is in all solemnity to convene one of those great councils they love so well and request them in all earnestness to tell us what they know of God and His ways. Don't wait for the smile that in the ordinary places must meet this request, but brush it aside while yet unborn by a strong sentence about this dust-grovelling mush-eating existence of theirs. 'Awake thou that sleepest,' is the call to these parts.

"Vemba has all the say here as a language; and the fact that it has won its way so far should be significant to missionaries."

"25th. Yesterday's sunset saw a large meeting in progress in old Musango's village—the devil seemingly at bay in the place for the first time in a century. But we are going off to-morrow—and then? Alas, we can't say 'As you have always obeyed . . . but much more in my absence.' But we do say, 'As ye have now heard, so much more in our absence *remember* these truths.' The devil remains. Yes, and so likewise does God!

"Twelve miles to-day: a lagoon encountered yesterday keeps us from cutting straight for the Luapula. Further on, it becomes a thick fen-marsh with villages lining its *terra-firma* slope. In the last hour we dive down, enter a glorious forest packed with colossal pillars of trees, a two-channelled river flowing through it. The exit brings us near the Luapula at last, and we camp with the river in sight."

"26th. Only four miles and not a step further, please, without a passport! Kashiva's town is here on the Luapula's right bank, off which is an unmapped island. Kashiva is in deep-dyed alliance with Kazembe, and a chief in his own right. This is Ina-Kafwaya's natal village—Livingstone's '*Moari*'*—and the northern edge of Ushiland.

"An old chief stopped on the road to-day and insisted

* *Moari* is a title meaning 'Consort.' The Crawfords had met the old lady herself while at Kazembe's.

on our taking a large sheep and fowl and flour from him.

"The style in architecture here is uniform—houses wholly of bamboo and plaited basket fashion. The roof is covered with a wire-grass, so very fine that it is put on barely an inch thick.

"The chief in this instance having made sure of his own private enclosure as fairly snug, allows the rabble to build around him anyway. Result, no maze could be as subtly devised, blind alleys being the rule.

"The diplomacy ahead now lies in our getting into Chisunka's town which, from our standpoint, is a strategic position. Get there and he will pass us on to the great Miéremière. Giraud's iron boat in sections is still lying about there."

"28th. Yesterday at Kashiva's, who was extremely kind. He is building a mission rest house, good man, so that when the boat comes up his way a shelter will always be to hand. Contrary to all my theory, this little organ we have with us is doing something for God. Their own statement is—'Ah, your music is different from our *dance* music. *You bring in God!*' Yes, that is just the difference."

"29th. Mulundu blocks the way to-day. Is not he, too, a chief in these parts, and has he no right to 'entertain whites?' 'The fact is,' said Kashiva in parting this morning, 'spend at least a whole day with him, or he will accuse me after you have gone, of intriguing against him!'

"So we walk along the path for an hour and put up in his *nsaka*, i.e. dining-room.

"An island lies off here in the Luapula, Kavula by name. Near here, my old friend Chief Yumba, spent his early days. What took him to the Lufira Valley was an attempt on his life when Kashiva (our host of last night) tied him up in a hamper and threw him into the Luapula. Yumba, by legerdemain untied the hamper and appeared in half an hour before his aggressor, saying 'Here I am, kill me decently.'

"The boom of the famous Chalwe falls, now quite near, comes in on us. The country lying on the left bank of the Luapula is named Buganda, this name representing a stretch of country about two degrees long and commencing near Kalimbu's going south.

"It now appears that our friend Chinama is not in Ushiland at all. That country lies inland a bit from his place."

"30th. Struck the Luapula near the falls and have followed it up for quite six miles. A low range of hills, crescent-shaped, appeared ahead this morning. The Luapula makes its descent by boiling rapids, the water wheezing, hissing, thudding and gushing through a monster bed of broken conglomerate. There are villages on the bank. Here ends the southern limit of our waterway—as to navigability, I mean. It is indeed a long reedy stretch. Apart altogether from its own riverine population, we can pierce the interior at any point on either bank. Five days here west, and you drop down into the Lofoi valley. True arteries will all these rivers be, when they supply the right sort of life's blood to every remote corner of the land.

"Chieftlets have little say about here with their villagers. When the prestige of the little village law-courts declines—caused just as often as not by the most extraordinary decisions—social turmoil is the result. Yet, 'Litigation is our profession,' said Mulundu to me. And the victim, of course, is nearly always the old matmaker or fisherman.

"Under such a regime, no great crowd of people will gravitate together. Thus you come to suspect that after all old Kazembe and his confrères are of the kindly and wise sort.

"Thick clumps of bamboo all about here make *village* building the matter of a mere week or two.

"Arabs still cropping up. One old friend of Livingstone's told me that he gave him tea and coffee nearly thirty years ago. 'Yes,' he said, 'Bwana David was quite run out. Afterwards when the body passed through Itawa we turned out with Kombakomba's men and gave it a volley of honour.' One of their dearest conceits is to talk European politics, and one, to show how abreast he was of the times, asked if the Franco-German war was ended yet? This is the second time I have been asked this question."

"July 1st. We followed up the Luapula as far as

Kavira's where we say good-bye for quite a month, as it takes a colossal bend westward from that point.

"Well wooded hills are now lying athwart our path and go rolling on into Ushi-land. The Luongo River here (*nota bene* LUONGO—the map is out!) is on the right bank the Lunda limit of jurisdiction, and on the left the northern border of Ushi-land. Further up stream, too, it separates these same Ushi people from the people of Kishinga. These latter, though not known to fame in maps and books of travel are the first in prowess among the tribes of these parts. Chikumbi, their paramount chief, was the only one who drove off Mushidi's war parties. Old Kavira by the roadside to-day was exceedingly lively and witty. Energetic, too, and made his people build a strong fortified boma. The true way of getting in '*abundantly*' among these people is by genuine abandonment to them, when they are entitled to think *that if they want to do anything to you—they can do it right away*. We are far too apt in a long stretch of travel like this to get into the humdrum of African life and go thud, thud mechanically on, *with very few*—let alone *all* our springs in God. Well, this old Kavira to-day by a few blunt sentences about their position 'in the grass' made the deep pathos of their lost condition flash in upon us once again.

"A dual chieftainship is common down here—even a triad of them is not uncommon. A young man, thick necked and vociferous is the ideal. His greed can be vulpine and his wives legion.

"A fruitful source of road-blocking is the universal custom of seizing and trying anybody who comes along the road for anybody else's crime. This individual is termed '*nkole*' and can claim damages from the unknown accused. But, of course, this last individual gives either the lie direct or a flat disavowal of the crime and brute force decides. Hence blocked roads to all other than interior fraternal visitors."

"2nd. Ushiland is still rolling, but ascending slightly withal. The path is often of pudding stone and oftener of soft sand. They have deforested long stretches for the cultivation of guinea grass, and admit, like the most advanced scientist, that deforestation affects the rainfall. This country is honourably connected with the laborious

iron trade—men and boys being all engaged in it. All their ideas are the crudest of the crude, but the amount of iron produced in the form of axes, hoes and spears is immense. The workers form a distinct caste and are bound by certain stringent laws. For instance, they are dieted—can't eat out of certain pots—can't eat certain animals, e.g., the hare (query, can J. Bull's ironworker?). Then they must obey Exodus 19. 15; and when they are filling up the furnaces, no soul of man other than the tradesmen can be about. The people all shut themselves up indoors while the filling process is going on, men calling out warningly the while. The fetish, i.e. religious element, is of primary importance, the brawny African as ever refusing to admit that his stout arms and tough muscles have all the say. The 'other worldliness' of this African of ours in such matters is deeply touching.

"Reached Chisunka's town, the second city in the Empire, as an Ushi man would have it. At any rate he is the second man in the land to be 'squared.' Miéremiére maximus is No. 1."

"*Later.* Contrary to precedent, Chisunka has taken the initiative and come to welcome us. 'The country is yours' from such a man is supposed to be a very great compliment. We thank him in word and deed and tell him that the opening of these countries can only bode well so far as we are concerned. Tell him, too, that over all the world one country is privileged to borrow what is good from another country; that nations are all tied up in the bundle of life together, and that while it is permissible—yea, natural—that we should all have our different little customs as to dress, food, etc., yet God has bound the whole race with no exception, to be 'God-lovers,' 'God-obeyers' and 'God-worshippers.' Yea, commanded them, and that under penalty, oh, chief!

"Thus we can show clamant cause why we should cross his boundary or any other boundaries of this land."

"*4th.* Goodbye to Chisunka, who took us into his confidence about the mode of approaching Miéremiére. We must not run in upon him abruptly, must have two sets of heralds, two going on five days ahead, and two

following these up. And don't whisper about the stolen boat. Oh! no. Chisunka himself is simply delighted at the opening up of the long-shut roads and will build right away a rest house—a mission place of course, but for the use of all comers. This is no feeble gain in these parts. Have done ten miles to-day and must slacken pace these days until Miéremière gives us permit to come on."

" 5th. Despite all disclaimers livestock is accumulating—ancient rams in particular.

" This by way of a start in the village meeting: 'Now before I begin, tell me all you know about God.' 'Ah! what do we have to do with Him?' 'But you swear by His name!' 'Well,' said the oldest man present confidently, 'it just amounts to this—a little prayer when—say—father is sick. Oh! Great God, I am your slave. Save my father.' Yes, that is it, with a grudge in his breast he so calls out to the God of Power!

" This by way of conclusion: 'Yes, it just happened like this long ago in England. A visitor just like I am looked in upon them for the first time with this message. He spoke, and all laughed, save one. The one believed by-and-by, and lived the words, and on rolled the story! I am off now but you will remember for ever my coming to you.' "

" 6th. At Kashiva's to-day, who presents right away two nice goats and a sheep. He looks distinctly glum, as all the people do, and thinks that we have come to talk the palaver of Giraud's plunder. This verily has been the Ushi man's 'lump in the throat' all these years; hordes of white men being expected to rise above the horizon any day of any year to exterminate them.

" Yesterday guides declared a halt, and spoke most mysteriously and conflictingly as to the whereabouts of the Lord Paramount. They say he is raiding his own out-lying villages—the Ushi mode of taxing. Finally, our own heralds come on with the news that he was seen of them in a camp beyond Maansa, and that he has appointed a rendezvous two days south, to which point he will march, arriving simultaneously with ourselves. Thence the programme is that he conducts us south for three days to his old town. He said bluntly to my boys that white men

were frightened of him ; hence their having left him alone all these years.

"Crossed the Maansa River to-day going S.S.W. Bubbling springs are quite common about here. An iron-worker sitting beside his furnace to-day said, 'No, this is not manliness, this is animalishness' (sic). Manliness, thinks he, consists in raiding and blood-spilling.

"Babies cutting the upper teeth first are murdered right away. A baby who does not walk within a certain time meets the same fate.

"Frontiers, as presently existing, are no real guide as to the extent of a tribe. The true divisions are totemic, the totem being generally a beast of the forest, or at least something truly African. This totem or tribal badge is called 'bukoka' and federalizes (with right thinking indigenes) all who claim it. Therefore the 'Sons of the Lion' are a unity, though separated by several degrees of latitude ; and so are the 'Sons of the Clay' and the 'Sons of the Rain' and on and on right round Nature, but *excepting* always the sun, moon and stars.

"On the death of a chief, a holocaust is fashionable ; even respectable old Kazembe cannot go to his grave alone. His old nurse or some concubine he particularly doted upon must descend with him, and receive the chief in her last embrace, both being entombed together."

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All this time the two travellers were living on native produce, with the solitary exception that they had still a little tea and cocoa. Of each, they allowed themselves one cup a day—the cocoa when they emerged shivering from their tent at dawn : the tea at the thirsty end of the day's trek—usually round about midday. Muscular fowl, stringy goat, the tiny eggs of the native hen, occasional bush meat—these were their proteins. Manioc flour provided their porridge and their puddings. Forest honey, when available, their sweetening. Tins—the terrible standby of the white traveller in Africa—they had none. Mrs. Crawford was content to share with her husband the rude diet.

On July 9th they reached the appointed place of meeting and put up their tent near Miéremière's camp. After due heralding, they proceeded to pay a call. They found him seated on a mat before a temporary shack and surrounded

by armed warriors, making a display of his 24 gaspipe guns. He was dressed simply—being on a journey—in a coloured waistcloth and a straw hat decorated with strips of cloth, red, white and blue.

“ Miéremière, alias Mirambo, is a middle-aged man, clean shaven and shrewd looking. Perhaps it is that we read the idea of mischief into the twinkle of his eye; but the past, and present, too, demands some such idea.

“ This, then, as he bumptiously told us, is the central figure of Ushi-land; for the sacred stone, known all over the land by the name of ‘ *Makumba* ’ is in his possession. This stone is wrapped in mystery and miracle. No great chief makes any start in life *sans* Makumba’s benediction. Throw beads upon it and they will stick to it. The man who is called upon to be its bearer during any occasion of removal, say they, is blessed indeed, being borne along as on the wind: moreover all his litigation, however false, is successful.

“ Mirambo, being custodian of this infallible oracle, has got a far safer seat than any of his chief-compeers; for no roots go so deep as those of superstition in Africa. The visible and tangible may wane in influence; not so the unseen and mysterious. He is infatuated with the idea of his ‘ emperorship,’ and delights in moving over the country confiscating other men’s belongings. His mode of making such men as Chinama and Kalasa pay tribute is characteristic of the man. His messengers go to them and mutely place on the ground before them an old bow and arrow, relic of the ancient Lords of Ushi-land. In face of such a reminder of their feoffship to the Lord Paramount these ‘ children of the past ’ at once capitulate. As whispers come in from the outer world of a more humane mode of life Mirambo increases his bribe to his warriors—not a bribe in money or kind, but of extended license to loot.

“ Here, then, is precisely a regime that Puritans of the Commonwealth would have rejoiced in, as they thought to have ‘ fellowship with God ’ in its extermination. But our call is to another and higher fellowship, though it makes us knaves and cowards in the African’s eyes. Our Lord was hurried out of the world ignominiously at an early age. No room for Him in the Inn; anon, no room for Him in His own Palestine; and soon, *No room for Him in the*

world. Our call is to the Fellowship of That Son who was cast out of the vineyard ! ”

“ *10th.* Mirambo’s return visit to-day. ‘ I am the only Ushi man ! ’ said he. Hemp has put a glaze over his eyes and generally made him flabby both in body and temperament. All the possibilities of grit and activity have been forestalled long ago by bestial chieftainship.

“ He listened in a fitful fashion to the word we tried to utter ; asked me to come and live with him and generally showed a desire to be friendly. I told him bluntly that he was of bad fame among white men, but that did not affect us. ‘ There is none good but God.’ ”

“ *Later.* An evening reception with developments and much more of the listening ear. Our heart is bent on delivering our message of the Gospel ; but the erraticisms of such fools as this make it a medley : here it goes straight to the point ; there it is frustrated by some vain conceit from the listener. My remarks about his ill-fame among Europeans brought up the inevitable subject, viz., his plundering of Giraud.

“ *Result—(and what, indeed, I wonder, will Monsieur Giraud say ?)*—I am requested to ‘ take away the demon ’ in sections ; which I propose doing forthwith. I must communicate at once with the owner, of course.”

“ *11th.* Miéremière still coming out of his shell, and appearing to-day in the rôle of traveller. He was at our camp betimes and intends conducting us in person through Ushi-land. His party took the lead, flying a couple of flags, His Majesty going briskly, gun on shoulder, and occasionally jumping quite smartly through a marsh. We know when a village is near by the royal salute that goes up at the chief’s approach.

“ The Arabs, he tells me, have treated him badly, looting his capital on the Luola River. Of course he made reprisals : raised the Ushi chiefs and drove them out.

“ This brisk tramping across country of his to-day is to show us that he is a man, although a potentate ; altogether a delightful anti-pomp demonstration.

“ He has received no white man since Giraud, and then as we all know ‘ received ’ became ‘ deceived.’ He himself

says that our coming heralds a new epoch, and somehow I feel it deeply. Oh! for six brave men to live out for God along this peninsula.

"We cannot wait for Governments to open up these countries. And as to 'effective occupation,' a certain Blue Book puts down boldly on its map the words 'Fort Rosebery' in the country just north of here. *Query.* Does this *Fort Rosebery* exist? Did it ever exist? *Answer.* Never, save in the dreams of the map maker, who maybe got his K.C.B. for the pretence."

"12th. Miéremière is bringing up in the rear to-day, having put up at one of his dependencies for beer. The aloes are all out in bloom now—'hanging out their golden bells to mingle glory with corruption.' The streams crossed are callously cold and even our Africans shriek. At Kumbura's village on the Lukulashi. This is the last Yeke stronghold in these parts; and a reminder that even all about here old Mushidi had his garrisons. Miéremière, too, went west and paid homage, receiving on that occasion the Omande shell initiation and the new name of Mirambo. But Ushiland threw off the allegiance and drove the garrisons back on Mushidi. Only this one was spared; and that because it was leavened by Ushi people. The chief is as glib in the one language as the other.

"The tribal totem is the wild hog. 'Sons of the Hog'—marvellous choice indeed, as this animal is the sworn enemy of manioc fields. And they eat, sleep and dream of manioc.

"Again and again it strikes us that their doctrine of *Reincarnation* must be held responsible for their torpidity and nonchalance. And we dig the grave of this lie where God digs it—*the Grave!*

"Miéremière learned the harem idea from the Arabs and shuts himself up in a large village with a horde of women. And his own warriors predict that in a few years his kingdom will be sapped. He, too, admits this, but won't break with them. A few brief years will tell.

"A bereaved husband or wife who refuses to re-marry (and this *does* happen) is quaintly called 'The Spouse of God!'

"News comes that Mufunga, the Lomotwa chief who killed Chifuntwe, has been murdered. The heir apparent

wanted him to hurry up and die as people only lived on 'this earth three days.' Sent a message therefore to the Queen to strangle him under promise of the Queenship in his chieftainship. So the deed is done, Mufunga being carried up to the summit of Songa where he lies in the ancestral cave along with others of the dynasty.

"Here in Ushiland, nephews and grandchildren have rights of succession. Sons are nobodies."

"13th. Halting again for our potentate fellow traveller who won't move a step because there is beer about. He is mad for this heady *chipumu*; eats no mush for weeks but lives one long drinking bout. He appropriates two huts in a village in which—say—thirty women are packed like herrings—black holes, verily, though not in Calcutta. They are drilled most rigorously, and he is quite an adept at keeping them out of sight.

"Miéremière joins cordially in a proposal to bore out east to Blantyre; but suggests as an even better alternative the Arab road to Tete on the Zambesi."

"14th. Miéremière leads the way to-day robed in white with red turban. A bit of soap he begged yesterday brought out the 'Satan-as-an-angel-of-light' transformation. His plan was to reach his town on the Lua River at midnight, climbing the stockade to catch 'criminals'—i.e., his wives' paramours.

"The most awe inspiring bit of his luggage is the sheaf of old bows belonging to the previous chiefs of his dynasty. There are nine all told, and when they pass it is not lawful to say 'There pass the nine bows!' but, 'There pass the nine kings!' On Miéremière's death (which must never be named or hinted) a tenth bow will be added.

"The morning sees this fellow traveller of ours a very smart sensible man, but as the sun mounts the sky, the beer he is continually drinking makes him more reckless and even dangerous. Halt after halt he calls to gulp it down. The state of degeneracy is indicated when he has forgotten to wipe his mouth. There round his clean-shaven lips behold a glaring orbit left by the grain of the beer! *In vino veritas!* and here are some of the sentences the beer brings out. *Cogitatingly*: 'Well, I am a fool showing the people through my own country which they

are going to seize.' *Abruptly* : ' Look over there at Chiwala the Arab. Since he defeated the Belgians he has been manufacturing wooden shackles in which to imprison you white men ! '

" Still, in his best moments he remembers courtesy and moves off the path to let us pass ! ' *O tempora ! O mores !* ' "

" *15th.* At Miéremière's old capital to-day, which during the last few days has been burned to the ground, stockade included. And the sacred ' Makumba ' of course had to take refuge in the woods. The guess is that it is a stone—only a guess remember, for none dare whisper its form or nature. It is personified always and worshipped as a supernatural Being. ' Makumba's ' house, of course, was destroyed in the fire ; but it would not have been so destroyed say they, had Makumba been in it.

" Miéremière has halted two hours back on the road, not daring to enter the old town until Makumba has been brought back and installed, and we too had to steer clear of the place and are now camped on the right bank of the Luele River.

" Miéremière appeared by the roadside this morning, smoking a large cucurbital pipe and ordered the boys to lay down their loads and camp. I had, therefore, to admonish him for five minutes as he was never admonished before, and in the end he graciously said we could go on."

" *16th and 17th.* Days of enforced halting, as the chief won't hear of us going on yet. As far as the monomaniac can explain himself, he merely wants to feast upon us and above all let the fame of our visit to him spread far and near. He offers moreover, many bribes to us just to stay on with him (' Build at the great falls ' says he !) including an initial present of six oxen ! Very mad and erratic he gets, sometimes loses all shame as to dress, and will crouch down to rebuke like a little child."

" *To-day—17th*—in presence of a large crowd he formally handed over Monsieur Giraud's boat, five sections all told, the third of which is badly torn and battered on the upper plate. ' Guardian ' he styled himself (*Wakulama*) and in this character he took his seat among the sections to be

photographed. At first he refused nervously, saying 'No, no, don't carry me away to Europe,' but he soon consented on hearing that it was to emphasize this rôle of guardianship (!) that he was being 'written down' with the boat. He wants us to take away some of his own children to teach them, and we cannot refuse. The only way to be of real use to these people is never to forget the fact that we are *the best sort of people* in all their country, and that it is the Grace of God alone that makes us so."

"18th. To the Glory of God we write it—we got away at last from Miéremière. The men were told off in his presence—18 in all—to take Giraud's derelict across country to Chinama's where it will await our return from the south. The veneer of his 'friendship' peeled off rather quickly towards the end, demands for one thing after another had to be refused; in fact only the sternest of rejoinders kept him in place. He was really disconsolate that here we were slipping through his hands, he having only realized a very small amount. We were mightily sad that he scorned our Gospel, that could have saved him to the uttermost."

"21st. Yesterday another lonely forest camp on the southern edge of Nsunga's country where elephants had been bathing an hour or two before. A boy speared a splendid otter in good style.

"Going almost due east brought us into Kavende country with Kalasa's town as stopping place. This chief, with his nephew Mushidi, a few hours west, divide Kavende between them. Of very quiet and decent repute are both of these chiefs, Mirambo up north being their most unlikely eldest brother. Oxen are here in good number, naturalized from the Zambesi valley.

"Blue wildebeest show their heels on the horizon, the rinderpest having made the very dullest of the species most wary.

"To be truly engrossed with this Interior's need, means that language-learning becomes day in and day out one's very meat and drink. To quote '*With other lips and with a stammering tongue will I speak*' is scarcely in point in this poor land that has not had a chance. *That* was surely spoken to those who held God's oracles for so long and yet to their vision *the gold even* was becoming dim. Africa

must have the church's best and, moreover, like Antioch, be content when its Sauls and its Barnabases are ordered far afield!"

"24th. Lake Bangweulu is just fifteen miles from here over the plains. Three or four villages, all Kalasa's dependencies, lie on the road, the last being on the edge of thin forest bordering the savannah. In the last three hours a long, difficult marsh is encountered, at many points having the aspects of a large lagoon. This marsh, the natives say, is characteristic of Bangweulu in its southern reaches, the problem being to say where the wash of Prussian blue is to be laid *off*, not on.

"The natives in their lowly way have done a good thing in engineering just here. Unlike the usual African custom of stolidly staring Nature in the face and attempting no subjugation of its forces, the whole community turned out and threw up a long earthen weir right through the marsh and joining the one strip of land to the other. Along the backbone of this bank you go, the marsh being on either hand, and the art is just to find and keep the proper poise, otherwise you feed the fishes. Of course, fish was the primary idea of this weir and every wet season fabulous quantities are caught in the wicker baskets: mostly all coarse siluroids though. This marsh crossed, you strike Kampolombo, the most south-easterly contour of Bangweulu, when floods are high, that is to say. Vena Kavende villages are on this side of the bay, a strip of wire-grass savannah separating village and lake.

"Nkwa! Nkwa! Nkwa! is the metallic sound heard as you approach these villages, the men being hard at work with a wooden mallet beating out the bark cloth, which soon accumulates in little packets in their huts. It is of two varieties, the better sort made from the '*mutava*' tree afforesting the villages, the coarser made in great quantity from the first '*musamba*' tree met with in the forest. The lake is known in its northern limits as Chifunabudi, and here in the south as Bangweulu, the two 'oo's' being most distinct. The name translated has in it the note of *immensity*, and this the lake's full name brings out. The whole name really is 'Lake Bangweulu-wa-vikilwa-nshima-ngo-nuvana,' i.e., 'The-journey-is-so-long-across-that-you-must-take-provisions-aboard.' This is

neither the fantasy nor the poetry of the globe trotter, but plain philology.

"I heard at the lake a proverb which gives you their ideas of the uncertainty of life. 'Man declares for a journey and God declares for a rainy day!' i.e., how now, my friend, for your meditated journey!

"The *Vatwa* are the poor riverine population—amphibia, call them, so very much in the water are they. Even on a dark night you can see him far out, a cresset fire flaring luridly in the bow. Fish thus attracted are speared. They rarely cultivate, scarcely build anything worthy of the name of a hut, and come over here to barter fish for flour. Hence their pun-name *Vatwa**, that is, millers of water. Vena Kavende get their wives from among them—that, too, of course, being only another bit of barter.

" 'Ye have heard of the patience of Job,' but know also that here are people who have that same virtue miles long and centuries old—hunger gnaws and cold numbs, and they are down at the very, very bottom of life's hill and yet they give never a twitch by way of acknowledging either.

"Had a very deep and real time with them, said the usual sad good-bye and parted."

"25th. Kalasa's hospitality has been unbounded—four oxen and three goats by way of livestock! He will welcome any messenger of the Gospel like all the rest of them, but probably the latent idea is that of added prestige and revenue."

"26th. At his nephew Mushidi's to-day, who is a few hours removed from the Luapula. Refugees from the Lamba country beyond the Luapula have built about here, Chiwala the Arab having driven them out. The greeting all about here is 'Peace!' but it has degenerated from an invocation to an interrogation meaning 'Is it peace?' Of course, we beam back 'Peace! Peace!' and yet how true in another sense would Jehu's answer to the same question be: 'What peace so long as your whoredoms and witchcrafts are so many!'

* "*Twa*" signifies "to mill" of flour; the milling is done by women with tall wooden pestles which, standing, they pound into wooden mortars: the action being not unlike that of paddling; '*va*' conveys the sense here of "they who."

"Certainly the day of doom is marching on apace, and as we tell them, *then* they may say 'Peace! Peace!' but the answer will be sudden destruction.

"There is a strange fable down here of a trial of strength once upon a time between God and the Lion (cf 1 Peter 5.8). The Lion overheard God instruct the little honey-bird not callously to lead the way to all the beehives in the forest: only to the hives of bad irrepressible bees which stung causelessly. The Lion drew near after God's departure, scoffed at the command given to the bird of God, and said: 'Oh! behold me, I devour all comers, friends and foes!' Then the fable details various trials of strength in all of which *Felis leo* is discomfited by God and humiliated.

"The chief is linked with every hamlet in his country by marriage. His Queen is often some hard-working, shrewd body promoted from 'the ranks.' Oftener it is a case of 'if Castile is to be united to Aragon, Ferdinand must marry Catherine!' But this last union is less satisfactory to His Majesty than the usual 'chattel' arrangement."

"27th. Told Mushidi that he didn't know what a very royal sort of man indeed was he who passed down here years ago with a mere handful of boys. They only understand pomp in a caravan, with as much of the Lord Mayor's Show element in it as possible.

"So likewise, they wouldn't have known the Lord of Glory of the marred visage. And it was enough for the servant Livingstone to be as His Lord.

"When we expatiate in all the glowing terms at our command on the glory and majesty there is in true, contrite humility, the chief has a strange look as though we were covertly attacking him."

"Later. This has been a lively day, buying oxen for God. 'Redeeming' them really, for Psalm 50 says they are all His upon the thousand hills. Sun is burning now, but a brisk breeze blows in a furtive fashion across the downs. The market started with one poor man driving his cow in early; sixteen yards put his heart at ease and then as the result of this test purchase became known, brisk barter began."

" 28th. A whole day of stemming the Luapula in canoes. Currents and cross currents gave the paddlers plenty of work. The flow is very rapid, and although the river has always one definitely deep channel bearing the name Luapula, this last is so contracted often, and choked, that many islet arms have been formed—far extending, too. Short and narrow isthmus banks of sand appear and disappear at longish intervals, but thick marsh grass for miles and miles is really the only river edge visible.

" Imagine, then, this bankless river making on both sides an awful foetid mass and maze, the windings and contortions annually assuming new and more hopeless shapes.

" Only by straining bolt upright can you see far away a feeble horizon of brushwood—the ants having succeeded in throwing up their plateaux above flood level.

" Ground in Ilala country at the barest and weirdest of spots. Down goes the sun like a ball of fire over dark Lumba country; the first sigh of the cold night wind goes through like a dart: the dogs in the fishing hamlet howl, the frogs croak, and the bitterns bump, bump. To climax the weirdness, the fire has recently swept through the long grass, covering the land with a dark pall—Livingstone's, of course, seeing the country is Ilala."

" 29th. To these people, who speak much about 'Ingeresa,' our way of pointing the Gospel is this: '*Now there is the story that lay deep in his heart, he (i.e., Livingstone) could not tell it to you and your fathers for he was a sick and dying man, besides a traveller who could not speak your language. Remember then, these words and always associate them with his name for he, I am very sure, wanted them to be his very last words on earth.*'

" These words are all the more necessary in the light of the fact that nowadays men do injustice to the good man's memory, eliminating all the religion out of his life. Yes, even right on to the most sacred moments of the end—the majestic moment in any Christian's life, they intrude with the merciless suggestion that the idea that Livingstone died praying on his knees is a childish fiction!* Say they, he was probably hunting for his medicines. Religious 'cant' invented the old delusion of dying in prayer. But

* See the last *Life of Livingstone*, by Sir H. H. Johnston.

there is also irreligious 'cant,' Mr. Author, and why not bluntly own up that on this subject of prayer—living or dying—you have no patience with it? And then, having thus shown the trend of your sympathies, why not reflect for a moment that there may be other men in the world after all, who do in a hungry, broken fashion believe in drawing nigh unto God by Jesus Christ. And *if* in their living why not in their dying? Yea, even if *not* in the former, why not, if but one broken cry, in the latter! The last great hour on earth, oh, please, hands off! No sacrilege, please, yea, no 'cant!'"

"30th. Chitambo has come out on the road a day's journey to greet us. Three chiefs of that name have passed away since Livingstone's day, the present Chitambo being a slim youth, rather well-dressed for chiefs of these parts. We have just talked the palaver of the disappearance of the memorial Tablet, the result being most disappointing. Arabs appeared at the village gate years ago, the Tablet was stupidly put up on a tree in the centre of the village, the chief and people fled, and of course, the Arabs treated the thing as booty and went off with it. Hanging up at the lonely spot in the forest it would have been safe from all human kind—this every native avers. Chitambo tells me that Captain Bia never reached the grave, and refused the natives' offer to be led to the spot. The fact that the Arab Kasaki, who went off with the 'dead man's belongings,' was reported killed not long afterwards has worlds of significance in it to Chitambo. 'You can tamper with the property of the living, but never with that of the dead.'

"A long black plain to-day, mantled in black most significantly! Domes and minarets of dark grey clay are the forms of anthills for miles and miles.

"This town of Katonga is a very old hole, some of the central *mutava* trees having a gnarled, haggard look. The Chitambo chieftainship, in spite of its chequered career of late years, could always reckon on this, its largest dependency.

"An old ballad-maker came to-day and at the chief's request sang the old Livingstone death song about which there has been so much difference. Both the *Last Journals* and Sir H. H. Johnston's *Life* are out. The refrain is simplicity itself, and runs:



Photograph by G. E. Tilslev.
THE LUAPULA RIVER.



THE TREE OF THE HEART.

From photograph by D. Crawford.

The only known photograph of the tree
in situ at the root of which Livingstone's
heart was buried



Photograph by

THE LUALABA (EASTERN) RIVER.

The arrow indicates the site of Kikuyu's one-time stronghold

G. E. Tilslev

' Tell me ! oh, tell me
Where are you going to emigrate to ?
The charms are lost,
The country is rotten (already)
(For) Livingstone is dead.

' An Elephant is dead
From a spear wound
The lovely one has gone ' ! "

" 31st. Travelling with Chitambo as guide over the bleak plains. We are quite 4,000 feet up now, and the prevailing cold combines with a bitter all day southing wind to make us fairly miserable. Put up for the night near Chitambo's little boma, and go off in the morning for the last southward march to the ' mupundu ' tree. The totems of these parts are unnameable, and suggest the ancient phallic worship of Greece. The country is just now in its customary tremor of trepidation, Vemba raiders having attacked and destroyed a village just a day from here. These raiders show how far afield the Vemba go for booty. As the English line out along the Tanganyika-Nyasa plateau the Vemba warriors are deprived of one more hunting ground, and thus seek ' pastures new ' among these sleepy unprotected Bisa and Lala peoples. Chitambo intreats us to stay on with them and ' guard Livingstone '—meaning the Grave.

" There is a document here left by Messrs. Bia and Francqui, the Belgians, in which the following sentence occurs : ' Lost far away and in the midst of tall grass, *it is only with more than hesitation that the natives point out (designate) the place where is interred the heart of Livingstone.*'

" Now this apology of theirs for not putting up the memorial Tablet over the grave is more than disappointing—it is *misleading*. *They never went to the tree at all*, refusing Chitambo's offer to conduct them to the spot on the plea of exhaustion. This sealed the fate of the Tablet. It is questionable whether the Arabs knew its intent. Chitambo seemed unaware of its import until I told him."

" August 1st. The Lulimala River was visible this morning on the far left, flowing through marsh, a biggish splash of blue appearing now and then—more lake-looking than river. And lake it certainly was in the old days,

Bangweulu arms probably. Through the gloomy plains we go, the Lulimala coming alongside latterly, and soon we strike the Luwe where the Doctor, right weary indeed of that endless splash! splash! and hard fare he endured, rested from his labours. On the other side of the Luwe we start a long floundering through woods, tall grass and marsh. We reach the spot at last.

"Significant, indeed, seems the fact that the heart lies under a *fruit tree*; but instead of moralizing on the fact, let us pray indeed that fruit of another kind may abound.

"Old Chitambo, too—'Ingeresa's' friend of those past days lies most appropriately on the off side of the Tree, so in death they are not divided. Livingstone wanted nothing more lovely and truly emblematic of his life than this!

"They camped on that memorable day round the 'mupundu' tree. I found an old fire stone that had been used to steady the Doctor's pots."

"4th. Light hearts now among the boys, who were really beginning to wonder how things might turn against us so far south.

"Yesterday running through the prairie, a male lion sprang out nearly under Grace's machila, causing the usual momentary heart-in-the-mouth sensation."

"6th. *Mushidi's*. To the great disgust of our Luanza boys, the natives here eat snails! The empty shells by the thousands outside the villages tell the tale.

"Our 28 head of oxen and small herd of goats cause quite a sensation as we travel on.

"Two men were taken by a lion just before our arrival, and there, leaning against a tree was one poor fellow's bundle of bamboos, in the place of attack. These incidents put the whole countryside on the *qui vive*, say for a month or so, and then during a lull of forgetfulness, they get another reminder of the same sort.

"This chief, *Mushidi*, is a blunt good fellow—stock farmer, really. He promises to be our half-way man in the event of our opening up a road to the Zambesi and the south. It was at his village, he told us, that Livingstone lost his donkey by lions.

"On the road, one of our boys killed a large wart hog. We found it to be very good eating."

"9th. Mushidi 'raised up' a young black who is our veterinary surgeon, and very dogmatic is he in his certitude about getting the oxen past all belts of country with gadfly. To-night he made a decoction of herbs, and sprinkled the whole herd from all future contagion. Finally he called to the camp, forbidding all mention of the tsetse fly by its rightful name 'Kazembe.' It must, he said, be pseudonymous in future, and the new name he gave was 'Ruke'! This seems like the modern idea of calling Hell by the name of Hades, and thinking that thereby *the fire has been put out*. The final injunction was to the effect that we were utterly to *ignore* the very existence of this enemy of our oxen.

'And so they have voted the Devil out
And of course the Devil is gone,
But simple people would like to know
Who carries his business on?'

"15th. Chiñama's at last, and Luanza is not such a far cry now. Streamlets in abundance for the last two days all carried water into a large unseen river running parallel with our route. Quite ten yards off you could prejudge the old man Chiñama to be a kindly peaceable sort. Looks quite 70 years of age, wears a red fez, blue loin cloth and ivory armlets and anklets. These stupid old men hanker after lots of wives though, year after year (see I and II Chronicles) sees the army on the increase and thus they dote; the younger men the while hiving off to build little bomas on their own account. Result—big chief though he is, his boma is a surprisingly small one. His 'children' though, are always within call a few miles off—not always obedient young folks by any means.

"He has worn night and day for years now a brass bangle on his left arm—the seal of my compact of good will with him long ago when we opened up relations of friendship. He gave me in those days the nucleus of the great herd of goats now at Luanza, so his friendship is of a practical kind. This brass bangle was our introduction when we met—he pointing to it mutely. He said that

he always made it a point of honour never to pass in a white man to Miéremière, for he is a 'bad man.' 'Now,' he said, 'you come from there, speak, am I right?'

"Here on this right bank* is a good site for a little mission town around which no doubt young Ushiland would gather. The next point north would be near the confluence of the Luongo and the same Luapula; † while in the south, the mountains of Bisa would make a third good centre.‡"

As they descended the Luapula, the Crawfords were met by the *Mtume wa Imani*. But they did not return immediately to Luanza. Instead they struck across country westward to accompany George back to his labours at Mwena. Pomeroy went with them. Mr. Crawford was horrified to find that the site chosen there was almost in the marshes, and urged upon the brethren that they should find a higher situation. This was not done, however, until the many sicknesses of two or three years, and the deaths of baby George and Mrs. George had tragically demonstrated the soundness of his counsel.

From Mwena, Mrs. Crawford returned on foot to Luanza, where Mr. Gammon was preparing materials against building a better house for the Lady of Luanza; but as Pomeroy had declared his willingness to pioneer the Luapula lands with the Gospel, Crawford returned with him to that river. He wrote, in a home letter:

"September 21st. On striking the Luapula this morning down from the Falls a few miles, found all the boats transferred to the off bank. People were agog with excitement thinking we were a Belgian attacking party. The Commandant had gone down river a week before threatening to come back with a force; and most naturally they suspected us, coming as we did right through the Belgian territory.

"Chief after chief marches past on the off bank with the biggest muster of men he ever made—my quondam friends, if you please, of only three months ago! 'Turned to be my enemies'—but only for an hour or two, for as a result of

* The Johnston Falls station, also called Mambidima, eventuated out of this notion.

† The present station of Chivambo, founded in 1921, approximates to this.

‡ A station opened in the mountains was afterwards given up.

our indignant philippics over they slink at eventide with sundry presents of food."

"22nd. Two couriers have rushed on to Kazembe's capital to explain our entering his country from *the west*; and meantime we crossed and made Mulundu thoroughly ashamed of himself. Africans have strange prejudices as to direction—for instance, Sharpe repulsed for coming from the East, and Hannington murdered for entering Buganda from Bugoga!

"It was all a natural mistake, and we admire the touching way they proposed to defend their fatherland. They roared with laughter when I held up an old crooked walking stick and asked what they proposed to do with men of our sort."

On the 26th Crawford and Pomeroy decided on a site on the British side of the water hard by the nether (Johnston) falls. The surrounding population was very dense. Leaving men preparing the soil and building a first hut, they sped down stream in a dug-out. Crawford notes that "the British bank on our right is cheery and lively; people almost cheeky. That defeat of the English at Kazembe's northern gate put the clock back for everybody, probably, but ourselves. Kazembe would not break with us for a lot."

On October 3rd, they found the schooner coming to meet them under Juma's captaincy. "We have proved this Luapula to be a fine navigable waterway as far as the falls (the Johnston Falls)," Crawford noted with satisfaction.

He was glad to let his thoughts dwell on the welcome awaiting him at home on the cliffs of Luanza. Labelling it "Extract from the Log Book of '*Mtume wa Imani*'—the wail of a Benedict!" he wrote:

"There's a fell and angry wind,
And the squall that rides behind,
And the boiling of the pot
In the middle of the bay;
And it's up and in for home
While her prow sings in the foam,
For I've a wife at home
With a weary heart the day!"

VII

EXTENSIONS AND CONSOLIDATIONS :

1897-1911

THE last months of 1897 were occupied in putting up the framework of the new house. As there was abundance of good clay in Luanza, Crawford had been urged to build in brick. But while he was willing to admit that reasonable care should be taken of health, he deprecated very deeply at heart every least move that carried him, or indeed any missionary, away from a homely sharing of the life of the natives. In the matter of the house for his wife he compromised. He made it large and substantial ; but he constructed it in the native style of wattle-and-daub, and covered it with a thatched roof.

The plan had been for them to enter into possession before the heavy rains at the latter end of 1897, but in January of 1898 the framework was still not quite finished ; and there was no grass on the roof. In consequence, they were *not* in it on January 17th when, during a tropical storm, a terrific and blinding flash of lightning appeared to shake the whole cliff front of Luanza. The flag-post over the porch of the new house was found to be charred ; one rafter and two verandah poles were split into match-wood. The house itself, however, still stood firm. The natives, much impressed, declared the event to be the imprimatur upon the dwelling of God's approval of it.

During the same week, while they were praying together before retiring to bed, the Crawfords heard an ominous cracking, such as fills with dread all those who live in grass lands and thatched houses. Rushing to discover its source, Dan found a shelf on fire. A careless lad, after washing up the dishes, had left a lighted lamp to flare up immediately beneath it. Five more minutes would have sealed the fate of that house and its contents.

After the severe storm recorded above, Mr. Gammon developed fever and took to his bed. Soon the anxious



KONGA VANTU, IN ARAB KANZU AND TARBOOSH,
PREACHING TO A VILLAGE AUDIENCE.



GROUP AT LUANZA, 1898

Back Row : J. N. McLachlan, J. Wilson, J. Hawkins, T. Higgins, Mrs. Higgins, J. A. Anderson.
Front Row : Mrs. McLachlan, Mrs. Hawkins, Dan Crawford, Mrs. Crawford, H. J. Pomeroy, Mrs. Anderson.

watchers perceived that it was no ordinary malaria. The temperature climbed and remained very high, despite all efforts. Headache was intense. The fact was that he had been involved in the discharge of electricity when the lightning struck the new house near him. As January faded into February he knew he was dying. He begged that a message should be sent to his father not to be stumbled by his quick death, but always for his sake to do all he could for Africa. That message was honoured indeed by its recipient: the father spared another son and two daughters to Central Africa. But Gammon, with happy talk of sailing into the Great Harbour upon his lips, left Africa to be with Christ. "I'll sail in the morning," he said after they had made him snug for the night of February 2nd; "I'll sail in the morning. Oh, we've been happy. No jar! Let us boast of it—of His Love. When I go, set the clock going at 'Home, Sweet Home!'" (Mrs. Crawford had a clock which would play that tune.)

So 1898 opened with the second death in Luanza, and thus the Crawfords were left alone again there; for Pomeroy was away opening up the Johnston Falls station, and George and Campbell were at Mwena.

Shortly after this, news came through that a large party expected to sail from England for Luanza. And as Mrs. Crawford could not just then be left, Pomeroy set out at the end of May with three hundred men for Nyasaland. He was the more willing to go, as one of the members of the party was his sister, coming to keep house for him. Alas for his hopes! When he met her at Karonga, she had already married one of the party, and was no longer Miss Pomeroy, but Mrs. Anderson. While he was away, Crawford began to build houses for the new-comers. By September, 1898, the party of four married couples and one bachelor brother were at Mweru, exclaiming through the pen of the experienced Hawkins, "Luanza is the village of villages, both for number of people and for its well laid out plan."

On October 13th a son was born to Mrs. Crawford. In November, released from the husbandly necessity of companioning Mrs. Crawford, which had kept him within touch of Luanza during most of the year, Crawford set out with Pomeroy to investigate the peoples to the north of Mweru, along the course of the eastern Lualaba. This was the one

sector of the circle around Luanza into which he had penetrated but a short distance up till that time. In the first years after Mushidi's death, the expectation had been that Thompson would establish work in "Luba-land"—that is, the triangle of country having as its apex the confluence of the two Lualaba rivers (where Ankoro now is) and those two waterways as its eastern and western bounds respectively. The tribesmen of that tract are Luba people. During the time when the only knowledge the missionaries, confined by Mushidi to the capital, had of the country was what they had been able to gather from returned raiding parties and from captured slaves, they fell into the way of speaking of the basin of the western Lualaba as Luba-land. The term is still sometimes loosely used for the same area; although it is now well understood that of all the lands occupied by Luba tribesmen it is but a small part. Thompson, however, after making some itinerations in this restricted "Luba-land," was no longer available. The expectation of returning to it, with which he left Africa in 1895, had not been fulfilled. It had, therefore, seemed to Crawford that he must take that country also into his consideration.

When the large party arrived at the end of 1898, the situation was this: that the Sanga, the Lamba and the Lomotwa peoples would, he felt, be evangelized from the Mwena station to which the earliest reinforcements had gone in 1896; the Vemba, Lunda and Ushi people of the Luapula valley would be penetrated by developments of the Johnston Falls station to which a member of the second party had gone in 1897; the London Missionary Society hoped to expand across the plateaux to the east of Mweru, wherein, up till then, Mr. Crawford only had preached; Luanza would be the centre of Gospel effort amongst the Shila people of the lake, the mountain folk of the Kundelungu range, the plains of Disera, and the tribes between Lakes Mweru and Tanganyika. Remained "Luba-land." And no further hope that Thompson would be able to establish work there. Why should not, thought Crawford, the third and most numerous yet of the parties of recruits supply the man or men for the Luba-land job? But first a reconnaissance. This he made in November and December 1898, and January, 1899. Unfortunately not long after his return, circumstances fell out which took him away

from Luanza for eight months, during which time there died the unmarried brother, Mr. Wilson, whose native name signified "He-goes-a-smiling"; and of the other two white missionaries who were young enough to stand the rigours of commencing a work *de novo*, one had gone to the assistance of the Mwena area and the other to man the Luapula Valley station, bereaved by the invaliding home of Pomeroy. Not until 1912 did a missionary go to dwell in Luba-land. In that year Mulongo, on the Lualaba, was opened.

This journey of Mr. Crawford's brought him into touch with powerful Arabs and with important chiefs, the friendliness of whose dynasties toward missionaries of the Cross has been continued from that time forward, fostered by periodical visits to Luanza. As has been stated, it did not lead to the establishment of a station; but when, after Mr. Crawford's return from his one furlough, he was carrying into effect his determination to widen the range of the Bible-schools, the good will of these Luba chiefs was of the greatest value to the spread of the Gospel.

Conditions then prevailing in Luba-land are indicated in the following extracts from Mr. Crawford's writings during his trip there.

"7th December, 1898. Dear Friend,* I am up north in Luba-land; so wearisomely dark is it that only the Burden-bearer can avail to lighten it. . . . That stern old word 'PLOD'—I want my God to put a halo around it. And a broken heart over Africa's sin, God will not despise. This last towering stronghold needs *sacrifice* on our part. Looking out from the Cross at their self-satisfied sensuality, we know what Christ can do for them.

"The Gospel is rejected by them, yes, laughed at. But we *know* that the years lived in Africa, putting the remedy alongside the cancer, are all going to tell. We are the only sort of foreign people who have a right to be here, bringing God's best.

"There is no doubt that *we* are either hindering (or helping) His quick coming again. . . . The Head is joined to the members; and if we don't *co-work* with Him, He will stay until He gets others willing to do so.

"I am living with the natives, eating with them: wear a little kilt reaching just to my knees: get an awful headache once and again: talk, talk, talk, until my voice gives out.

* Mr. Corson.

Then comes the balm of night; the faggots; and we toast our toes—thorough natives the lot of us. Tell them about God's great DESIGN, the denationalizing of men now, and making them ONE in Christ.

"So you see life is very simple—wander, wander, wander, with the heart in soak in the Love.

"The other day I was nearly dead—a hundred poisoned arrows pointed at me.

"I saw a man two days ago chewing with gusto a piece of a human body—a bit of the thorax. Blush did he? No, sir, he stuck to it.

"You are all very near. The coat, being *God's* gift, fitted most perfectly." (Mr. Corson had sent him some garments).

On December 20th he was with Kalamata, who was on the point of war with his son-in-law Niembwa Kunda across the river. "All sleep in the daytime, thus being fresh for a noisy night of revel and of hoarse war cries." The chief had attracted to him, as mercenaries, a number of the most troublesome warriors in the countryside by the degraded expedient of throwing open his harem which contained, of course, the cream of the district's womanhood.

On January the 8th, when he was back again amongst the restless clans to the north of the gorges, shots were heard near by. Kalamata's warriors had surprised some of Niewbwa Kunda's men and had opened fire. Six were slain. And so war began. Konga Vantu made earnest representations by messenger to both chiefs, but without avail at the time. Later on, however, at Luanza he had the satisfaction of arranging peace between the factions, each of which had sent an embassy thither.

At Kilwani's village Dan arrived with fever upon him. It was in a most insanitary condition and stank abominably. Revolted in his weak state by the filth and the stench, Konga Vantu announced that he would camp outside the stockade under a tree. "Oh," said Kilwani, "I'm not good enough for you!" There flashed into Dan's mind the injunction given by our Lord to the twelve when they were about to tramp the villages with the good news of the Kingdom: "Into whatsoever city or town ye shall enter, enquire who in it is worthy; and there *abide* till ye go thence." "Of course," says Dan, "we abode with the 'worthy' one; and had a sweetly happy time."

During this trip he was on the river in a flimsy dug-out,

holding only one paddler beside himself, when the tiny craft was charged by an angry bull hippopotamus. He came on "in fiercest style, bellowing with rage." Crawford waited for him till his plunging rush brought his cavernous mouth within five yards of the boat and then fired straight down his gullet. He submerged, "and then with a suffocating explosive noise broke water again near by, spurting blood. Taking the whole width of the Lualaba he floundered and writhed in his death struggle, lashing the water to foam. At the end he flung himself bodily into the air, to fall back dead."

Passing under the shadow of two towering peaks which mount guard over the gorge cut by the Lualaba through what he designates as "the mulumbe (literally: 'mountains') range," Crawford came upon one of the last of the Yeke chiefs who had been installed by Mushidi to dominate the northern part of his empire. Kaseva was his name. He was occupying the old *tembe* of Kafindo, one of the Arabs who had withstood the authority of the white invaders of the Congo, and who had returned at the last to the mouth of this gorge and built his fortress on the slopes of the peak called Chiweli. Here he was wounded in beating off an attack made by Belgian forces. Having decided to abandon his stronghold, so says a legend which comes back to the Congo via Arabia and Persia, and sending away all his slaves but two, and one wife, an Arab woman, with their help he contrived to carry all his immense treasure of ivory to a secret cave where he hung each tusk separately from the roof. He then killed the two slaves. He himself died in Africa. His wife reached Dar es Salaam.

Before she died she confided the secret of the hoard to one of her slaves, who returned to her native country near Lake Tanganyika. News that this slave woman had been given the directions to the cache of ivory reached Kafindo's family in Arabia. The heir-at-law was in Persia. He journeyed to Africa, found his way to Tanganyika, and traced the slave woman to a Catholic mission station; but only to find that she had died a few weeks before. She had tried in dying to pass on some message to one of those who had nursed her in her last illness; but, not possessing the key, the *religieuse* had failed to understand her. She was able, however, to pass on sufficient information to enable the Arab to discover that Kafindo's last

tembe had been on the slopes of Chiweli. For several years off and on he has been searching the neighbourhood for his ancestor's treasure, but without success.

At the time Crawford passed, during the last days of 1898, Kafindo had but recently gone, and the rumour was current, though incorrect, that he had died of his wounds.

Kaseva, whose descendant still occupies a site in the neighbourhood, was very desirous of migrating to Luanza, as several of his relatives had done, but he was ordered by the Belgian authorities, no doubt in the interests of the peace of the countryside, to remain where he was.

Writing on *January 6th*, 1899, Crawford notes that he had "crossed the Lualaba on New Year's day, entering on a deserted stretch of glorious country with a black corporal at the head of it, armed with full village-burning authority. His power has gone to his head, and he makes the most astounding assumptions. He has his own private exchequer, too, and to fill it descends to the brigand's expedient of tying a man up and demanding ransom. As a village about here is really a family, by seizing its head he forces the young people to put all their possessions together—girdles of beads, calico, axes, sandals—in order to redeem their 'father' from bondage."

"*7th.* To-day heard a boy say, 'The lack of my fifth toe on the left foot is my life. They were going to make me one of the sacrifices at so-and-so's funeral; but a sacrifice with a blemish won't do. So I got off.'

"A boy was taken by a croc. here to-day, going down with a shrill shriek.

"All these days I am explaining to all the chiefs the position of the Government; the lawfulness of the demand for taxes; and so on. None of the officials are in a position to do so in the same way. I find it a good way of clearing the ground for the Gospel."

This was Dan Crawford's last *pioneer* journey.

Back in Luanza by the middle of January, 1899, he planned soon to get off to the assistance of the Lufira valley work, carried on from Mwena, taking McLachlan with him. But it was not to be. Early in February, Pomeroy was brought nigh unto death by sunstroke; and it became obvious that as soon as he had regained sufficient

strength to travel, he would have to be conveyed out to the ocean.

On March 25th, Crawford set off with him from Luanza, reaching Chinde on the East Coast on June 6th. While he was there Dan suffered from a return of the old cough which he had lost on making his way into the hot lands of the Interior.

During this trip he renewed acquaintance with the L. M. S. Missionaries ; and with Dr. Laws and his helpers of the Livingstonia Mission. He also met some of the workers of the Moravian Mission. On sending on to one of the stations manned by these latter, an avant-courier to announce his approach, he was delighted to receive back his note endorsed in red ink with the words in German : " Be careful to entertain strangers, for some have thereby entertained angels unawares." It was a circumstance to which his mind frequently returned in later years ; and always with gratitude and pleasure.

He made many contacts, too, with officials and other white men. He was not at that time in favour of the schemes that were being pushed for colonizing tropical dependencies. He had no experience of the highlands such as there are in Kenya, but only of the lower altitudes and less healthy climates which obtain more generally. And he believed that European people, like European plants and European stock, were painfully apt to " go bad " in the tropics. In April, 1899, he wrote :

" All the booming of Africa is a fraud. Rhodes is all right ; but when Rhodes dies the balloon will be punctured. England's sons, coming out here, lead shocking lives. Of course they hate missions and missionaries like—well, what ? And all because we go further than they can, just walk in among poisoned arrows and pointed guns with a walking stick, and laugh the fight out of them. Alas ! these poor fellows die like flies. Many a yarn I have had with them, the magic names of ' mother ' and ' sister ' being something to conjure with. I get on with them rather well, because we talk man to man. Exeter Hall pious phrases won't do.

" And again : I am de-nationalized—a brother to all men ; Arab, African, Mongol, Aryan, Jew ; seeing in the Incarnation a link that binds us up with all men."

He suffered a good deal from malaria during the trip.

But he made light of it, as he usually did. He would almost never be kept in bed for a whole day, however high his temperature. If he could not sleep he must be up and doing. He wrote to his sister-in-law :

“ When in Africa you cannot bear even to look at your brother
IT IS FEVER !

And when you come out of the door of a morning, and say
‘ Hail ! fellow, well met ! ’ to everybody of no account
IT IS FEVER !

When everything in life looks tangled and torn
IT IS FEVER !

And when you pick up nothing and see the whole world in it
IT IS FEVER !

When you preach eight hours a day, and feel you would
like to make it ten
IT IS FEVER !

And when you feel ashamed and undesirous of speaking
of Jesus
IT IS FEVER !

“ The bad land, the dark land
That is the microbes’ ‘ Fatherland.’ ”

On the return journey he spent some three months with Dr. Laws, who was kindly printing for him a reading primer and the Shorter Catechism in the Luba language. While there he learned that John Wilson had died in May. And just before he reached Mweru late in October, after a flying trip across the plateau, he learned that his son* had been taken from his broken-hearted mother a few days before at the age of one year and eight days.

Dr. Laws had promised to help in every way possible with the printing of Mr. Crawford’s translations of the New Testament. It was becoming of increasingly obvious importance to turn to permanent advantage his knowledge

* The first child of the two born to Mr. and Mrs. Crawford.

of the language ; and so during the years 1900-1902, the main objective towards which Crawford drove himself was to get his translations into such a form that he could bear to let them be crystallized into print.

Arrangements had been made by the National Bible Society of Scotland to print an edition of two Gospels and also a small edition of the New Testament ; and Dr. Laws was urging him to send on his MSS. ; but it was not till 1903 that he was able to work himself up to the pitch of passing them as fit to be printed. He was most apprehensive of the possible stultification of Truth through the perpetuating in print of erroneous translations of the key words fundamental to a right understanding of the Faith once for all delivered. Even then he could not let them out of his hands, but himself carried them to Livingstonia, and stayed with them till he had read almost all the proofs down to the final stereotyping. He returned about the middle of 1904.

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In the meantime, carrying his MSS. with him, in 1901 Crawford paid a visit to the Luapula valley work, both that at Johnston Falls, and that under the L. M. S. near Kazembe's capital. He found that the people on the Congo bank of the river, resenting the stringency of the administrative measures, had all crossed over to the British side.

Toward the end of the year he climbed the range on his way to preach in the plains of Disera. On September 30th, he notes :

" For *Faith*, THE great word of Christianity, the word we are using is the native word for *echo*, the answer sent back from a hollow gorge. Yes ; faith is the echo-answer of God's own voice (not mine) which comes out of my emptiness."

" *November 1st.* A man laid himself down at my feet on the road to-day to die."

The unfortunate fellow had been out with fellow townsmen hunting elephants. Becoming nervous under the strain of being near the great beasts, by a mishap he had

shot and killed a companion in lieu of one of the pachyderms. He had promptly turned and fled for Luanza, the city of refuge; but he had failed by a few hours' run to reach it. The dead man's brother, in the rôle of avenger to which the "accident" called him, approaching near to him as he gasped his way along the trail over the mountain tops, had transfixed him with his spear; and then, catching up with him, had smitten him with his axe. He had then left him to die by the roadside. Had Dan happened along a little earlier, his life would have been saved.

Gruesomeness was a common enough constituent of life around Luanza even after the twentieth century had got under weigh. For instance, the native soldiery of the Congo Free State, who, as has been indicated before, were a scourge upon the land, so tormented the life of the chief Nswiva, who lived on the Bukongolo end of the Kundelungu range, that he decided the only way to rid himself of their unwelcome attentions was to feign death and burial, and to hide away, after the mock obsequies, as a private individual. Accordingly he got his attendants to roll him in the customary skins; his "death" was announced, and the "cunning women" of the wailing society gathered with his wives and relatives to make the customary lament. Unfortunately for his plan, at that moment a party of soldiers reached the village. "The chief dead? How opportune!" They were Manuema, and cannibals;* and they broke through the "mourners" announcing their intention of feasting off the corpse. The corpse disappointed their succulent hopes by re-entering into life in remarkably and audibly animated fashion!

Again; it fell out that Dan was passing a Free State post when the official had just condemned to death an Arab named Kasokota. Mr. Crawford was always scrupulous to keep his hands off affairs of state as such; but he begged three times for this man's life, upon the grounds of information which had come to him, and which he laid before the Commandant, whose powers did, indeed, permit him to impose and exact the death penalty in those

* The tribes in the vicinity were not addicted to cannibalism. To eat human flesh was, however, one of the ceremonial rites of a certain secret society which had a not inconsiderable number of members among one or two tribes. Otherwise, acts of cannibalism occurring in the countryside were always those of foreigners from other parts of Africa.

days. His entreaties were in vain. "No, no; you deal with his soul; and at noon we will deal with his body." Kasokota spurned the Gospel message; being firmly convinced of the efficacy of his own religion. As the soldier detailed to execute him drew near, Dan bade him farewell in the terms of the Arabic proverb: "There are no fans in hell."

In 1902 he experienced one of his many escapes from death. In the boat that had been Giraud's, while visiting among the Shila folk of the lake shores, he was crossing over to Kilwa Island when there swept down upon them from the mountains one of the sudden storms to which Mweru, like Gennesaret, is liable. Rarely does anyone live to tell the tale of having been caught when out upon the water by one of these storms. "Was this the end?" Dan wondered. "Should I never see my wife and child again? The waves rolled in on us, for the old gig was heavy-laden. I saw in a flash how much I could do (under God) by remaining in Africa; saw, too, how little I had done. I promised the Lord to try to win the souls of all those who were with me." They eventually won through after several hours of suspense and labour, and beached on Kilwa to fall on their knees and give heartfelt thanks for their preservation.

On the same journey he wrote:

"Last night I came to Kazembe's a pilgrim indeed, and asked him to take me in hand, as I had nothing—no plate, nor pot, nor anything eatable. This resulted in my putting up with him in his private enclosure, his queen Mumba cooking everything with her own hand. The old man himself must needs see me snug for the night, hanging up a blanket over my doorway. 'No thanks,' said he. 'Don't you see it is the blanket you gave me when Bibi (Mrs. Crawford) was here?'

"Daybreak saw my old gentleman remove the curtain with a lively 'Morning!'"

From the Luapula, he proceeded onward again, always with his precious translation MSS., to visit the work in the Lufira valley where he saw the new station of Koni taking shape under the skilled hands of the West Indian missionary Higgins, who had gone over from Luanza for the purpose. Here he met J. A. Clarke, a recruit to the Lufira valley work.

He says: "The health prospects are, I conceive, very fair. . . . Our hearts yearn for God's seal on this change of site."

He found that the opening of the Katanga mines by the white men was already having the effect which he designated as "deadly," of emptying the rural districts of their menfolk. He was well aware that if the man is absent from his fields during the period of the early rains, a partial famine must result. It must be remembered in this connection that even as late as 1905 the commission appointed to investigate conditions in the Free State consequent upon the outcry against its maladministration, reported that it approved the system of concessions, and regarded forced labour as the only means of turning to account the natural riches of the country. Fortunately, the forcing of labour is no longer legal in the Congo Belge. But the emptying of the rural districts proceeds apace nevertheless. Of the immediate results of this, many are very painful. What the later results may be is hard to be foretold.

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In 1906, Crawford and his wife were once more left to hold the fort alone at Luanza. That Luanza itself should never have held many companions for them was inherent in Dan's constant vision of the wide lands still unevangelized; moreover, it was compatible with the fact that while he was the most loyal of co-workers, he found it most conducive to serenity to allow his helpfulness to function unhampered by the familiarity which breeds, if not contempt, yet still restraint. But that they were left entirely alone was due to the sudden death of Miss Jordan, and the departure immediately afterward of Miss Prentiss to be married to J. Anton, and to labour thereafter at Koni Hill in the Lufira valley section of the work.

Small wonder that Dan was still asking, as he was in 1906, on the occasion of Miss Jordan's death, "Where are the inflooding missionaries who are to proclaim that God hath spoken to us in His Son?" He wrote this from the plains of Disera, which concerned him greatly in the last five years before he left Africa for his one and only furlough. This was, perhaps, in some measure due to an opinion that its peoples were as needy, because as steeped

in sin, as any he had known. He wrote of the Sera clansmen (September 1st, 1907) that "one's feelings are continually and deliberately outraged by this lazy dozing negro. The very richness of his soil has added to his supineness. The elemental passions of the beasts are in full swing among these poor wanderers from God."

The conditions which obtained amongst these people of Sera, of Luba extraction, are vividly indicated by the string of *dramatis personæ* who came under his observation on the 2nd September, 1907.

Item : A baby declared not fit to live because its little milk teeth sprouted on the wrong gum first.

Item : An old lady with her ears cut off. She was slightly deranged mentally. Her one complaint was a mumbling objection to being called a witch. "Why call me a witch?" she demanded. "Simply because they found me at my son's grave breaking a pot of ointment on it for the reason that I loved him!"

Item : A sad-eyed man with his jaw dislocated by a bullet. Eighteen of his clan, including a woman, had just been speared to death on account of some feud.

Item : Fresh blood, of a newly executed wife, sprinkled on the grave of an elephant hunter. He was killed. She, though remaining at home, was declared guilty of his death, and slain.

When on itineration Crawford's life was no idle one. On the 20th September, 1907, he totted up the total of the visitors who had come to him for guidance in their relations with the administration, which just then had announced its intention of investing chiefs under its own ægis with local judicial powers. He found that beside lesser individuals, he had interviewed twenty chieftains, some of whom had made considerable journeys to be able to consult Konga Vantu.

In 1907, too, the first printing press in Luanza turned out its earliest work. This consisted, during twelve months,

of (1) 2,000 copies of *Pache pache*, the reading primer; (2) 1,000 copies of a hymn book of 200 hymns; (3) an edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, into which Crawford had incorporated many Luba proverbs.

During the year 1907, Mr. Crawford again visited the Luapula valley work; he proceeded some way south to meet Mr. Sims, who was the first missionary recruit for Katanga to enter by way of the steadily advancing Cape-to-Cairo railway. Mr. Sims was also the last white missionary to work with Crawford at Luanza until 1921, when the present writer joined him.

On this journey Dan fell in with a detachment of Belgian soldiery. Ever on the look-out, as he was, for opportunities of witness, he fell to preaching to them. As they had been stationed previously at Lukonzolwa, they knew him well, and had often listened to him. They were travelling as escort to Colonel Wangermée, then the highest executive in Katanga, in the capacity of Representative of the Comité Special. The Colonel said to Dan—and it is plain to see that he, too, was accustomed to topics of religious import with him—"Yes, there is something in your preaching to these soldiers, after all. On Sunday I met the corporal away out in the woods alone . . . He was reading the New Testament for all he was worth." This testimony greatly refreshed Dan's spirit and strengthened him in his purpose always to preach, preach, preach.

For his devotion to preaching he was sometimes criticized by others who would have liked to see him develop institutional work. He once said to the writer: "Preach the Word, my boy; stick to it. Of course they'll call you a slacker for it—as they do me."

"June 12th, 1907. Nearly a hundred miles from Luanza here I meet a blind Arab . . . he is poor, but boasts of a grove of young lemons, from which he regaled me to-day. On my offering to pay for the fruit, he said, smilingly, 'Take a hundred if you like; pay me you never can, for these are from Luanza seed, and I am in your debt for the whole grove.'"

With this, anticipating somewhat, may be coupled another instance of the way in which Luanza fruit spread over a very wide country. . . .

"I remember on one occasion," wrote Mr. Burton of the Pentecostal Mission away beyond the western Lualaba, "we were out at a little village called Kibose. We had chicken and sweet potatoes for breakfast, dinner and supper, and the next day the same, and my wife, being ill, could not manage it very well. We put the tent in the shade of a tree, got a little cot-bed fixed up, and there she lay, unable to get comfort or ease, with the temperature rising higher and higher. After a while the natives came to say that service was ready. Numbers had congregated and they were waiting for me to preach to them. My wife said to me, 'Oh, William, do you think I might pray for an orange?' I said, 'Hetty, I would do anything to get it to you, but I do not see how we can get any, for the nearest orange trees are twenty-one days' journey, over at Dan Crawford's.' I went out to preach. It is hard enough to suffer fever, but when you see a loved one suffer, it is much harder. I do not know what sort of a sermon I preached, my heart was back in the tent, but when I got back tears filled my eyes. There beside the bed was a box of beautiful oranges! Twenty-one days before, Mr. Crawford and his wife had been gathering the oranges from the trees, and as they gathered them they said, 'Wouldn't it be nice to send a basket of these to the Burtons?' They called their native helper and gave him the oranges, and told him to give them to nobody else but the Burtons. He came along and found my wife almost delirious with fever, crying to God for oranges. Oh, how many similar stories I could tell of the faithfulness of God!"

During these years Luanza received visits from L. M. S. missionaries, and from Dr. Laws of Livingstonia, who came with Dr. Chisholm. Dr. Laws writes that the town was splendidly laid out, and that great attention was evidently paid to sanitation and to simple measures for the prevention of disease such as it was within the scope of the natives themselves to initiate everywhere. But what struck him most of all was the deep spirituality of the members of the Christian fellowship; and the fact that they all seemed naturally to accept evangelistic effort as a fundamental constituent of their Christian conduct.

In later life Dan often referred to that visit of Dr. Laws, for whom he entertained the highest possible respect and the deepest love. What stood out in his memory was a scene that took place in a little look-out hut on the very edge of the cliff overlooking the lake, which he sometimes

used for quiet devotions. The missionaries had been accompanied to Luanza by a British commissioner from Rhodesia—a Mr. Codrington. His manner of life was not unknown to Dan, who was, as always, determined that before he left he should hear the Good News. He did. And it was in the look-out, in the presence of Dr. Laws. After a straight talk, Dan finally said, "Let us kneel and pray together." "You go to it," said Codrington to the doctor; "I'm not that sort." He spoke the truth. He was not that sort. But Dan had a way with him; and they knelt together. Afterwards Laws, whose great genius lay in long vision and in careful and patient building up according to concerted plan, said to Dan the Gospeller and individualist, "I could never do it, Dan. Never."

Another visitor to Mweru was His Royal Highness Prince Albert, now King of the Belgians. His tour through the Congo in 1908 was not unconnected with the exposé which had been taking place in Europe of Leopold's mal-administration; with the annexation of the Free State territories by Belgium; and with the likelihood that his ascent to the throne would not be long delayed. It did indeed transpire that he became king the following year. Mr. Crawford had a long interview with him. They not only spoke of the early history of Katanga, and the raidings of Shimba about Lake Mweru, which occasioned the narration of the story of "The River where the Little Musk Rat Died," as told earlier in this book, but His Royal Highness asked Mr. Crawford to explain to him the difference between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. Dan had prayed much for an opportunity before the interview. This was it. He spoke with the Prince for half an hour or more on Justification by Faith.

VIII

REINFORCEMENTS: HOW THEY CAME, AND WHERE THEY WENT

DURING Mr. Crawford's earliest years in Central Africa, it might well have seemed to him that he fought a losing battle. It was as though, reaching out into the enemy's territory, a tiny force had been surrounded and the communications cut off. Boring their way in to Swan and Faulknor, Thompson, Lane and Crawford had thought themselves only an advance-guard; had dreamed of numerically strong support about to follow them in. Those dreams were destined to fade. So far from being augmented, the tiny force grew yet more tiny. Faulknor had to go: Swan needed a furlough: Lane returned to the coast: only Thompson remained with Crawford. They two were very little together; their respective notions about how best to effect their witness for God were such as did not make for close co-operation between them.

From time to time news reached them to the effect that reinforcements had arrived at the West Coast. Alas! it was invariably followed later by the information that the recruits had decided to stay at some intermediate point, and not to proceed to the Interior. That was, quite naturally, how it baldly looked to Crawford, isolated in the midst of a mass of tribes which he longed to see effectively evangelized. We can forgive his dwelling more on the fact, so patent to him, that nobody and nothing *did* come in, than on the difficulties, real enough, which stood in the way, but which were out of his sight. Of all this he thought a great deal; but only once, it seems, did any irritated note creep into his writings. There is relief in the letter which tells of his discovery that mails coming by the East Coast were being delivered regularly as far into the Interior as Fort Rosebery, so that he could direct his friends to send communications to him by that route with the certainty that he would get them, whether letters or even parcels. There is asperity as well. He allowed himself to say in

that letter, dated the last day of 1893, "We have been most stupidly isolated these years."

That his goods never reached him by the old route did not too greatly concern him. It was men he felt the situation needed. About the chattels he merely wrote:

"The only thing I regret is that nobody in Bié had the idea to let me have an inventory . . . for then I could have turned honest philanthropist, and divided my effects myself."

He quotes Kipling:

"In the faith of little children they went on their way,
Then the wood failed—then the food failed—then the last
water dried;
In the faith of little children they laid them down and died;
On the sand belt—by the veldt side—on the fern scrub
they lay,
That their sons might follow after by the bones by the way."

And he comments (1894): "The pioneer missionaries of Christ's cross whose bones have bleached white on account of forgetfulness or callousness at home are legion."

The sentence immediately following such a serious reflection makes it clear that he was not thereby rendered anxious or overly troubled for himself. It runs:

"There is nothing so glorious here as serenity of soul—nothing so bracing as battle songs of the Kingdom of God—nothing so kingly on earth as treating with the rebels who said, 'Let us break their bands asunder, let us cast their cords from us!'"

As to the songs, he adds a postscript to his mother:

"*Secret*: join me in singing every night at sunset 'Jesu, lover of my soul.' And on Sundays, 'Just as I am.'"

In March, 1895, he wrote to Mr. Corson, and thoughts of the closed west route were still in his mind; but his soul was bright despite the prolonged isolation:

"I believe you knew long ago that the happiness in our work out here does not come from our surroundings—the early glamour of these soon dies out, and then you come to realize what it is to be cut off from the sweet fellowship of saints, and what it is to keep your own fire inside always

REINFORCEMENTS

glowing. It is so easy for a company of saints to crowd together and have a cosy time—‘a good time with the Lord’ it is called, although it might more truly be called ‘a good time with one another.’ Nevertheless, praise Him for many a true season of fellowship with both the Lord and His saints. I long for more fidelity to my trust, always seeing the *Life Purpose* shining through the mist like a full orbéd sun.

“You will praise God with me for our new highway (i.e., the East Coast route to Lake Mweru) and for how the auspicious inauguration of same sweeps away all imagined difficulties. Our dear brethren out west in Bié always cried out against it—in ignorance, of course—but surely they can forgive us for breaking our prison bars for ourselves! The fact that your precious parcels sent via Bié never reached me explains much. What charms me about your lively care for me is its indomitableness, and its resolve not to be beaten in attempts to reach me. All this and much more I pour into my Father’s ear. ‘God do so to you, and more also.’

“I may tell you that beside my dear mother and Dr. MacLean, I have no other link with the old land but yourself.

“I feel myself quite a foreigner already, forgetting the simplest little words in English, that is in conversation. I am far more at home in African bogs and savannahs chatting with chiefs and setting little ebony black baby boys on my knee. Here are tribes needing true leaders of men and before you know where you are old men of high standing in the land are at your feet. This may be shocking, but you wouldn’t be a week amongst them without seeing that it was the necessary and right thing. We often long for the conditions of service common with our Indian and China brethren, but after all they are not as we have made them but as we have found them. I hadn’t been a month at Mushidi’s capital when I found that if I didn’t think less of his greatness and more of my own in the Lord, the fear of man would dog all my service and the red-hot utterance which was the desideratum there on the vestibule of Hell would never be given.

“I live in an atmosphere of young men of all dispositions, some speculative and dull, others bright and responsive—most leaning in the direction of honest living, but alas very few of whom it can be said that their hearts the Lord hath touched. I spend days with them, glorious rainbow-spanned days, often consciously connected up with the Fountain of every living thing, pouring into their ears some of the glories of the Lord Jesus as Redeemer and Conqueror, crushing the Devil in the heart. Pray on. There is no work like this herald service on the face of this planet.

DAN CRAWFORD

"I would like to burst out into some sweet things about the Cross of Christ, for I find my all there—nothing can melt like that—nothing can make a man preach as he ought to like that great sight. How glorious that, though it was set up in Palestine only it was for the whole world."

As 1897 drew to a close, and he kept his customary Scotsman's wake to see the new year in, his thoughts ran over the wide lands whose bounds he had explored; his heart yearned afresh over the peoples that sat in darkness therein; and the desire after recruits, of whom the earliest had then begun to arrive, never far from the surface of his mind in those days, surged anew in him. He longed that 1898 might bring on wide extensions of witness on all hands. On the first day of January, 1898, he wrote from Luanza:

"Doubtless you were thinking last night of our white-washed shanties, trying to stretch across Africa. The vineyard Lord did not give merely a blank commission for the occupancy of these lands; He has left us figures to go upon as to the numerical strength of a so-called mission. Himself told off seventy to evangelize that little strip from Lebanon to Moab—a few hundred miles. That goodly band of seventy with distinct limitation for their field of service gives us His mind as to numerical strength—not yawning areas of night, as here, with two or three flickering specks of light, few and far between. Africa's bounds are distinctly determined. . . . So the seventy missionaries of the children of Israel, told off to work a certain limited area of miles, should enable us to calculate Africa's share of missionaries!

"Forgive this wail, but it comes to us stab stab, stabbingly, that the land of our graves is abandoned. But to wail manward is not to pray God-ward; and the command is as loud as the trump of the Lord—'Pray ye the Lord of the Harvest.'"

It is certain, then, that Dan felt keenly his isolation in the early years.

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The movements of workers that began to put an end to Crawford's isolation were, briefly, as follows. At the latter end of 1894 the first helper arrived—D. Campbell, who reached Chipungu on November 11th, to be followed a few weeks later by B. Cobbe, who accompanied Arnot on his

brief visit to Mweru. The former had come via the West ; the latter by the new East Coast route.

Four months later Campbell returned to the stations near the West Coast to relate what he had seen and to endeavour to interest at least some to "come in—the water's fine." He succeeded in the case of only one worker—Mr. Smith. But Mr. Smith fell seriously ill on the way : remained to be nursed at Kavungu : and was finally invalided home. In October, 1895, Thompson quitted the country. In November of that year Campbell returned to Luanza and announced that no help whatever was to be looked for from the west. Crawford, however, had tidings by letter of one fresh worker—a Mr. Dyke, who had already left England, but of whom there was no later news. In February, 1896, Cobbe went out east expecting to meet Dyke and bring him in. He returned alone, to report a rumour that Dyke was dead. It was indeed so. In January he had died of dysentery on the Lower Shire river.

Worse was to follow. On that journey Cobbe had overtaxed himself in the swamps of what is now North-east Rhodesia. His health was thereby undermined, so that he had little strength with which to resist subsequent fatigue and fever ; so that, as has been narrated, an exertion followed by blackwater carried him off on May 2nd. Beside Mr. Crawford, there was then left, therefore, at the end of 1896, only one other worker.

Nevertheless there was no thought of marking time. It was decided that at all costs the tribes drifting back, under the more settled conditions, to the neighbourhood of Mushidi's old capital, which had been in the Emperor's time the first centre of work, must be left no longer without more abiding witness. Campbell would go there. Just then, word came that three young men—Gammon, George and Pomeroy, were about to sail for Luanza via the East Coast. Campbell held the Luanza fort while Crawford went to Nyasaland to meet them—they beat him back to Mweru because his bride had been with them. When he had arrived with his wife there were in Luanza in the early part of November, no fewer than five men and one woman—incredible crowd !

It was for a few days only ; for on the 28th, Campbell set off, taking George with him. They fixed on a site for new work at Mwena. In September of the following year,

1897, Mr. Crawford introduced Pomeroy to the Luapula country and chose a site for him to commence work at Johnston Falls on the Rhodesian bank of the river. Thus within a year of the coming of even such slender reinforcements as had at long last arrived, two new stations were founded. It was for extension, not for centralization, that Dan longed for more and yet more workers. He had no wish to build up a complicated head station: and he never did.

But matters were not to continue so simply. Hardly had 1898 begun, when Gammon was struck by lightning; and on February 3rd, less than eighteen months after reaching Mweru, he died. Mr. Pomeroy then returned to Luanza from the Johnston Falls station. At the same time Campbell left for England. News arrived that a considerable party, including women, was on its way in. This party, conducted in by Pomeroy, whose sister was a member of it, but who, in Nyasaland, had married one of the recruits named Anderson, reached Luanza on August 19th. It comprised Mr. and Mrs. McLachlan, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, and Mr. and Mrs. Higgins. These last were negro Christians from the West Indies. Two elderly missionaries, a Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, had joined the party at Blantyre, where they had previously been working with the Zambesi Industrial Mission. After experience in the industrial type of work they had concluded that a more definitely evangelistic mode of spreading the light would better become them. Mr. Wilson arrived shortly after the married couples. And about the same time Mr. George did finally recruit a worker from the west, an achievement which he accomplished by marrying Miss Irwin. So that in 1898, the recruits to the field numbered ten. In no other year did so many workers coming from amongst the "Brethren" join the missionary forces labouring in the basin of the Upper Congo.

It was the flow of the tide: never did it ebb completely out again, though days of tragic set-backs came and went. On February, 1899, Pomeroy suffered severe sunstroke, and had to be invalided home; and in May, Wilson died of fever. On December 31st, 1899, Dan was yearning for more action. To a friend he wrote:

"We pine for succour—ten men of God's royal line! This matter of the Gospel to the heathen—how many are to go and

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when—is surely all a mere question of altitude. If we live little local lives, then our horizon is contracted down to a few miles. If, on blessed contrary, we are seated in the heavenlies, then far-stretching is the immense mileage below, and all the earth as a lost unit is in full view.”

Early the following year, 1900, the McLachlans had to return home, and before the year was out Mrs. Higgins had died of smallpox; and Mrs. George of blackwater, together with her baby. During the same year the tiny force was, however, recruited by the arrival of three ladies. To Mweru in July, 1900, Campbell returned with a bride; and the Misses Merry* and Prentiss† reached Luanza in October.

In 1901, acting on medical advice, the Andersons returned home. In that year Mr. W. Lammond reached Luanza—having successfully run the gauntlet of the many calls along the route from Benguella in the west. In 1902, a Mr. White reached Mweru. In that year also, Mrs. Campbell died.

But by this time the field was no longer open to them at every point as theretofore.

As early as 1893, to Mr. Corson, the only friend as far as he knew other than Dr. Maclean, who at that time partnered in prayer the work of God in his hands, he had written of the Luapula valley, of the Lake Mweru lands, and of Lubaland:

“Oh, plead the cause of these needy parts with all you come in contact with. ‘Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands’ on the part of the professing Church, and what is now virgin soil will be so no longer.” He foresaw an influx of white men bent on exploitation. “Ungodly traders will have pressed in before us.”

Traders, some of them far from godly, had indeed penetrated the land; but by 1900 another factor had entered into the situation—Roman Catholic missionaries had made their appearance with a view to establishing a mission near Kazembe’s capital. They had already begun to build.

* Married to Mr. W. Lammond at Abercorn, May 15, 1904, and worked in the Rhodesian part of the field.

† Married to Mr. J. Anton at Lukafu, May 16, 1906, and worked at Koni near the old capital, and later at Chivambo in the Luapula Valley.

That in the country of Livingstone's friend, and his own, the free course of the Protestant Evangel should be threatened by "Bible-hiding" Rome roused Mr. Crawford to action. On the one hand he brought the force of his very considerable personal influence to bear upon Kazembe to take his own view point; and next, seeing that the forces with which he was closely linked were inadequate to the task, and that further reinforcements were problematic, and being by his journeyings eastward from Mweru made acquainted with the work there of Livingstone's old society, the London Missionary Society, he drew the attention of the L. M. S. to the facts, and urged them to occupy the territory up to the international boundary. The issue was highly satisfactory; the Roman Catholics withdrew, and have not since returned thither; and the London Missionary Society founded in 1900 its now famous station of Mbereshi close upon Kazembe's capital.

This did not involve a lessening of Mr. Crawford's own interest in the evangelization of the Luapula valley, which always remained intense; nor did the entry at his request of the London Missionary Society involve any limitation of what efforts missionaries from among the "Brethren" were subsequently able there to put forth.

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So that the years 1895-1902 were for Dan Crawford years of ceasing to be the lonely pioneer; of learning some measure of domesticity, and of the fears, sorrows and disappointments, as well as of the high hopes and joys, inherent in the lot of one who initiates newcomers into a pioneer work, so young in itself as to be as yet without established traditions.

His was not a temperament that easily brooked criticism or even accepted suggestion. He was by nature an individualist; and the circumstances of his life had not subjected him to the discipline of subordination. He was self-confident and self-reliant; indeed, upon his bold exercise of these qualities had depended not only his own life, but the continuance, through the dangerous and difficult years of isolation, of the Gospel witness in those lands. What might not have been the result in delaying the progress of the Gospel had they failed him at the time

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of Mushidi's death, and had he fled the country when Dr. Moloney, of Stair's Company, was calling it a "profound mistake" for missionaries to be in that "barbarous country, hundreds of miles from a European post?" These things being so, it is not surprising to find that close co-operation with other white men played small part in his work.

The note to his mother at the time when he contemplated marriage, to the effect that he could not find companionship in other males, shows that even then he realized something of the limitations that hedged him about in this matter. Later on, in conversation, he would frequently refer to the cases of other outstanding men whose work in Africa had been accomplished alone. Of them all, his favourite example was Livingstone, who, as is well known, at various times found himself obliged, after trying their co-operation, to separate from several would-be associates.

"Getting on" with neighbouring workers is a subject of great importance that obtrudes itself upon missionaries, as well as upon others, who live under conditions such as obtain even yet in many parts of Central Africa. Where those who are linked together in an alien country by a common object, or even by some other bond such as a common nationality, are too few to constitute an organised community, personalities impinge upon one another very markedly. There is, for one thing, no body of opinion sufficient to form a standard against which personal views may be measured, with a reasonable chance of the result having real authority. Then, too, the absence of any number of fellow-beings living by the same standards denies the usual escape from those who grate on one to the society of those who are congenial. In his later years Mr. Crawford frequently talked of this subject.

In 1921, when the present writer joined him, he shortly afterward said to a colleague at a distance: "I don't know how we shall get on together: he has opinions of his own."

He used to quote with chuckling approval the story, attributed by him to Spurgeon, of the man who said he could work smoothly on committees if they were committees of one.

Had there ever been question of Mr. Crawford being the director or the head of a missionary organization, in which the workers who came out took a subordinate position under him, and simply submitted to orders from

him, there might conceivably have been co-ordinated a working machine. Even that, however, there is good reason to doubt. For his genius ran more to stimulating another man to find and undertake a work of his own than to ordering his activities as a lieutenant. In this, he reflected the direct methods of personal dealing still customary in Africa and common to primitive organizations of society, wherein personality remains the most valuable asset a man can possess. Both the methods, and the circumstances that produce them, are unfamiliar to the minds of those whose lives have been entirely lived under the ægis of a highly organized, mechanicalized, and de-personalized system of standardization and mass-production, where minute specialization of labour discounts individuality and personality. To appreciate Mr. Crawford's life it must be remembered that the most part of it was lived in the midst of unrelievedly primitive conditions.

But as the case stood, no such alternative arose. Those who were recruited from the assemblies of "Brethren" to the field in Katanga, naturally came to him at Luanza for initiation into the conditions, the languages and the geography of the country, and into the missionary statesmanship by which the opportunities might best be bought up; but they were all, as he himself had been and still was, dependent directly on God for support, and, like him, they all looked directly to God for guidance. No more than himself were they attached to, sent out by, or sustained by any society. Like himself, they walked by a faith which, as for themselves (without implying any criticism of others), discarded the props of an organization. They did not look to Mr. Crawford to *direct* them, though they acknowledged his leadership.

Whether, in the case of workers living by principles such as those just outlined, there is room or not for the exercise of authority may be open to question; but in practice it is found, in the ranks of something like a thousand missionary workers who hold by them in various parts of the world, that avoidance of subordination is general. This is most usually brought about quite simply and with a minimum of difficulty, merely by geographical separation. It was so in Katanga. The advantage in respect of the extension of their witness is obvious.

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Immediately after the arrival of that largest party that ever at one time reached Luanza, the 1898 party, Dan's nervousness found expression in writing: but along with it are words that show how the deliberate set of his mind was toward this—to mind the things that were of Christ. He wrote to Dr. MacLean:

"September 28th. The party is with us, and there is a deal of true happiness. When people look into each other's eyes and believe in the kindly beat of the heart to each other, much is known of them—past, present and future.

"We are all decently housed, but are keeping on the move, going round the rest-houses and sighting each other every second or third day. Thus any reaction is avoided and stagnation is hindered. At our rest-house on the brow of the hill within cry of Luanza, there is a population of 600 in nice streets. Mr. Pomeroy makes this his headquarters. Rejoice with us in our joy. We must get on with the task, and have no time for internal troubles. These warm hearts are so gladdening—a fresh start they give us."

New workers seldom sojourned long in Luanza. Almost without exception they speedily found some sphere of labour at a distance in the surrounding unevangelized parts. This was, of course, in accord with, and doubtless partly, at least, because of Dan's passion for the spread of the Gospel; it was also in accord with the mistrust, which he never ceased to feel, of centralized and institutionalized work, which in his mind seemed to stand opposed to widespread witnessing. But it was certainly also convenient because of, and was equally certainly not altogether independent of, the strain which he felt, and no doubt they also felt, in all attempts at co-operation in close association, of which, both by temperament and the circumstances of his early manhood, he was, in fact, incapable. Yes; they found other and separate spheres. But none of them would give place to another in love of him, or in respect for his unique powers and devoted life.

Difficult though it may be for those educated to conceive of mission work in terms of corporate action and organized societies to comprehend it, Mr. Crawford did in fact remain till the end what he was from the beginning, namely, an individual worker independent of all organizations. To such as appreciate the principles which actuated the early

"Brethren" his position will, on the other hand, be regarded as merely inevitable. What was remarkable, however, under the actual circumstances, and what was a marked tribute to his qualities of leadership, was the great extent to which his vision, his personality, his practical interest, and pecuniary support from him remained potent factors in moulding missionary work throughout all the lands he had pioneered. Nor was this influence exerted only with those Brethren whom he personally initiated into the country and the work, and with those who later joined them directly at their stations without going through a period at Luanza. It was felt also, to a not inconsiderable extent, and was appreciated and acknowledged, by the members of the missionary organizations which later on commenced operations in those lands. These were, in particular, the London Missionary Society, who in 1900 began work in Kazembe's country; the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which began to tackle the mining areas of Katanga in 1911; and the Congo Evangelistic Mission, which in 1915 entered the west side of the Lualaba basin.

In the post-war years he was often affectionately referred to by missionaries widely scattered about Central Africa as "The Bishop." And this pleased him, for he was proud of his priority.

When the London Missionary Society built at Mbereshi, near Kazembe's, a stately church, worthy indeed to be compared to many a cathedral, Dan Crawford was requested to open it for them; which he did, delivering a notable sermon in Vemba to the great audience which numbered well on into the thousands. In 1927 the writer was told at Mbereshi that that sermon, delivered in 1920, was still a frequent subject of conversation amongst the natives thereabout.

Going back, then, to re-examine the movements of the recruits that arrived at Luanza with special reference to the length of their stays there, we find that, without exception, all were of short duration. Thus Campbell, the earliest, arrived in November, 1894, was absent for seven months of 1895, was left in Luanza by Crawford for some four months of 1896, and took his departure with the newly-arrived George to found Mwena a very few days after Dan's return with his bride before the end of the year.

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Cobbe was the next. His short term of sixteen months was terminated by death. Then of the 1896 party of three, George, as noticed above, left immediately for Mwena ; though he returned to Luanza for some months of the next year to help put together the steel boat, the *Mtume wa Imami*, which had followed them in. For several months of 1897, during their first year, Crawford was away from his town, but in September he showed Pomeroy a site for a station at Johnston Falls on the Luapula, to which that worker went in December of the same year. Crawford had asked Gammon to remain with him, and the latter had been happy to accept. But alas, it was but sixteen months after his arrival that he died of a stroke of lightning.

Of the larger 1898 party, which arrived in August of that year, Wilson died within six months, of which about three were spent off the station. The McLachlans left for Mwena within five months ; the Andersons for Johnston Falls after a year, of which Anderson had spent about four months away from Luanza. The Hawkinses lived in Luanza for a time, but later removed a short distance into the mountains behind. They were the only white workers who returned to the immediate neighbourhood of Luanza after having taken a furlough.

Of the West Indian missionaries, Mrs. Higgins died after two years, but Mr. Higgins remained at Luanza until 1903. He returned again in 1910, but left a second time in 1921. A Mr. White, who arrived at Luanza in July, 1902, left for the Luapula work in May, 1903. Mr. W. Lammond, the last to make his way in from the west, made his headquarters in the lakeside town for nearly four years from October, 1901. After him, Mr. Sims, the first to come in by Rhodes's Cape-to-Cairo railway, was in Luanza for about two and a half years from 1907, afterward leaving for work in Rhodesia, where he later on founded the station at Fort Rosebery.

The work into which Mr. Crawford encouraged all these missionaries increased and developed. That commenced at Mwena in 1898-1899, grew on to the establishment of Koni, founded in 1903, and Bunkeya, in 1913. The Luapula valley work, commenced at Johnston Falls, N. Rhodesia, was removed to Kaleba in 1910 owing to the sleeping sickness deportations. In 1919 a station was opened at Fort Rosebery ; and in 1922 work was started at Mubende, and

Mambidima was re-opened. A late development is now in hand on the plateau further east. This work in British territory and that in the Congo became closely linked up in 1921, when Mr. Anton removed from Koni to Chivambo, on the left bank of the Luapula.

In 1912 a strong flow of new workers set in toward the Lualaba, the first station being at Mulongo. Since then, near-by stations have been opened at Kabumbulu, Nkomeshya and one or two other villages.

In 1924 Mr. and Mrs. Brown took over the work at Mpweto, carried on theretofore by native workers only.

In all these scattered fields Mr. Crawford felt the greatest interest. Although all the workers looked for their support, as he did, directly to God, their difficulties were ever felt by him as though they were his own. He delighted to visit new work as it was started, and did much to encourage and help it on. His own picture of the sort of unity which, for his part, bound him to them all, was that of the partnership of Peter and other of the disciples in fishing on the Lake of Galilee. Each attended, he used to say, to his own nets; but each of them was always ready to rush to the assistance of any other who needed it; just so each of Central Africa's missionaries worked on in the full confidence that if any difficulty arose, all he had to do was to "beckon to his partners in the other little boats."

Love, and not the compulsion of a written constitution, was the bond of union in which he believed. So much so, indeed, that when, for reasons of seeming expediency, in 1923-4 most of the independent missionaries in Katanga federated themselves together and petitioned the Government to be known as the Garenganze Evangelical Mission, he viewed the movement with the deepest concern and sorrow, and resolutely refused to be drawn into it.

IX

LANGUAGE AND TRANSLATION

LAWSON OF LIVINGSTONIA* has written of Dan Crawford, whom he loved, in these terms: "Next to his character as a zealous missionary, Mr. Crawford stands out as a great linguist." Dr. Laws had more opportunity, probably, of judging on this matter than any other white man. Mr. Crawford three times spent appreciable lengths of time in Nyasaland, on one occasion living with Dr. and Mrs. Laws in their home for nearly a year while seeing his first translation of the New Testament in Luba through the Livingstonia press. He knew that the Vemba translations were based on Crawford's work. He heard him preaching in Swahili. He saw him converse freely in several other languages with slaves drawn from various parts of Central Africa who, having been liberated by the British Government, had been placed in the care of the mission. He saw him rapidly become sufficiently familiar with Henga, the local language, to converse in it, to preach in it, and even to write hymns in it.

His facility in putting hymnal material into a Bantu language was strikingly illustrated by one of those he wrote in Henga to a tune which was being worked out at the time by some teachers in for a session at the mission school. He was visiting them dormitory by dormitory in the evenings for personal dealings with them about the things of God, and, picking up the tune, wrote a four-verse hymn to it, which he taught to the dormitory he visited the next night. Within a few days the whole teachers' class was singing it. Next the whole mission station. Then the out-schools. And a few months later a letter from a native in the compounds on the Rand (hundreds of miles away, whither Nyasaland "boys" were wont to be sent for labour

* To Dr. Robert Laws, the great pioneer of Nyasaland, one cannot but refer in this way. His was the creative vision that made Livingstonia possible. The man and the place seemed to fuse into one working unit. As naturally as one says *Chinese Gordon*, or *Kitchener of Khartoum*, one says also *Laws of Livingstonia*.

purposes), informed him that his hymn had "caught on" there tremendously, and asked if there were available any printed copies of it. This in a language which he had merely been picking up tentatively during a few weeks or months full of other hard work!

In the course of dealing from the verandah of his house in Luanza with visitors of a single morning, he would often use four or five African languages—as for instance, Luba most usually; Shila to some lakeside fisherman with a *palaver* about, let us say, damaged nets, and Vemba to the defendant in the case, a passing boatman from the other side of the lake; Swahili with a visiting Arabized trader, and Yeke with some of Mushidi's old tribe still living in the country. In addition to these, he spoke several other native tongues—Umbundu, Sanga, Lunda and Lomotwa being amongst them. He was certainly able to converse in not less than ten or twelve; and at one time and another during his journeys he had begun to employ a handful more, such as the Henga referred to above. He used to say that he ran them in his mind "in parallel columns." He was by no means satisfied to make collections of words on paper—"like rotting heaps of vegetables"—but put into practice the precept which he preached, viz.: "Let your collections be your re-collections." Right up to the last, he was continually pondering over his "parallel columns" in the firm belief that in comparing together words from many associated languages, the deepest roots, the very soul, of Bantu thought would be exposed.

In the endeavour, so fraught with difficulty for the White Man, to penetrate to the back of the Black Man's mind, the rich variety of languages which Mr. Crawford had himself used, and was daily using, as living modes of expression, gave him an advantage possessed by few, if any, other field workers. Had he, beside his acknowledged genius for penetrating vision into linguistics, possessed in any degree the scientific mind and approach, he might have given to the world unexampled light on the Bantu language family. But his ability did not lie in the direction of accumulating and recording evidence or of massing and arranging proof.

He had, indeed, begun what he called "the note-book game"; but his first, and most arduously acquired written vocabulary, comprising the results of some three years

labour, was swept away to utter loss in the Lofoi flood of 1893. He still, thereafter, made large collections, but it was largely unmethodically; and he never got down to the labour of collating his material. Masses of his notes were from time to time destroyed by fire, eaten by white ants, or lost on his journeyings. In making them he was concerned not to put material on record, but only to make notes of what helped himself onward to evaluate and then to utilize the values he had perceived. *How* he learned did not greatly matter to him; and to prove that he had learned aright did not strike him as necessary. His knowledge and understanding of Central African languages was probably unique; but that knowledge has very largely died with him. The same is true of his vast store of native proverbs and folklore in many languages. They were not left on permanent record. The truth is that he had other work which seemed to him of more import and urgency.

Nevertheless, because of the use to which as a Gosseller he could put it, as well as by reason of his natural bent, language held for him an absorbing interest. He did not allow it to run away with him, as it might have done had he been less single-minded. Being what he was, he was able to integrate it in its entirety with his master-passion of Gosselling—the Gospel spoken and the Gospel written. When in the company of anyone who could at all enter into his delight in them, he would descant enthusiastically on the beauties of Bantu linguistics. Particularly did he love to dwell on the deep philosophy to be dug out of the relation between the essential significance of word-roots and the meaning of the forms in common usage derived from them. It is true that some of those who heard him sometimes thought that his enthusiasm occasionally led him to see more than in fact inhered in the points he collated.* But such cases were even more rare than the

* For instance, the Luba folk employ of great chiefs, and also of the Supreme Being, a title "*Leza Wawa*." "*Leza*" was associated by Mr. Crawford with the root *lela*, "to wet-nurse." Rev. E. W. Smith has called this in question. As to "*Wawa*," Mr. Crawford expressed the opinion that it derived from *va*, which in certain languages is the verb "to be," in the sense of "becoming". He concluded that "*Leza Wawa*" had very much the same content attributed to YAHWEH—i.e., God who was, is, and is to come; The Ever-becoming One. But the sense in which "*Wawa*" is used is that of "The Bountiful Donor"; and it is much more likely that it derives, as the vowel-length demands indeed, from "*ava*," to distribute. If this is correct the parallel with YAHWEH falls to the ground.

men competent to form any judgment on them. On Bantu language his talk was stimulating, informative, brilliant and absolutely unique.

Again, the Bantu tribes possess a vast store of proverbs which they employ as common conversational coinage: Konga Vantu did the same, both in talk and in preaching. Even when talking with Europeans he would frequently employ (and elucidate) some of the native proverbs, which he referred to as Africa's "oral literature."

His letters and diaries are full of references which indicate his preoccupation with the study and application of language. A few examples only must suffice.

Thus, the 16th of April, 1899, finds him en route, but held up for a day by heavy rains. He writes :

"Translation is going on these days. To-day has been one long downpour since day-dawn—natives crammed in their huts yarning, smoking, coughing and yelling! The young bloods try a battle-song, roar themselves hoarse, break up the fire and start again. It is now night, firewood all wet, and I am stuck right in the centre of the effluvia; yet I am all aglow! Glory to Thee, my God, this night for a blessed day translating! The Bible is like the ark, and I am like Obed-edom. Do anything for it—give it even your threshing floor, and you will be blessed!"

On the 12th of November, 1898, he writes to a friend :

"Am busy at a rather voluminous dictionary* of two languages (Luba and Vemba) and am groaning at the paucity of English—or, say, *my* English. . . . Strange to say, a slang word would often fit in beautifully, but proprieties forbid. Here, where life is in the crude, without polish or veneer, the tendency is to reflect the roughness of the life in the language. In being true to simplicity one soon sees how virtueless are rounded periods correctly mouthed."

And again sometime in 1899 :

"White men have been trooping into British territory, and are building their little trading shanties all along the Luapula. . . . Thus the missionary is relegated to his proper place, i.e., the minority. Meantime we feel our high honour of building up a great nation's literature. For ten years hundreds of idiomatic phrases have been slowly amassing in note-

* It was never completed.

books. At last we have reduced them to rules, very voluminous, each rule being upheld by two native sentences guaranteed as actually heard.* These in their thousands we claim for the armoury of our God, remembering the good word of promise, 'There was given Him dominion . . . that ALL LANGUAGES should serve Him.'

"All these centuries of darkest night the enemy has used our ten trans-Lualaba dialects as the quiver of his fiery darts. Devil-invented, and as old as Babel, he used one dialect against its neighbour as the vehicle of their mad war challenges, drunken revellings and great, swelling blasphemies. So Christ, claiming the tribesman, soul and body, as fruit of His passion, first of all appropriates his language, so that faith indeed might come by hearing; and hearing by the translated Word of God."

While on a preaching tour in November, 1900, he writes in his diary as follows:

"What are sticks and stones compared with the everyday chatter of Africans? And the rule is to scratch it down at any moment, for back along these lines you come to attack his soul. In 80% of these sayings you simply have to change the leading noun, leaving the original verbs and tenses intact to have an arrow for the King's quiver. I count down the page eleven such quotations from the current proverbs of the day, where God has deigned to teach from them.

Said a man: 'For the blind there is no day dawn.'

Said the Missionary: 'Since the days of Bartemæus there has been.'

Said another: 'Satisfaction is a foreigner to these parts. Dissatisfaction is our fellow townsman.'

Said the Missionary: 'Yet you yourselves say, "God is enough."'

Said another: 'God feasts, but not with man.'

Said the Missionary: 'You have a proverb that says: "Welcome even a lame man to your feast. Only the dead in their graves are loathsome." Are you kinder than God?'

Said another: 'Don't preach to Mr. Hear-with-his-eyes: preach to Mr. Hear-with-his-ears.'

* Mr. Crawford never published this grammar; but he lent his MS. to Mr. J. A. Clarke who put out typescript copies of a Luba grammar and vocabulary, with examples by sentences.

Said the Missionary : ' He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.'

Said another : ' There is no ugly prince. Birth has made him beautiful.'

Said the Missionary : ' God will make you all princes and beauties too.'

Said the farmer of his corn seed : ' It went away naked into the cold dark loam ; but when it came again, it came richly dressed.'

Said the Missionary : ' Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone.'

" These and thousands of such remarks tell you who he is, this shrewd brother of ours.

" Village life contains too its many little sarcasms, just as in any other land. Here are two fresh from African lips :

Said the husband : ' There is venison in Kasongo-amidima's dark wood ! But the bad thing is the bones !'

Said the wife : ' Bones ? Why, they make the best soup !'

Said the husband : ' Oh ! I was only referring to my bones !' (He would have to go, get, and carry it back !)

Said the son to his father : ' Old man, we differ—let us take our case to the Elders.'

Said the Elders to the son : ' In this case we appoint your father the president of the Elders.'

Said the son : ' But I am of age ; look at the height of my shoulders.'

Said the Elders : ' Shall the shoulders be higher than the head ?' "

On his way out in 1899 with Pomeroy to the East Coast, he met with workers of the London Missionary Society on the plateau between Lakes Tanganyika and Nyasa. They were endeavouring to translate portions of the Bible into Vemba. He was convinced that some of the words which they were adopting to represent very important concepts fundamental to a right appreciation of God's revealed mind, did not in fact convey to the native at all what it was intended they should. For instance, the term suggested for " Holy Spirit " was a word signifying " ghost " ; but it was tainted because it carried the inescapable corollary that the ghost in question had at some time been embodied as a human being. The translation of those special terms

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to which Christianity imparted a fuller content than was previously theirs is a task which must always bristle with difficulties. It can only be brought to a conclusion in any way satisfactory when profound knowledge of both the languages involved is at the disposal of true appreciation of the doctrine to be conveyed. Dan Crawford appreciated this. As early as February, 1895, he noted :

“ In translating, all our lingerings have been over foundation word-pillars on which the whole structure will rest.”

And in 1899 concerning the situation referred to above he wrote :

“ It seems unutterably sad that after all these years of missionary effort so manifestly little of the true Gospel has reached African ears. Most of the great foundation nouns are wrong.”

He was accordingly the more glad to render help on the translation committee while he remained at Livingstonia. He wrote :

“ *Livingstonia, November 2nd.* Not the least of the many joys I have had on these highlands has been a great Language Board meeting for a week, when many very momentous decisions were arrived at. All the missionaries from outlying stations assemble here, and we put our heads together, discussing those curious and nice points in holy translation work which only Africa can produce.

“ Dr. Elmslie has the Gospel of Mark in manuscript in the local Henga here, and the main discussion turned upon the foundation laws necessary to such tasks.

“ After the subject of mere words and their various values had exhausted itself, there came the heavy and momentous subject of style. For, of course, this Africa of ours has its cheapest of colloquialisms—its Billingsgate, if you like—and in the

* Harry's *Catechism*. The speciality of this compilation is that the answers to all the questions in it are in the exact words of Scripture. Dr. Laws informs me that it was written for her nephew by the sister of Principal Rainy. It is better known in the Foreign Field than to members of the Home Churches.

high things of God we must remember that the vintage of Abiezer is not as good as the grapes of Ephraim.

"Another most momentous matter is to bring the whole (Greek) sentence * back to Bantu, throwing it as it were into the melting-pot for greater lucidity. For indeed if we merely transliterate, the chaos is dark and hopeless. For instance, a simple rule is, take all adverbs back and make them follow in the wake of their verbs, not 'In the beginning was the Word,' but 'The Word was in the beginning'; otherwise they think you are speaking of the beginning of John's Gospel, not of the eternal beginning.

"One of our happiest resolutions was to recover thousands of the Greek articles untranslated in our version. This we have already done in Luba.

"Again would I emphasize the great boon of meeting kindred spirits, whose lives are wedded to this great land and work."

In 1903, while visiting the station at Johnston Falls (Mambidima) where "Brother White is going at the language very hopefully," he notes the unconscious aid rendered to the translations by the ubiquitous Arab. This gentleman has enriched with Arabic terms one of the Eastern Bantu languages, namely, Swahili; and further his itinerating propensities have familiarized the whole of the Eastern half of tropical Africa with that language, so that many of his importations have been Bantu-ized and adapted by local variations to form valuable additions to the vocabularies of many tribal tongues. Of one such term he wrote thus:

"The Arab never dreamed that his advent into heathendom would aid the preaching of the Gospel, yet this is so in the word 'Bin-adamu' (Adam-sonship), which he introduced.

"It is now ordinarily used for 'humaneness,' but it is a boon in translating the Epistle to the Romans, as it lightens up the otherwise unintelligible."

And again in September, 1906, he wrote:

"As some are interested in our translation of the Old Testament, here is an example. To-day I was reminded most vividly how accurately Africa has been called an 'Old Testament land.' Conceive, I beg of you, what a thrill it gives

* In later years Dan Crawford used repeatedly to say, apropos of language and its appreciation, "The unit of speech is the sentence."

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one to hear a chief actually use the two famous Hebrew words that stand at the head of the first chapter of Genesis. Describing a tangled state of chaos, the man said: 'Yes, it is all *tohu* and *bohu* down there.' I say, to hear an old Luban utter literally these historic Hebrew words is surely to thrill one to a realization of the fundamental one-ness of the human race. It proves, too, in some sense, that even Africa has been under a schoolmaster to be led up to Christ."

Although Mr. Crawford never published, indeed never completed to his own satisfaction, the dictionaries and grammar notes earlier referred to, yet of his unceasing application to the problems of expression in Bantu languages, one great and lasting monument remains—his translations, and in particular his translation of the whole Bible into the Luba language.

The Luba peoples form one of the most important and cultivated tribes of the Bantu race. Their present home country would seem to be between latitudes 5° and 10° south of the equator, and between the Kasai on the west, and the Lualaba on the east, both of them large northerly running tributaries of the Congo River; but they are found beyond those limits in all directions. Eastward they reach out to Lakes Tanganyika and Mweru, and southward as far as the copper countries of Katanga. The Luba language, once common to the ancestry of them all, now shows extensive dialectical differences in the various areas settled by them. Moreover, the languages of invaded tribes have, in their respective countries, left their mark upon its local variations and vocabulary. Where Mr. Crawford first learned it, it co-existed with Sanga. While he purged out much that was more Sanga than Luba, yet his writings, in view of those they were primarily designed to serve, designedly show the Sanga influence. For the benefit, therefore, of Europeans, the language of his Testament has been described as Luba-Sanga. The invented compound name is, of course, otherwise unknown to the natives, who refer to the language simply as Luba without qualifying it; while at the same time it is a commonplace with them to recollect and recognize that other folk speak Luba with considerable modifications.

Of the Luba tongue Sir H. Johnston has said that it is probably the fullest and most beautiful of the Bantu languages.

It is for time to tell how Mr. Crawford's version of the Bible may ultimately rank amongst African translations of God's Word; yet it may be prophesied with some confidence that its place will be high. The language flows freely; it is smoothly idiomatic; its vocabulary is very extensive and employed with keen perception; it makes full use of the great syntactical range allowed by the structure of the language. Competent natives, able to compare several versions, have acclaimed it as being written, not in chi-Sungu (that is, "White Man's dialect") but in their own language.

As early as 1891 Dan wrote four hymns while living with Mushidi. The first MSS. to be put into print was a small reader, called at first *Panene panene* (*Little by Little*), whose title was afterwards changed to *Pache pache*, as being more idiomatic. This was taken by him to Livingstonia when he went to Nyasaland in 1896 to meet and marry his fiancée. Next, in 1899, came a collection of sixty hymns and a translation of Harry's *Catechism*.* It will be remembered that Mr. Crawford had been brought up in the Free Church of Scotland. (*For note on Harry's Catechism see page 461.*)

In 1903, at Livingstonia, Dr. Laws printed separately, largely for use as readers, two Gospels, those of Mark and John. And in 1904 the National Bible Society of Scotland paid for and published the whole New Testament from the press at Livingstonia. Of his work on this version he wrote in 1902 to Mr. Corson:

"I feel in this holy work of Bible translation how very heart-brokenly humble one *must* be, before God can do anything by one. On the other hand, one also feels that in work of this kind: *here* is 'the Sword of the Lord *and of Gideon!*' As I scratch, scratch with my pen in translation, I feel the *double* edge of the Lord's sword cutting at me! Oh! sharp is the sword of our God, and His Right Arm is glorious!

"It was a happy idea of our Luban cannibal to call 'mwanda'—'a word,' literally '*The conqueror*' (from verb ANDA—to conquer). The idea is, that where the *word* of an African chief is there is power: that the chief says: 'Do this!' and it is done! What a beautiful illustration, too, this is, of John's vision in Revelation. John saw One called the WORD of God and He went forth *conquering* and to *conquer*! This, too, is the meaning of the African chief's remark '*My Word is my Spear!*' He, the Chief, does not

fight: he merely *speaks*, and war begins! What a happy conception, then, of the Word of God these raw people can have!"

And again in October, 1902:

"You will forgive my silence in the past, but I have been 'shut in' to a great work—translating God's New Testament into this Luba language. This means long years of preliminary 'scaffolding' work: and a result that is most surprising! Romans, for instance, almost *speaks*: the Pauline phraseology being so attainable in Africa! Again, John is not the same Greek as Luke, say, and the Chiluba is accordingly different. I kept a notebook for 'shavings' all the time, of course, and really never knew my Bible before! Then above all, hush of soul is very necessary and, in fact 'who is sufficient for these things?' The cry seems to sound out from the Throne of God 'Take off thy shoes from off thy feet—the ground is holy!'"

Again early in 1903:

"This makes life full of sap and spice! God's Word is His dwelling! 'Make me a Sanctuary in every language!' is His Divine call! In the Sanctuary making, too, there is the old command: '*Make all things according to the Pattern!*' Not A Pattern, but THE Pattern! Only too as this Book is according to the Pattern can He dwell therein. *The Presence* will be there if His pattern is there!

"Englishmen up to now have no knowledge of the African languages, and even the Governments flounder about and misunderstand the African because of this! God called this *a curse* and so it is! As a curse God said He would bring up against the Israelites: '*A nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand!*' We, then, are changing *curse* to *blessing* in granting that every man shall hear in his own tongue! A prophecy of God's great African Pentecost, let us hope."

At about the same time he made an undated entry in a diary-notebook to the effect that he had been unable for several days to do any translating, because the joy of his Lord had been dimmed for him. He found that it was not possible and believed it could not be right to attempt the rendering of God's Word while in a low state of soul.

When the MSS. of the whole New Testament were at length completed he found that he could not let them out

of his hands, and so himself carried them to Lake Nyasa. Dating his letter from Livingstonia on the 25th September, 1903, Mr. Crawford wrote again to Mr. Corson, whose prayerful interest and faith in the value of this work was of the greatest value to him, saying :

" I am sending on again a few lines to report progress made in the great work I am engaged in. The New Testament has now reached its 190th page in printing : the proofs are read fully five times before the version reaches solemn finality. Printers' type is so very nearly sentient and alive : so liable, that is to say, to get out of place, that one breathes a happy feeling of rest when at last it is stereotyped.

" You remember that John saw apocalyptically one called ' The Word of God,' and on His head were many crowns. These crowns I like to think figurative of the numerous languages of the world which the Word of God subjugates ! When the ' Young Prince of Glory ' died on Calvary, written over His Head were the three inscriptions in 1, *Latin* : 2, *Greek* : and 3, *Hebrew* ! Three of His Crowns ! So, too, on His Head are many crowns as Royal Word of God : for Daniel says : ' *It was given Him that all languages should serve Him.*' Christ will have a Crown for each language !

" Thus : out of Babel will we get God's Salem : and from confusion will eventuate the peace of His own Heavenly language ! "

Of this 1904 edition, Dr. Donald Fraser, African missionary and one-time Moderator of the United Free Church, said : " One of the best things that have come in these past years has been a Testament . . . translated by . . . Mr. Crawford, who, I fancy, is the greatest linguist we have anywhere in Central Africa." However, Dan himself wrote that : " It was weak a bit, wooden a bit, earthen a bit—but does not God put his treasure in an earthen vessel ? " But he could also write of it, eighteen years after it had been put into circulation—" It was the very first translation of God's Word in this Far Interior. It did great work. It saved souls. It became their Magna Charta." Nevertheless, its dissemination was slow, and somewhat disappointing to the publishers, only about 500, as against 4,750 Gospels, being used. The reason for this was that there was no considerable reading population.

In 1923, a revision, amounting almost to a new translation, was put out from Edinburgh by the same Society.

Altogether, some 5,500 of these Testaments were circulated in the years 1923-27. Of these all but 200 had the Psalms bound with them.

To Rev. R. H. Falconer he sent the following description of the arrival of the first dispatches of this revised Testament :

" The great day at last ! Two perspiring couriers come up the Palm Avenue, the sun shining on their spears afar off and heliographing their approach. Down go the brown sacks from their brown shoulders, and nothing more tangible than intuition tells me that—yes, there THEY are ! This " THEY " in large capitals means our long-loved, long looked-for New Testament published by the National Bible Society.

" I sobbed. The men smiled. One of our preachers sang. And then all of us prayed. It has been the talk of a thousand camp fires one thousand times. Its arrival had been preached and prophesied about. And now at last when it comes we are awed into a child-like (not childish) uncanny contrition. Are we going to be worthy of it ? Are we now going to translate the Word into Deed ?

" The Bible substantiates all we say ; liquid speech substantiated by printed page. But will we really transubstantiate all it so substantiates ?

" Then the News spread. Straight as the topography of our Luanza would allow it, it spread and spread in a land that never had any book but the Book. No newspaper ever in this land. One Oh-be-joyful sort of man gushed out at a street corner in prayer : ' Lord,' he cried, ' now I have *all* : I have a gun to shoot with, bullets to charge it with, arrows for my bow, and a net for catching many fish.' It was all genuine good-hearted gush. It was all honest heart-hunger in a hungry land.

" To my knowledge, the only bit of Bible that hits off majestically this heathen Bible-hunger is away back in I Samuel 3. ' And the Word of the Lord was precious in those days : *there was no open vision.*' Now, the open Book means the open Vision.

" The elders had vowed to sit up all night reading it, but before that, at sun-down, we sound sleepers had an open-air thanksgiving meeting when my text was :

" ' But blessed are your eyes, for they see : and your ears, for they hear. For verily I say unto you, That many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear and have not heard them.' "

Much of the first work on the Vemba Testament was Mr. Crawford's. Hymns he was continually writing—they totalled nearly 400 before his death. The following is illuminating :

" 30th November, 1905.

" Beloved Brother Corson. This sheet of paper was destined to contain the fourth verse of a new hymn I am translating into Luba. Its sister sheet contains the three preceding verses and just as I took up this clean sheet to do the translational deed, lo ! and behold, *you* came into my mind like a flash of sunlight ! And said D. Crawford to D. Crawford : ' Paul is not known to have translated any hymns, but he is notoriously known as a good correspondent to his friends ! ' Now, I must say, Paul is my ideal, though like all ideals we attain not thereunto !

" Talking about Paul reminds me of the cloak he had left at Troas and the fact that he hadn't Brother Corson to send him a new one ! Another instance of the disciples of the 20th century having a better time than their Lord.

" I notice, nowadays, in the line of prophetic literature a great tendency to cry up Paul ! Paul ! These eloquent lecturers seem to find it an easy way out of many a difficulty. But why say Paul ! Paul ! and do not the things that Paul did ? Paul was a ragged, out-at-the-elbows Gospeller, going to the earth's end on God's Gospel. And yet they ' Paul ! Paul ! ' him and stay at home ! "

In his translating he quite early saw the absolute necessity of working direct from the original languages for his text. For this purpose he accordingly taught himself Greek, of which language his scanty education in youth had taken no account. It was before the days of correspondence colleges and courses ; but it was correspondence with his brother-in-law, Mr. T. Tilsley, who was a schoolmaster, which set his feet in the path to a deep knowledge of New Testament Greek. While in the States, in 1913-14, he read for Dr. Robertson the proofs of his monumental *Grammar of New Testament Greek*. Scholarly onlookers were amazed thereupon to see a man just emerged from years in the back blocks of Central Africa discussing with keenest discernment the finest points of an ancient language with America's foremost specialist in the subject.

Of Hebrew he gradually developed a reasonable working knowledge. Of modern European languages, in addition

to English, he spoke at one time Portuguese ; and later on French. He was always somewhat uncertain about his tenses in this last, but his vocabulary was more than usually extensive, and he had acquired a wide-reaching stock of essential gallicisms, and even of lively argot such as astounded the Belgian officials upon whom he loosed it in conversational floods. More than one of them, having used French from birth, has asked : " But where does he get it from ? Never would it have suggested itself to me ; but when he employs it one perceives that it is precisely *le mot juste*."

One reason for his outstanding linguistic powers lay in the very thing that irked others, his fellow-workers ; to wit, that he would never permit himself to suppose he had attained finality. He was always on the look-out for a fresh word, an unknown idiom. He would often, up to the very last, come excitedly running over to the doctor's dispensary, or to his tiny bungalow, shouting out " Hullo ! Hullo ! Are you there, my boy ? * Got a new word this morning."

A lady missionary asked him, in 1924, what might be the exact force of a word which, while journeying, she had several times heard used of places where a certain caravan, which had preceded hers, had camped. The word in question was a verb, *ku didila*. Mr. Crawford replied that he did not know any specialized use of the word ; but that the form of its derivation from *ku dila*, signifying " to eat," possibly gave it the (augmentative) sense—applied to the previous campers, the ashes of whose fires had been pointed out—of their having, not merely eaten there, but of their having had a *good* feed. But a few days later he rushed back from the native town in keen excitement because he had heard *didila* in use ; and discovered that it emphasized not the *extent* of the feed, but the *exactness of the spot* where precisely they had eaten it. In this way he was ever ready to learn.

In 1923, he said : " As I get older, every day I suspect myself more in the language." And of missionary life in

* At other times it would be : " Hullo ! Hullo ! " (at thirty yards distance). " Where's Munanga ? " (to some African in the offing). " Good morning, Little Lady, good morning " (to Mrs. Tilsley). " Oh, there you are, old boy. What d'you think of this ? Something I never saw before." And so proceed to illuminate some phrase of the Word with a flash of spiritual light.

general, with particular reference to language: "Always keep your sensitiveness. It would be awful to lose receptivity to new impressions . . . terrible to get into a groove."

And again, at a time when he was day and night slogging away at the completion of his MSS. of the Old Testament: "The translation! Ugh! I criticize it more every day. Let the natives do it. It's the only way." He never would set about to obtain a word by direct questioning. He would sometimes work for days, guiding the talk of old men around some subject in the hope of hearing a phrase that would hit off a situation for which he needed the exact word, but which he would not reveal for fear of forcing an artificiality. When urged by some to adopt the method of direct inquiry, in order to speed up the last phase of the work on the Old Testament, he repeatedly said: "If you have them in (i.e., the tribesmen) and question them, they only attitudinize. Let them go their own way; and we must wait till we hear it." And then, for himself at least, he would clinch the ruling with one of the clean-cut phrases he so loved to interject into his talk: "True hearing is over-hearing."

So that up to the very last he was continually polishing up his translations, which reaped the benefit even of the very latest of his discoveries. During most of 1924 and '25 he worked very hard at completing the MSS. of the Old Testament.

To the Bible Society * in Edinburgh, he wrote:

"The end of 1925 saw a great thing. We finished the last line of the Old Testament translation on 31st December, 1925, and then had a solemn Dedication-of-Manuscript Service. This ends a thirty years service for God!

"All the time I laboured at this work of Old Testament translation one thought seized, and, I trust, sanctified many a turn of the pen. This, thrillingly this, that the Old Testament was Christ's Bible, *all* the Bible He had. So, too, Paul and the blessed Apostles, the Old Testament was their only canon and court of appeal."

* The National Bible Society of Scotland undertook the big task of publication. In 1926, after Mr. Crawford's death, they appealed for £2,000 for the purpose. This amount was speedily gifted, subscriptions pouring in not only from Scotland, England and Ireland, but also from U.S.A., Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Uruguay, Sweden, Spain, Palestine and Burma.

And to his dear friends at Mbereshi, the London Missionary Society station in N.E. Rhodesia, he wrote, only three months before his death :

10. 2. 26.

" Beloved Mr. & Mrs. Turner,

" As the end of the year has seen the exciting end of my translation of the Whole Bible, let me pen these words in the holy hush now supervening in my soul. Therefore, I shall make straight for something that had stirred my soul, an instance of God saving *by His Word*.

" Let me here record as legitimate history one more proof that the Word of God, the written Word does go forth conquering and to conquer. Man can becloud the clear sunshine of the Gospel ; but when we leave a soul ' alone with the Book,' what is the result ? Oh ! yes, soon that soul, when exercised, prefers man's room to man's company. It comes very commonly and conqueringly to this : that in the Bible, Christ is so certainly speaking to the soul His own deathless words that we must leave Soul and Saviour alone : we must let His speaking silence ours : we must never interrupt Him with our own weak-as-water commentary."

He then narrates in his own way an incident that had just then come to his notice. A certain Roman Catholic, surprisingly enough, had been convinced that the New Testament was a precious book doing immense good ; so convinced, indeed, that he had written to the *Catholic Times* to say so. On one occasion he had given a New Testament to a Jesuit priest, who, on visiting in prison a criminal condemned to death, had passed it on to him. The prisoner was saved in the lonely reading of the Word of God.

Dan closes by writing :

" This incident has so cheered me on, that rather than spoil this letter with Hebrew idioms and translation pitfalls I have enlarged on it as proof that the Bible, the Word, is worth all the time and treasure expended on it. There is life in a look at God's own Book.

" And this no-Book land did mean a no-Look land. We speak of a strategic point ; and we are blind as bats if, in this no-Book-but-the-Bible land, we see not the most supremely strategic position in the earth.

" So ends happily 1925.

" Loyally yours in God,
" Konga Vantu."

DAN CRAWFORD

His translations laid a coping-stone on the edifice of his life's work. In the fact that the last three years of his life were so definitely devoted to a completion of the gigantic task, and that he was allowed to complete his MSS. within so short a time before his home-call, one cannot but see the Hand of God, who called him to his labours in Africa, and who, when they were ended, but not until then, called him away from them.

X

BIBLE-SCHOOLS

WHEN Mr. Crawford visited Nyasaland in 1896, he then, for the first time, came into intimate contact with mission work which could at all be described as settled and centrally organized. Then for the first time, he heard talk, not of "pioneering" but of mission policies. As always when missionaries meet together, the vital subject of mission tactics cropped up again and again. In their talk with him, the workers of the Livingstonia Mission and of the Zambesi Industrial Mission naturally proceeded on the assumption that the work in which he was engaged was at least based on some organized foundation and followed some formulated policy. To him, both the work he saw and the talk he heard were entirely unfamiliar. His understanding of Christianity had been gained, experimentally, from the point of view of an individualistic conversion and attachments, not to a system of religion, but to personal loyalty to Christ. His burning love for His Master had found one sufficient outlet, both at home and in Africa; namely, speaking about Him, in season and out, with a view to the conversion of other individuals. That there might be other means of making disciples than the primary method of preaching (necessarily and indissolubly married to godly living) had probably but distantly occurred to him. He had certainly never so much as consulted with himself as to the advisability of adding to, or substituting for, his itinerating preaching, any other means of effecting an entry for the Gospel in the interior lands into which he had penetrated.

He knew nothing of an organized mission; he had no home committee, no society to whom he looked for his support; he was responsible to God and drew supplies from God. Reports; statistics; constituencies and their clamouring for pictures of visible accomplishments; stipendiary systems—all these commonplaces of mission-station talk were unfamiliar to him. Indeed, he was even a protester

against codified creeds ; against clerisy and all its ramifications and implications ; and even against all forms of federalization of churches. His entire thought and habit were moulded to a whole-hearted individualism, which, in principle at least, and largely in practice, he allowed to others equally with himself. The missionaries whom he met not only did not share such views, but were astounded to discover that anyone held them, and bewildered to conceive how it could be possible to carry them into effect in a pagan land.

He was unprepared for discussion of " methods " with those who thought largely in terms of education, hygiene, and civilization.

His own " method " was so simple, so devoid of artifice, so direct, that in an atmosphere of workshops, schools and uplift it seemed naïve. Well, it *was* naïve. But he believed it effective. Others have thought so, too. Octavia Hill's notion of reform, as she wrote to Ruskin, was " to live side by side with people, till all that one believes become livingly clear to them." That was Dan Crawford's simple notion of evangelization. Like Miss Hill he believed most radically that he has the most power for good who goes amongst people *as if he was one of them, entering into all their thoughts.*

No wonder, therefore, that while Dr. Laws found him enthusiastic and lovable, he should have found him also " an elusive personality." " During his stay with us," wrote Dr. Laws of his visit in 1896, " we learned much about his work, but he had been so long living apart from other Europeans that he showed in a marked degree the characteristic of those who have done that, having a great tendency to break off from the subject of conversation to follow up some irrelevant idea which turned up. This made it very difficult to get the consecutive history of any part of his work and the lessons it had for others." But Dr. Laws knew him later on, and is able to add : " With companionship, and especially that of such a practical helpmeet as Mrs. Crawford, he overcame this very much in later years, to our great delight and advantage."

From the time of his brief contact with " missions " in Nyasaland, " schools " begin to figure in Dan's scheme of Gossiping. First a school in Luanza itself ; later a first tentative out-school ; then another ; and a few more. In 1910, when he left Luanza for Europe, there were about

a dozen. After his return in 1915, he pushed this feature of the work very strongly, not only directly himself, but also by encouraging others to its initiation and by making himself largely responsible for the finances of its development in their hands. Before he died he had seen them extend southward along the lake and up the Luapula as far as Johnston Falls; south-eastward along the road to and from the railway centre of government at Elisabethville; westward in a group up and down Disera beyond the Kundelungu mountains; and northward and eastward toward Lake Tanganyika. There were also groups in Rhodesia and around Bunkeya.

On March 1st, 1896, he wrote: "Yesterday we opened the big schoolhouse." It is typical of his lasting conception of the function of the schools, which he afterwards refused to call merely "schools" but insisted upon terming "Bible-schools," that the Scripture he chose for the opening service was the Lord's command in Matthew 28. He says that he tried "to pass along the dear cadence of the phrases like 'uttermost parts of the earth' in all their import of love." For him, the "schools" were a means to the making of disciples, and that only.

He was very anxious that the new thing should be accepted by the people as their own, and not be regarded as an imposition of the whites for some mysterious purpose all their own. Accordingly, with statecraft to be understood by African chieftains and leaders, he caused its opening to be ceremonious, and associated with himself in it the main chiefs of the neighbourhood.

"Whom have we here?" he wrote. "First of all Kansungwa, the oldest man in the whole land, whose very name is a proverb now. Then Nkuva, the landlord of these parts, who fell back upon us during Shimba's raiding; and then Makonshe, the chief next in status to him; and he is followed by Chendamayo (successor-elect to the old Kansungwa) whose life we saved two years ago. So much for the aborigines of this part. The next racial division is abrupt, including Vemba and Yeke men, types of different cast, but confirming the truth that neither virtue nor vice can be nationalized. The first of these latter is C——, erstwhile daring looter, of the Shimba type. He rebelled against Mushidi I, and being in Lubule bog was inaccessible. Though Mushidi never captured him, Mpweto was paid in advance by the old man to

'break' C——. The roads were watched for many a day, and it was only in the stealthiest manner by night that the poor fellow ran in to us for shelter. When Mpweto came to pay us a visit, the incredible sight was witnessed of these two chiefs sitting on the same mat. 'Ah!' said Mpweto, eyeing the man whom he had hunted down for his life, 'the times are changed when I, Mpweto, look you in the face and live.'"

Anything like regular tuition in a stationary school was out of the question for an itinerator like Dan himself. Nor had he at all the pedagogical temperament. He could lecture but not teach: especially he could not give time to inculcating the mere means to the end of knowledge. But he could inspire others to exercise their gifts; and in that way his "school" of young men who travelled with him, and who grew into a knowledge of his faith and his aims, led to invaluable results. Moreover, it required no effort for the African to understand such associations: it was education as they understood it—a discipleship (*bwana bwa bwanga*) such as was, amongst themselves, the customary method for the preservation of wisdom and the continuity of policy in their bookless lands. Was the Galilean discipleship far otherwise?

So that it was not till reinforcements arrived that school work, as generally understood, could be commenced. And it was never Mr. Crawford himself who taught.

Mr. Cobbe was the first. Mr. Pomeroy was another. But in the early years of its inception, the work of the Luanza school was subject to frequent interruptions. In 1899 Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were in charge, and, with more Europeans in the country, were able to devote themselves to it with consequent greater regularity in the sessions. With the coming of Mrs. Anderson, a school for women was commenced, which was the occasion of considerable apprehensions on the part of the tribesmen. They feared that it might lead to a lessening of the useful domesticity of their wives. The women themselves, with the usual conservatism of their sex, disliked it as being an innovation.

In December of that year Mr. Crawford wrote:

"We have now entered a very new epoch in our work here—the literature era, when we behold very old men making a

brave try to spell out their letters. To see these old people, for whom all the sap and the spice of life is gone, at this reading with an evident gusto, is very gladdening. Every hour of every day gives us a reminder that they are a very ancient people ; as they live to-day so did they live centuries ago, and yet their actual history, as narrated over the faggots, is a tale of only yesterday, the sixth chief of a dynasty being a very old stock ! Hence, probably, this zest for reading, in which ' dead men's voices may be heard, and the far past brought to the eyes.' "

It was on 2nd November, 1900, that he wrote :

" Yesterday we were over at the Muntemune gorge " (about an hour and a half's march away ; and where the early settlement had been at Chipungu) " prospecting for an out-school. In Luanza we find that granted a real live school you hold the town in the hollow of your hand. From the mother school we hope for a band of young teachers to radiate out."

In January, 1903, he was revisiting the scene where Mushidi's capital had been. He was entertained by the old potentate's son Mwenda, who was then the chief of the Yeke. He found that this young man could read, and had actually taught two of his youths to do the same. Mr. Crawford was prompted to reflect that, from the point of view of a missionary who pinned his faith to his Bible, " the great initial lack in Africa is a reading population. The result is that schools are the serious need." He adds that when Scripture is used as a text book its holy words are often chanted flippantly and meaninglessly so that " one could sometimes wish there were other text books." He remarks also that " there is, perhaps, too great a tendency to believe that an adept reader is necessarily going to be an adept Christian." That was always his fear : and he endeavoured by any means always to keep before himself and his helpers the prime objective of making disciples ; and in no way to permit that end to be obscured by any lesser one, such as he felt education might all too easily become. It was in consonance with his conviction that individual conversion was of paramount importance, rather than general uplift, that he recognized as " teachers " only such native men (and, after 1922, women) as were in good Christian standing. Not only so, but many of those

whom he did utilize were entirely illiterate, and confined themselves in the Bible-school and its neighbouring villages to preaching and to functions of public worship and witnessing for God.

Nor was this the case only in the earlier days, when literate natives were very rare, but remained so till the time of his death, long before which the number of readers had become much greater. After 1920, fully realizing that the demand in Africa for instruction in the knowledge and arts of the white man must needs be met somehow, he foresaw that governments would attempt to utilize and control mission schools. He prophesied that their intervention would eventually involve a complete secularization of education. With such a state of affairs he had no quarrel *per se*. But he foresaw and feared that much missionary energy would be drawn off from the evangelism which, as strongly as ever, he regarded as the first duty of every member of Christ. He anticipated that teaching would become a profession, a secular profession, amongst the natives. It would, of course, be natural that at first all the professional teachers, whether working directly or indirectly under the state, would be mission-school men, since they only would be qualified for the functions. He was apprehensive lest, when that time came, the tribes at large, and the churches in particular, seeing those who had been their preacher-teachers absorbed into whole-time secular teaching, should by default lose altogether the notion of the urgency and duty of evangelizing. To counteract as far as possible such a danger, which has, indeed, begun to show itself in not a few parts of Africa, he developed a practice of encouraging older Christian men, whether literate or not, to take up the responsibility of a "Bible-school," in which they preached and expounded God's mind, while younger men, responsible in a general way to them, were charged with the actual teaching of reading and writing and any other developments of secular education.

For these younger men who exercised a primitive pedagogy he retained the local form of a widespread title—viz., *mufundishi*,* that is, "teacher"; while for

* From the root signifying "to flay," as the skin off a dead animal; hence "to instruct," as in the initiation schools; cf. "I'll larn yer, yer young rascal. Let me catch yer. I'll *skin* yer."

the others, the Gospellers or evangelists, he put into use a word *musapwishi*, that is, "forthteller." He hoped thereby that so real an understanding might grow up of the distinction of gift, that when "teacher" (*mufundishi*) became, inevitably as he foresaw, a term primarily if not entirely secular, the recognized existence of a function of "evangelist" (*musapwishi*), might serve to maintain in the churches a sense of their high missionary privileges and duties.

In 1903-4, he was again, and for a longer period, living in the midst of the station life of a mission organized as capably and as spiritually as any in Africa—that of Livingstonia. He lived in Dr. Laws' cottage on the hill overhanging Nyasa, and esteemed it an honour to be there. He wrote :

"The education system here is very thorough, and after the severe Scotch type. This is the mother station of a large group, all the promising youth being drafted in from the out-stations, where they eventually return for definite work. 'A Bible-loving and Bible-fearing people' is Dr. Laws' ideal."

Back again in his own country with 60 loads of his Gospels and Testaments, he wrote in January, 1906 :

"The days are gone when a narrow centralization can avail in Africa. A Government Report just issued correctly characterizes it as a rural land ; the few exceptions include Luanza here. 'Go!' is the command of Christ, who said, 'Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also.' The peril of a ponderous, centralized mission-station is that, while the missionary may be very busy, the type of work is of the kind that the station itself creates. Meantime there are these needy hamlets dotted all about in the grass, each group loudly claiming its own Bible-school. There is no doubt that this is the only way of pressing home the Gospel to a village with a personal heart-thrust. A mere passing visit, a Gospel address in a village, followed by the old dreary relapse into heathen silence for a year or so, cannot do this. The challenge (for it is more than a call) comes from the people themselves. The black man of these lands has a similar question to that of the black man in the Acts : 'How can I read except someone teach me?' Import a million Bibles, and the land will ring out a million queries : How can we read except someone teach us ?

"The humble, rural aspect of this land of ours laughs at centralization. In the old days of stockades and guerilla warfare, the negroes crowded together in their filthy towns, but that is waning. The divinity that hedged a chief around is gone; his quondam subjects scatter among the hills, and we must seek them out. The people in the Sera plains need us*: the many on the North Shore need us†; and they need not a brief visit, but a Bible-school right in their midst. We have now five such schools in regular operation, but we are yet in the day of small things. From Livingstonia they have four hundred such outposts, and efficiency is the rule there, not the exception. The native is encouraged in his own hamlet, followed up with the message of grace and taught it; this indeed is the path of full fellowship with God in His Gospel.

"Do they like their school, these runaway negroes? They are proud of it. The Belgian soldiers pass it respectfully and come in sometimes to hear. Many a man has got hold of a mission hymn-book or Gospel as a mere fetish: it is *the reading* that gets home to his soul. This alone will fight encroaching Rome and break the crucifix—God's Word dominating and dwarfing all other issues.

"These Bible-schools mean, too, a new type of long-street hamlet, neat little square houses with a Scotch 'but and ben,' and in general a change for the better in the vital concern of sanitation. Kavombwe's village is this year going to be lined out in streets, and the school will be seen away at the end like a sort of toy town-hall. So, too, Kadeshi, where we have a school. At the harvest three chiefs are combining to build round the school in streets. A proof this, again, that these little mud edifices mean an advance on heathenism as to health conditions.

"Nor can we exclude the soldiers. There is no louder call and no more sincere desire for such a school than among these sternly disciplined troops. Among themselves they have improvised alphabet sheets and crudely teach themselves to read. For the last six weeks my soldiers' meeting was quite full of earnest hearers—sergeants, corporals and privates all sitting in dead silence.

"Christ owns the first printing-press in the country, and this at present shuts the land up to a Christian literature only, but we are dependent on God for the continuance and growth of the work."

Well may Dr. Laws say: "His stay at Livingstonia (1903-1904) modified the views up till then held by himself

* Not till 1916 did it become possible to open the first Bible-school here.

† A school was established in their midst about 1916.

and still more so by some of his colleagues regarding education. He saw our natives taught in schools to read the Scriptures ; and, by doing so in their own villages, becoming the evangelists of their fellow countrymen, and so multiplying the number of those who heard the Gospel far beyond the numbers to whom the Europeans could preach. The result was, the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom. His seeing these facts . . . led to his establishment of Bible-schools in a way he had not attempted before."

When Dr. Laws visited Luanza a few years later in company with Dr. Chisholm, he "rejoiced to see the strong steadily-growing Christian community, deeply spiritual in their outlook on life, and with the duty of spreading the Gospel as the first thing required of them all." He also noted—and where would one find a more competent judge?—that the model regularity of laying out and building in Luanza, and the attention to sanitation and hygiene, showed that Christianity had scope there to work out its practical side.

In September of the same year the following incident made Mr. Crawford consider even more definitely the problem of the provision of Bible-schools for communities at distances beyond those where almost daily visitation from Luanza was still possible.

"Sept. 6. 1906.

"Here is an offer from a native chief. He came to Luanza and was saved and baptized, being in fellowship with us for about two years. The Government are prepared to reinstate him in his own chieftainship in the south. But he wants a teacher to go with him to build a Gospel hall and make that ancestral home of his ring with God's praise. It was the haunt of devil-worship and will now be a place where Christ is blessed. What shall we answer this chief? Where is our supply of outpost evangelists to come from?"

In 1907 he was a good deal occupied in mind with the Arab influences then in the land ; and figured that the Bible-school was the most effective counter to the charge of their soul-numbing externalisms. Early in that year he wrote :

"Here, surely, is a puzzle of a man—this scared-soul, pharisaic Arab! Many a time he makes us sigh aloud his own

saying, 'How many are the roads that lead *not* to the heart !' When you preach to him powerfully and incisively he keeps his eyes towards Mecca, hoping that his very attitude will shield him from your arrows. How hard it is to win his soul can best be imagined when you know that he has cursed the Lord's Table with a tenfold curse. . . . We rejoice to tell these Arabs that the cup Christ drank had more than ten curses in it, for He drank for us the whole curse of God.

"The irony of all this cursing on the Arab's part is that for many a day his race was literally called 'The Curse' (*Burwani*) in Central Africa. His ascendancy here was a nightmare of dark, blighting curse. Still, he laughs at the ordinary European's disdain of the nigger, and has far more respect for him than Mr. White-man has. He asks, 'Was not the Prophet descended from an African woman? Were there not mighty negroes like Washi? Were there not negro poets, too, and is not the thirty-first chapter of the Koran ascribed to a negro, the great Looman (known to the Greeks as *Æsop*)?' The English talk jealously of Arab ascendancy in Africa, but if the Arab gets closer it is because he is a kinsman with the subtle link of racial sympathy. He is grateful for what the meanest can offer, sits down on the ground like him, and eats the same sort of food; and thus is dangerously near the negro, scoring easy first against the Englishman.

"The twice-repeated statement in newspapers of there being Arab mosques in every village around Mweru is, however, an error, though little circles of Koran readers exist among the trading Arabs. To see a negro with the Koran in his hands is to the Arab an incongruity and an indecency. In our anxiety to give him the Bible, the native therefore at once sees a point in our favour.

"A Bible-school in the village will be like the change from everybody's having to go out to the well for water, to its being turned on in every house.

"Just as God used the high-handed Roman for the furtherance of His Gospel, so the Arab, if only in his language, is a great factor of power. Here on Lake Mweru, every day, natives use words used thousands of years ago by the Psalmist David, a whole nomenclature essentially Hebrew in character, for which corresponding words were wanting in the raw African dialects. The keen, critical eye of the Arab is a wholesome corrective, too, to much false pretence in whitewashed 'rice Christians,' such as love to flaunt hymn-book or Testament in the face of illiterate negroes—a sure sign that they do not even know their A B C! The Arab's taunt to them is: 'The blind man was so chagrined at his loss of eyesight that he bought a looking-glass.'"

BIBLE SCHOOLS

In April, 1907, he wrote :

" I have crossed Lake Mweru, taking all the benighted villages on the ' North Shore ' and worked out at Chiengi. How they entreat us, these negroes ! How they beg for a school ! How they tear our feelings with the appeal to prove by coming amongst them that God means it all !

" We see plainly here the terrors of transition. These are twofold : first, of a raw white man arriving in Africa for the first time, the terror of transition from the machinery of Europe to the unorganized, weltering mass of heathendom ; and the other, diametrically opposed, that of the raw black man emerging from the mud to touch, taste and handle the dazzling innovation of civilization."

Thus it was that when the number of converts in the church at Luanza grew from one, who was Mushimishi, to five, from five to ten, from ten on to fifty, and so toward the first hundred, evangelism became their first pre-occupation, and the bush Bible-school established itself in Dan's mind as an effective means for the spread of the Gospel.

Stipends for spiritual work (*see page 485*).

Mr. Crawford fully realised that scriptures such as Luke 10. 7 ; I Cor. 9. 4-9 ; I Tim. 5. 18 inculcate the duty of Christians, including African Christians, to minister in material ways to those who serve the churches in things spiritual. He had no objection to the giving and receiving of *free-will offerings*, but on the contrary encouraged it as from the Native Christians to evangelists and pastors.

XI

FINANCE

ONLY after his visits to Nyasaland had Crawford been really awakened to the need of creating a reading population ; for only when he saw the indifferent reception which his people accorded to the Gospels and Testament, upon which he had spent so much labour, and which Livingstonia had printed for him, did he fully realize that they had no conception of how to profit by them. Then it was that he had become roused to urge upon the tribes that everyone should learn to read. And then it was that he had begun to establish schools.

The demand for, and commencing development of evangelistic effort in out-lying areas carried out by native Christians, and including secular teaching, notwithstanding that this was regarded as secondary to a primary objective of making disciples, was bound to raise the question of remuneration. Where a stipendiary system is in force, as is the case with the church life as well as with the missionary efforts of the majority of Christians, the difficulty is merely that of obtaining sufficient funds to pay the approved workers for their time, irrespective of whether that time is devoted by them to spiritual or to secular work. But in the case of Mr. Crawford and his colleagues, the white missionaries had not only laid aside their own means of livelihood, but on principle had repudiated all stipend. They looked to no one for remuneration. Their Heavenly Father knew of what they stood in need ; and He would add unto them all things that were necessary for the body if they sought first the Kingdom of God.

Ought a missionary with such views about his own manner of life to expect of early converts in a non-Christian country that they also should be found willing, without looking for a stipend, to engage in the various labours such as preaching and teaching, which he, the missionary, decided were necessary for the furthering of the Gospel ? Ought he not, perhaps, to wait till they themselves initiated

work ? Or should he engage suitable men as his underlings upon consideration of a stipend, even though for himself he had decided against it ? Was there any possible compromise ? Such were some of the questionings in Dan's mind at this time. Could he, as one interested in education, pay men to *teach* secular subjects, such as should eventuate in a population able to read the Bible, and at the same time hope that they or others would *preach* out of love for the Master without looking to him as an individual or to the "Mission" for a stipend ? It is a subject which has often caused much heart-searching. Mr. Crawford was well aware of its alternatives. He was, and remained to the end, entirely against the giving and receiving of stipends for spiritual work. (*See note on page 483.*)

While the only school was yet that in Luanza itself, he wrote : " In our quickly-growing assembly here in Luanza, we have only two local young men who draw wages from us, these being school-teachers." So far, so good ; *their* work was purely secular. The preaching and leading of worship in Luanza was mainly conducted by the white men. He added : " All other brethren and sisters support themselves by selling the produce of their fields." That word " local " is worth noting : because for a time he employed two men trained at Livingstonia whom he imported to blaze the teaching trail for the local Christian men. They received wages agreed upon before they migrated to Luanza. They were, in Mr. Crawford's view, personal employees of his own.

The close association of the thought of the " assembly," that is, the church or *ecclesia* of local Christians, with that of pay *versus* self-support is indicative of a pressure which was constantly being brought to bear upon him : namely, the expectation of the African that the wealthy (as it appeared to him) white missionary would surely support all and sundry who were admitted into the Society of his God.

He wrote that the missionary, like a postman, was all too often welcomed in Africa for what he brought, not for what he taught. To look upon him as a postman " would have been all right," he said, " had the people regarded him as God's postman bringing God's *letter* : but what they view him as is a *parcels* postman " ; one, that is, who produces material benefits without cost to the recipients.

Since the days when crowds followed the Christ because He had fed them, that self-seeking spirit has never lacked. Dan always hated it. Borrowing the term from China, he called it "Rice-Christianity."

When out-schools became more general with him, and the teacher was also a preacher, he preferred to say, and not only preferred but insisted on saying, not that the teacher also preached, but that the preacher had taken up some teaching; not that the school was used as a chapel, but that the village meeting-hut was being used at times as a school. And that emphasis did, in point of fact, rightly represent his steady aim.

Accordingly, while he was accustomed to try to meet the actual needs of the evangelist teachers, he did not in the early years guarantee to them a stipend, as he had done to the first employed *teachers* in Luanza, but gave them gifts as occasion offered. He was most insistent that what they received was *bupe*, that is, "a free gift," and not *mfweto*, that is, "wages," such as his work-people received. Toward the last, when the number of the village evangelists had greatly increased, and he was trying to stress the difference between the teacher, *mufundishi*, and the preacher, *musapwishi*, he permitted himself to make payments to the Bible-school evangelists on a routine basis. To do so was repugnant to him, and he would not handle the money himself, but made arrangements with white traders at Mpweto and at Kilwa to do the paying out for him according to a scale he laid down. With the traders he settled from time to time. Nevertheless, he still vehemently, and so up till the time of his death, repudiated the words "pay" and "wages," and insisted that what was received through his stewardship was *bupe bwa Leza* (gift of God).

That is to say, his decision upon this difficult matter always was to proceed on the principle of "no stipend for spiritual work." This did not interfere with his paying wages for purely secular labour. Nor did he feel that it shut the door upon his feeling personally responsible that those who gave themselves to *midimo ya Leza*, the work of God, should not suffer any unreasonable lack.

All this matter of his Bible-schools is inextricably mixed up with the question of finance. An extended scheme involving even a moderate expenditure would have been out of the question before his furlough in 1911-1915; and



Photographs by

KAPENDA: KONGA VANTU'S
SECOND AFRICAN CONVICT.



G. J. Fisher.

A SERA CHIEFTAIN.



Photograph by

BIBLE-SCHOOL IVANGI LISTS WITH THE TUBA NEW TESTAMENT

G. J. Fisher.

To face page 480.

that simply because the gifts which he received up till that time but barely sufficed to keep life going on even the simplest of scales. When he returned in 1915 the financial aspect was altered; and that in two directions. In the first place money had become the sole real currency in the country, where previously commodities such as cloth and meat had worked wonders, and moreover, the protection of living with the white man had itself possessed a market value, so that labour in and about the town of Luanza had been a civic duty and had cost nothing; and on the other hand *Thinking Black* had made quite a lot of money—a lot, at least, it seemed to penniless missionaries; and also the gifts which Mr. Crawford received from that time forward for the work of God in his hands were greatly increased. In the years subsequent to the Treaty of Versailles, Congo currency fluctuated very greatly before ending by being stabilized at about one-seventh of its pre-war value.

The question of finance was necessarily in Mr. Crawford's mind a good deal. Looking back toward that time, he later frequently remarked on what seemed to him the God-directed coincidence that to him who had never had any before money came at the very period when, for the first time, the lack of considerable sums would have seriously handicapped the extension of the work. As it was, the increased funds more than counter-balanced the greater cost of maintenance, so that he was able, on his return to Katanga in 1915, to push ahead with all the work for which it seemed to him and to others the country was ripe. He was relieved of the trying experience of having to hang back by reason of inability to meet the considerable expense involved.

It is a measure of the simplicity of the man, and of his disregard of luxury and display, that the possession of money made no difference to the scale of his expenditure upon himself; he continued to live in his mud-and-wattle house, and to live mainly on the produce of the country, which Mrs. Crawford's outstanding talents in the kitchen rendered, indeed, extremely appetising. It is a measure, on the other hand, of the bigness of the man's outlook that he felt his money to have been entrusted to him, the one who had pioneered Mushidi's broad lands and subject tribes, so that he should further the Gospel of Christ throughout

them *all*, by financially holding up the hands of whatever needy servants of God were in them. Wherever increased funds would mean more, and more widespread, evangelizing, there he sent out succour. As from the beginning his one great object had been that disciples of Christ should be made in Central Africa, so now he saw money quite simply as a tool to be put into the hands of those who would utilize it to further that one passion of his life of service to Christ.

Accordingly, it is not surprising to read letters to him from other missionaries in Katanga, in N. Rhodesia, and even along the old Angola route, in which they say such things as: "Without your help not half would have been done which we have been enabled to accomplish." Mr. Crawford himself very rarely referred to the outgoings of his money, preferring that his left hand should not know what his right hand did—indeed, even Mrs. Crawford was often in ignorance of the large help he was able to render to others in this respect. As he often caused his bankers to send anonymously, the missionaries themselves, though frequently guessing the source of the welcome funds, were sometimes unaware from whom they came. Nevertheless, in 1917, he wrote in a circular letter speaking of "more than £500" spent on work in and around the old capital at Bunkeya; and of "close on £1,000" to help on the work at "outlying spots where I have personally laboured," as well as nearly £3,000 in that year for expansions in and around Luanza.

Just before this, he had dispatched the first evangelist-teachers into the plains beyond the mountain range westward from Luanza. In August, 1916, he wrote of this first launching out into work beyond the continual supervision of the white missionaries, in these terms: "I had some forebodings about it," but adds that "long ago I learned what a baby business it is pulling up our plants to see if they are growing."

Four months later he writes: "800 on my Bible-schools roll. But pray for 1,000."

In June, 1917, six months later, he remarks, in connection with a statement of outgoing expenses, that there will be a great call in the future for (a) teachers and (b) evangelists "if our hard-working young fellows are not to be lost to specific spiritual service. Mere buildings are a hollow sham without the solid supply of same by true men of God."

FINANCE

In the later years of his life he began to consider that the spirituality of the Christian community would be helped if the provision for the material needs of whole-time native servants of God were to be increasingly felt as a responsibility by the native churches that were springing up; that is, by the groups of African Christians so situated geographically as to be able to meet together for fellowship, and with which the labourers were associated. Accordingly he rejoiced to find that certain men who had no connection with the Bible-schools began to undertake preaching tours of the villages, both those where there was already a witness for Christ, and also those beyond the limits of the spheres worked by resident Bible-school evangelist-teachers. And he encouraged the churches, especially that in Luanza, to seize upon the privilege of rendering them help in material things as occasion offered. No suggestion that any native church should make itself responsible to pay an agreed stipend ever arose in connection with Mr. Crawford's work.

Within a year of his death, in the increasingly abrupt style which he was then employing, he wrote:

"When I went home after a quarter of a century I returned with NOT ONE missionary. And why? . . . my life-plan was to work through and only to work by native brethren. Yes, my brethren beloved, raised up by God; and in the fellowship of God with me. At the last Conference in Lubaland some young missionaries were aghast when I told them (oh! so kindly, but not blindly) that they could not speak 'the Native lingo', not they, not ever. Shut up in their cosy comfy mission stations they were far, yes a million metaphoric miles, far away from the natives. So complacently domesticated. So 'white-mannish' looking. I groaned at their blindness in thinking *they* could ever evangelize the country apart from the natives. I mean, of course, not the 'spasmodic' preaching of some dear natives, oh! no, not that. But his being set apart for the same service as Mr. White at a vast minimum of expense. For him, no jams and jellies; no sofas and china cups devouring *his* negro day until only a feeble 5 per cent. of the twenty-four hours remained for the Gospel."

Money, one sees, was significant to Crawford only as a means to fling further and yet further afield the outposts of the Gospel. He employed none that came to him upon central or centralizing institutions.

XII

GROWTH OF THE CHURCH

IN the meantime, during the early years of the 20th century, the Gospel continued to penetrate the country. To Luanza itself the only further recruits that came were two unmarried ladies in 1900, and Mr. W. Lammond in 1901. But the work of the stations which had been started in the valleys of the Lufira (at Mweru) and Luapula (at Johnston Falls) continued to enlarge; and to them recruits began to proceed direct. Mwena was abandoned for a healthier site at Koni Hill. During these years the little force sustained losses. Three wives died and two babies. Two couples returned to England; and Mrs. Crawford was away for a year, taking her second son to be brought up in Scotland.

In 1900, Crawford apologizes, in a letter to his home folk, for the long intervals between his letters, but says, "I almost think, though, that our pens dip too much into ink. My wife and I write for hours—but it is on dry grammar. Yet it is all ground captured from the enemy. We take the mould of sentences in order to send them back into the battle as arrows from the Lord's quiver."

In the same year he writes: "We occupy the same compound as our good friends the Higginses. Our friends the Hawkinses are nearer the mountain." They afterwards built on the edge of the heights overlooking Luanza. "We are prisoners—but what a blessed sort of imprisonment—prisoners of hope, loaded down with love's golden chains. Our hope for this land is the astounding promise that 'the last shall be first.' This is heaven's challenge to us."

The year 1901 saw the beginnings of a real moving of the Spirit in the hearts of the people who had been for so long, as it seemed to Dan, under the sound of the Gospel. It followed upon an epidemic of smallpox, which devastated enormous areas of the country about that time, reaching Luanza at the latter end of 1900. Of it Dan wrote:

"The segregation camps are full. The funerals are many.

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God is nigh in a very awful sense to those who have long rejected Him."

The vaccine, of which Mrs. Crawford had a small quantity, proved to be almost useless—almost, but not quite! Three arms "took"; of which one was Baby Lyndesay's—the second child. Using the lymph in the three successful reactions, a campaign of arm-to-arm vaccination was inaugurated. It was necessarily rather slow; and could not spread far afield. But many of the tribes-folk, who had previously acquired, from its practice by the Yeke witch doctors, some knowledge of the protection afforded by the measure, submitted, and lives were saved by it.

Nevertheless, there were many deaths. Mrs. Higgins succumbed. And so did Mushimishi, the first convert. His voice was affected by the disease, and as he lay dying it was but a husky whisper that spoke the last messages. Jesus, *Nkambo*, that is, Lord, was doing all things well. His brother Mwasapa and his friend Kapenda were to trust in the Lord and forsake the old life. His eyes were blinded by the foul disease, but he had "soul-eyes"; he saw two angels, *va malaika*, who were come for him. "Praise. Praise." And bidding Konga Vantu "Good-night" he fell asleep. His triumphant believing death made a very deep impression on the people, first of Luanza, then, since the word travelled, on the whole countryside. He was the first of their number to die in the faith. He had died without regretting his changed life. Angels had come for him. It must be as Konga Vantu said, and his fellows, that the Jesus-religion was truly for them and not a monopoly of the favoured white man. Kapenda yielded—renounced his old gods, and took up the torch laid down by his friend. He yet lives (1929); for twenty years a faithful missionary to his own people.

In June, there began to be gathered other fruits of that time of profound exercise of soul. A young man named Mirambo stood up in the open-air meeting in the town square on a Sunday morning and declared that he was become a Christ's-man. He became a fine Gospel preacher and is a rock of consistent testimony to this day near Kilwa. Two others, Salamba and his wife, were diligently inquiring in private of Crawford concerning the Way, coming to him on their own initiative every night for special instruction.

By December there were a considerable number, nearly all men and lads. One old scoundrel, who had lived with Crawford for years, rose up and declared: "Jehovah God, I come. Eyes and ears, hands and legs and hair, I come, Jehovah God." A mere lad, Chungu, made this announcement: "I now know that God's call is to repent and believe the good news; and that Christ is He who brings us into reconciliation with God; and that the believer (*wa luketekelo*) has unending life (*mweo wa nyeke*)."

Another lad in 1902 likened himself to the creeper *sepe*, the red hairs of whose seed pods are powerfully irritant; and, if swallowed, give rise to a flux that may prove fatal to livestock. After the rainy season commences, the *sepe* hairs, now sodden and unable to be blown about by the breezes, are no longer dangerous. This lad said to Crawford: "Oh, yes; I am converted now. Like the *sepe* after rain I am not poisonous any more."

Crawford wrote:

"Having humbled us by disease God is now visiting us in grace . . . we have refrained from anything like an 'after-meeting' all these years. They would all have remained, and said, 'Oh, yes; I believe' . . . But we have too long thought that by us God would only *sow* and not *reap*. . . but now here are men and boys who propose to renounce all the dead past and live with us in the fellowship of Christ. . . Thus does God humble our proud unbelief. We had resolved to die if needs were with the seed-basket of the Pioneer still at our side, but never to employ mechanical means of making converts."

He reproached himself for unbelief in regarding too much the mire of sin in which the African was bogged, and not enough the power of God unto Salvation.

He had felt and resisted the temptation to "gloss over the sin because of the fairly law-abiding lives of many, and to frame something that would be approximate," as he says, "to church-going Christendom." He realized, he had indeed seen it elsewhere, that "the station type of native makes the most astounding Pharisee. Though far from converted, he has, forsooth, a strong conviction that he is vastly better than the blunt black sinner of heathendom."

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Fearful though he was of forcing false confessions, yet Dan could not but rejoice exceedingly when of their own initiative men began at long last freely to acknowledge that the Spirit of God had laid hold of them and brought them to a knowledge of Christ Jesus as Saviour and Lord.

At the very end of the year, Kapenda and Chungu were immersed before an enormous crowd of onlookers.

Thus began to be borne out that which had been sung in an extempore parable by a certain old man with whom Konga Vantu had pleaded to turn from the dark ways of his tribal past. "Lombe,"* he had sung, "introduced potatoes where he went. The people held them to be poison. Now, however, they are all the vogue."

Other conversions followed one by one; then baptisms in twos and threes. Such a state of affairs was the cause for thanksgiving. But if Dan was at all lulled by it into becoming satisfied with the rate of progress made by the church, he was rudely awakened by news which came through from Uganda in 1902, to the effect that "one hundred thousand souls are now ready for baptism in Uganda." Crawford wrote:

"This news made me sit stock still for an hour. Dark, dreary hour. But when all was darkest, two planet-texts shone on.

"*First lamp of God.* 'Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel.'

"*Second lamp of God.* 'What is that to thee? Follow thou Me.' May God rain down blessing on Uganda."

These promising sprinklings of blessing led on to real showers in the year 1905; a year which became known up and down the country as *Mwaka wa Lusa*, that is, The Year of Grace, or Manifested Love.

On January 11th, Dan sent a characteristically pointed letter which shows that as soon as converts did indeed turn from death unto life they were encouraged to begin furthering the Gospel. One means, but not the only one, by which this was accomplished was through the Bible-schools, which at that time, and then only, since only then were

* Lombe was one of Mushidi's countrymen. The emperor had installed him as "military governor," so to say, among the Luba-hemba near the eastern Lualaba. His grandson is now the native chief of Luanza.

there Christians to man them, could begin to be opened in the surrounding areas. He wrote :

"Being very busy, and on the eve of departure for Johnston Falls, let me note :—

"1. The new Kapenda school is so successful that we can launch out, and a Gospel school will soon be opened at Disera, which Mr. Lammond will supply with teachers from the mother-station here.

"2. Mr. Freshwater, of the L. M. S., is here, and has had special meetings : I am asked to conduct some at their station.

"3. Kalala, the oldest and hardest sinner in Luanza has been saved. God brought him down to the gates of death in sickness, and there he heard a voice—'Come back and believe ; come back and believe.'

"4. A second band of young believers is forming for baptism."

Such were the matters which were vital to him all his life.

At the same time he wrote to Mr. Corson showing his deep desire that there should be no counting of chickens before they were hatched ; that reality should be the hall mark of their work. He says little about it all. But he quoted Mr. White, his fellow-worker, as saying—"God . . . has . . . given you marked signs of His presence. 'Approved of God' is stamped on Luanza." To which Dan added this note : "There you have glad news !" And then proceeded to say :

"You know, of course, that our mode of life here is simply that of a heathen town : Gospel Hall in the middle and no attempt at whitewashing the negro. Just as the Young Gospel plunged, in Corinth, right into the sin and misery of Achaia, facing it ever and winking at it never, even so there is no royal way in the winning of souls here. No false system of cleaning up the outer man will do. The natives will gladly do it *to please* you : gladly act the Pharisee, but *only* redemption is what we are here for.

"The Lord has saved us from any pinched and hidebound rules here. . . . The centuries of difference between our ways and his (the African's) is in itself an eloquent plea for *sane, valiant plod*.

"So we have plodded on with God, waited the coming of the rains and now they are falling, God's showers are falling."

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In November of the same year he could further say :

“ Paul and Barnabas only went back to the brethren who had commended them to mission work when they could report that God *had opened*, by them, the door of faith to the Gentiles. Here have I been hammering for long years at Africa's gates ; knock, knocking. And getting no answer. Thank God they are opening at last. . . . Try to see how soul-withering this one-sided work was. We were handicapped by the Devil's start of hundreds of years. We had no foundational work to build on ; no literature.”

He said that the explanation of the long sterile years was simply that the African had been challenging the missionary with this—“ Just you sit down here and live your Gospel for twenty years or so and *then* we will believe you.”

During 1905 several baptisms took place, and for the first time Crawford could speak of a Church of African believers in those latitudes. On November 29th, he could say, in referring to the baptism of eight Africans, the largest number at one time up till then, that “ the local Luanza church has taken these baptisms so definitely into its own hands that we take courage to go forward.” He desired the assembly of Christians to recognize and to undertake their responsibilities as a church from the very beginning. In November, 1905, he wrote :

“ We must be hourly on our guard against using our carnal prestige as whites. This is so vitally important that we must never even faintly present mundane attractions to Christ. It must be an elementary point of Christian honour with us never to attract any one to leave his sinful life by a carnal bait. Jesus is ever the same Christ who would not be made King by force.”

It must always be remembered, in order to appreciate Mr. Crawford's missionary policy, or what, to some, seemed his lack of policy, that he believed absolutely in the priesthood of all believers ; and that he deprecated all that smacked of or tended toward an official clerisy. For instance, it was in this same year, while he was visiting the workers on other stations with a view to help, but by no means to lay on them episcopal commands, that he received news of the revival work of Evan Roberts in Wales. He wrote :

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“ Any ‘ imposition of hands ’ on such a young man would indeed be an imposition ! John Bunyan, Spurgeon and Moody are a triad of other names eloquent of how God can energize souls apart altogether from official clerisy.”

From the first, and on to the last, Dan expected the responsibilities connected with admitting into, and maintaining, church fellowship to be undertaken by the church. He would rarely, if ever, interfere to suggest or to veto any names for baptism ; almost never did he himself baptize after the admission of the very first converts had created an assembly ; and from the first, ministry in the meetings of the churches was open to any brother, black or white, who was led of the Spirit, whether in prayer or in spiritual song (not always prescribed, but sometimes extempore, in true African style), in prophecy or in teaching.

The care of all the churches pressed daily upon Mr. Crawford. But the way forward, as it seemed to him, was not that he should carry the whole burden, but that the churches should learn, by actually doing it, to carry each its own load of responsibility toward God as a component part of the Body of Christ.

The first native church in Katanga was that one which, after 1904, grew steadily more numerous in Luanza. Baptisms occurred several times in each year. And from the beginning it got the habit of sparing its best, its most sturdy members for the work of furthering the Gospel. Not only did this one and that one from amongst those making up the fellowship, make himself responsible for maintaining a testimony in some village along the lakeside, thus leading to the establishment of a growing number of Bible-schools, but tours of evangelism in the district began to be frequent occurrences.

Moreover, Dan had never the slightest hesitation in leaving Luanza, notwithstanding the circumstance that more often than not there was no white elder left behind him to be of service in the deliberations and actions of the church and its native elders. It could not have been otherwise than that, when present, his voice usually carried the day ; but it was rarely he raised it to oppose any proposition coming from the natives. And he was so frequently absent from them, that, to his delight, to carry on without a white man's presence became as

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ordinary and as matter-of-fact with them as it was to obtain the guidance and help of one if he happened to be present in Luanza. The manner of Dan's life, coupled with his devotion to the Word of God, and the congregational principles which he held and taught, had the effect of building up an indigenous church—though the term became current too late for him to use it.

It was, therefore, with the less hesitancy that in 1911 he allowed a concatenation of special circumstances at long last to tear him away from Africa after twenty-two years of uninterrupted labour for Christ in the heart of the Dark Continent.

XIII

KONGA VANTU LEAVES LUANZA

As the nineteenth century drew to its close, and the first years of the twentieth began to unroll, clouds of world-wide criticism against *L'Etat Indépendent du Congo*, which had commenced to darken the sky almost from the earliest years of its administration, banked themselves into formidable masses and loomed ever more and more threateningly. Especially in Great Britain and in the United States of America did the voice of public opinion become louder and more minatory. Belgium also was becoming hotly indignant. The world was far from satisfied with Leopold's administration. It began to demand reform. The charges advanced against the State grew gradually more precise. They fell into two main groups. Firstly, it was alleged that the treatment meted out to the native population was cruel and oppressive to a degree that made it absolutely inhuman; whereas one of the chief motives advanced by the founders of the Congo Free State in asking for international recognition had been the uplift of those same natives. And in the second place, the concessionary system of exploiting the country, and the monopolist methods of expropriating land to the State were in direct conflict, it was affirmed, with the principle of free trade laid down in the Berlin Act.

Official correspondence passed. Mr. Roger Casement, as British Consul, had much to report. Unofficially, in Belgium, A. Vermeersch published in 1906 *La Question Congolaise*, and Professor Cattier an *Etude sur la Situation de l'Etat Indépendent du Congo* in the same year, both of which severely indicted the methods of the Free State. In England, E. D. Morel published *King Leopold's Rule in Africa* in 1904, and in 1906 *Red Rubber*, an exposé which caused the English-speaking world to seethe with pity and with indignation. In Italy, too, there was brought out a criticism by Captain Baccari, entitled *Il Congo*.

The first upshot of the ferment was the appointment of a

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commission of investigation. It is said that the Swiss Councillor of State, Dr. E. de Schumacher, who was one of the three members, upon hearing case after case where degrading cruelty was proved, and upon seeing the mutilations of native after native, broke down, and, with tears rolling down his cheeks, demanded of those who were marshalling the evidence, "How much longer must we see and hear such things?"

Later, on November 15th, 1908, the control was transferred by annexation from the king's personal rule to that of the Belgian parliament. Leopold II died in 1909, and the present king, Albert, ascended the throne. Restrictions on the freedom of trade were removed. Abuses in native administration were promptly stopped, and progressive ameliorations were put in hand.

Thus was the Congo very much before the eyes of the world during the years that Crawford was encouraging the missionary recruits who came to him to spread abroad the Gospel of Christ throughout the whole basin of the Upper Congo.

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During the first decade of the twentieth century the administration of Belgian interests in Katanga was conducted from Lukonzolwa, a Poste on the cliffs above the western shore of Lake Mweru. The site was first occupied for the state by a Frenchman named Leveque, who came into the country armed with plenipotentiary powers. He had had experience in Panama; and was one of the earliest officials to be accompanied by his wife. Her brother was editor of the Paris *Le Matin*. Leveque approached Katanga by the eastern route from Chinde; and so, arriving at Lake Mweru, naturally gravitated to Luanza, where for some time he and his wife occupied one half of the Crawfords' house.

There followed him from the east to Luanza a man named Rabineck, a Jew, a capable adventurer who had spent many years in Africa, not a few of them living with Arabs. He was of the die-in-Africa type that does not turn its back on difficulties to run home. He had been in Khartoum with Gordon; and after the death of that heroic general had actually passed unhurt through the hands of the very Arabs who had conducted the campaign.

On his arrival at Luanza, he fell ill of a sickness that was thought to be rheumatic fever. The Crawfords housed him ; and Mrs. Crawford nursed him back to health, while Dan daily told him Good News from God. He was glad to listen to it, too, as were most with whom Dan Crawford talked.

Leveque was also unwell—not rheumatism, but alcohol and opium were his troubles.

Rabineck wanted a concession giving him a monopoly of rubber in Katanga.* One day in a room overlooking the lake, the plenipotentiary, the adventurer and the Gospeller sat together at a table (which is still on active service in Luanza). Leveque produced his powers. "Hullo!" said Dan Crawford, taking note of the brief but sweeping terms in which the paper gave full powers to the representative, "it must have been a soldier who wrote this." "Yes," said Leveque: "General Cambier." And he signed away all the rubber in Katanga to Rabineck ; and Dan Crawford witnessed the document.

Rabineck made a swift run out east for capital ; was soon back ; and waved a goodbye to Luanza as he passed on westward to the country where the Luba tribesmen were in revolt. Not long after his carriers returned to Luanza reporting that he had been captured and killed by the revoltees. Captured, yes ; killed, no. He was, in fact, vigorously prosecuting amongst his captors his campaign for the collection of his rubber.

In the meantime Leveque was recalled. Also the news of the concession granted by him to Rabineck had roused the antagonism of other commercial interests itching to exploit the new lands. They challenged Rabineck's monopoly in the courts on the ground that for Leveque to have granted it had been *ultra vires*. While their contention was under consideration, other charges were laid against Rabineck to the effect that he had held treasonable communication with the native revoltees who had captured him. His commercial activities were cut short by his being taken into custody. This was in the far interior. It was deemed necessary for him to be conveyed to Boma on the West Coast for a hearing. The long journey was never ended. Still in custody, case unheard, he died en

* For the whole of the State, the value of the rubber exported in 1900 was £1,158,000. In 1907 it had risen to £1,758,000.

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route. His death in just those circumstances caused a fluttering of the diplomatic dovescots in Africa and Europe that was not inconsiderable.

L'affaire Rabineck was by no means the only matter of dispute which arose between the various interests bidding for concessions in Katanga. "Inextricable difficulties of delimitation" are spoken of in his book* by Colonel Wangermée, one of the most instructed Belgians in the Congo at that epoch. He says that these were "incessantly arousing conflicts between the agents of the State and the personnel of the Katanga Company." It was in an endeavour to put an end to this damaging friction that there was created in 1889 the *Comité Spécial du Katanga*. This body was composed of delegates from the two main conflicting parties, and constituted a sort of chartered company invested with the political and administrative rights of the State, but not charged with the duties of the departments of Justice and Finance. In 1910 the State re-assumed its rights, from that time forward leaving the *Comité Spécial* to deal only with matters relative to the tenure of the land.

After Leveque had been for some time living in Luanza, Mr. Crawford drew his attention to a site on the cliffs of Mweru about two hours' march south from Luanza, which he suggested was a suitable one for his headquarters. The plenipotentiary agreed and accordingly built there his Poste. It was named Lukonzolwa, after the perennial mountain stream upon whose banks it stood. There were erected there what were probably the first buildings in Katanga to be constructed of burnt brick.

In 1906 Colonel Wangermée reached Lukonzolwa, embryo capital of Katanga, taking over the administration of Katanga in the capacity of Representative of the *Comité Spécial*, mentioned above. While he remained in charge at Lukonzolwa, Dan Crawford used regularly to pay a weekly visit to the Poste to hold a religious service in Kiswahili with the native troops. He used to lunch with Wangermée, and they became excellent friends.

About the beginning of 1909, on one of his "chaplain" visits, Dan Crawford showed the colonel in a newspaper the information that on October 7th, 1908, Francis Joseph, emperor of Austro-Hungary, had annexed Bosnia and

* "Les Grands Lacs Africains et Katanga."

Herzegovina. This high-handed action was made possible by the weakness of Russia after the war with Japan, and by the impending proclamation of Bulgarian independence. But it was in flagrant violation of the pledges given in 1878 at Berlin, when a treaty was concluded authorizing Austro-Hungarian occupation. Wangermée immediately leapt up exclaiming "Then Belgium is lost!" That day he could eat no lunch, but continually left the table to pace up and down the verandah where the table was laid. If the Central Powers could lightly cast aside their solemn assurances in the case of one small country without evoking any effective protest from the other Powers, then what remained to prevent their doing the same in the case of another small people and land—Belgium?

He got out a map and showed with his finger where, should she decide to disregard her neutrality, Germany would rush at France through and over Belgium. He got out plans of a certain part of the fortress of Antwerp* which he, an engineer, had planned: and he said: "It is out-of-date. It could never stand."

In the neighbouring village to Lukonzolwa was established one of those centres of Gospel witness which Dan Crawford called Bible-schools, and which he was at this time beginning to extend about the countryside. The evangelist in charge of the testimony there was a chieftain named Kapenda—a man who had formerly been in charge of the Crawfords' cattle, which they were then accustomed to maintain on the hills to the west of Luanza, at a village called Kitungulu. As his understanding of Christianity had grown, Kapenda came to desire to give his whole time to evangelistic work. For such an object Konga Vantu had willingly freed him from his secular employ. Later on he moved much further afield, going several days upstream to initiate Gospel testimony amongst the fisher folk on the banks of the Luapula river around the Arabized centre of Kashobwe.

Kapenda himself was unable to read or write, but was assisted in this part of his work by a youth who could do both. From the first, and until the end, Dan Crawford laid his emphasis on "Bible" rather than on "school."

* Some five years later, in 1914, he was in Antwerp itself when Winston Churchill was pressing for continued resistance to the Germans. He advised retreat. King Albert said: "General Wangermée must be a little tired." Nevertheless, within a few hours the retirement had been ordered.

Nor did the authorities despise the "schools" when they were near enough to observe them. On one occasion when Colonel Wangermée caught out one of his staff in some stupidity, he ordered him to go down to Kapenda's school in the village and improve his education.

The most accessible, however, as well as the best-known mineral wealth of Katanga was not at Lukonzolwa, on Lake Mweru, but more than two hundred miles away in a south-westerly direction, in the country of the Sanga people from whom the itinerant trading Arabs and Nyamwezi tribes had originally obtained the alluring copper. It was there that European commercial operations were first commenced. The first and most notable mine in the neighbourhood, an immense copper deposit, was that which went by the name of *L'Etoile*. Of necessity, it was proximate to this growing industry that the Government was obliged to have its headquarters.

So that when, in 1910, Colonel Wangermée, returning from leave to Africa for his sixth term of service, did so as the first Vice-Governor of Katanga, he set up his seat of administration, regretfully enough, not on the cliffs at Lukonzolwa, healthy and beautiful, but on the edge of a most malarious marsh abutting on the mining area. Elisabethville began to spring up; not, after all, so very far from the site of Mushidi's old capital.

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One of the greatest scourges of tropical Africa is the dread disease of sleeping sickness. The infection is transmitted from man to man by the biting flies of the genus tsetse, or *Glossina*. The microscopic causative agents are of the genus known as *Trypanosoma*. It was in 1903 that *Trypanosoma* were first found in the cerebro-spinal fluid of patients suffering from sleeping sickness. In 1907 an international conference was held in London for the purpose of organizing research on the subject. As a result thereof, the medical services of tropical countries in Africa became much exercised about the administrative steps necessary to be taken to cope with the disease.

It was thought at that time that transmission of the sickness occurred mainly, if not wholly, near the borders of considerable bodies of water, such as lakes and large rivers.

Accordingly one plan at that time for dealing with the situation where sleeping sickness had been proved to exist, was to move back all the population living near the water to a considerable distance from it.

In 1910 the medical authorities of Katanga and its neighbour, North East Rhodesia, met together in the Luapula valley to concert a plan of action. It was decided, *inter alia*, that both banks of the Luapula and Lake Mweru, (the western side being Congo, the eastern Rhodesian territory), should be evacuated.

Early in 1911 Dan Crawford, glancing through the official Bulletin, was suddenly transfixed by the sight of an order for the evacuation of all towns and villages within several miles of the western shore of Lake Mweru. What! Luanza to go? All his lakeside schools to go? His people to be dangerously reft from their food supplies? Not if he could help it. He had been the Gatherer of the People; he would protect them from that which would scatter them.

He was himself convinced that no case of sleeping sickness had occurred in all the Luapula valley. Dr. Guastella, of the Belgian Congo government medical service, charged with investigating the area in regard to sleeping sickness, had found none. Tsetse were known to exist along the Luapula, certainly; but on the lake were rare. In Luanza itself there were none at all. In any case they were not, in Mr. Crawford's opinion, dangerous, as never having been infected with the *Trypanosoma*.

He immediately rushed off by special runner a protest to the administration of the province at Elisabethville. But he could not let it rest at that. Expecting that personal expostulation might be more effective than written protest he shortly after determined to visit the capital himself; and to that end set off post haste to see his friend Colonel Wangermée, the Vice-Governor, who was residing there. Before leaving Luanza, he announced that if Elisabethville could not or would not rescind the order, he should continue on to Belgium to appeal to the recently-crowned King, Albert I. As Crown Prince the King had visited Lake Mweru in 1908, and had then invited Mr. Crawford to pay him a visit in Europe.

His diary contains these entries:

" 1st March. This is Africa. You push on for camp

and lo ! across your last stream for the day a curl of blue smoke tells you that somebody has been heading from the opposite direction on the same stream with the same idea of camping there. Stranger grasps the hand of stranger, the stars come out and then your bush friend starts stargazing, for he is an astronomer bent on business. Next comes the missionary's turn and he whistles up the men for an evening meeting. Text : Astronomy, and the admission of my scientific friend* that you cannot find your true position on earth without an appeal to the heavens.

"No sure terrestrial location of where you are without first a celestial point fixing the same."

"*2nd March.* Away in the western sky, lo ! a dozen dark vultures hovering for the funeral of an antelope, the official mourners, these, come to bury a denizen of the plains. More than mourners, they are the African gravediggers : and more than gravediggers they themselves are the grave, the spades their beaks."

On the 4th of March, 1911, Mr. Crawford wrote to a friend :

"At last a start for the south ; my immediate objective being to see the Governor concerning some proposed momentous changes. As you know, we have been of late under a big black cloud of menace—I mean, that we would be cleared out of Luanza at a moment's notice. Hence my long silence, as all was vague and uncertain ; but now, I step out, not knowing whither. Granted I receive guarantees from our Governor here, then my way seems quite open to go straight south, sending back for my dear wife, who could follow. (N.B.—This is the reason why I have come off in pouring rains. The country is one slush of cold water with consequent all-day splash ! splatter !)."

Diary again :

"*4th March.* The trail stretching ahead is going south like a long snake twisting and turning, now to the right, now to the left. Nor would you prefer it severely straight like a Roman road, for this cork-screw trail with its lurking secrets ahead possesses all the pleasure that is born of accident and surprise.

* Dr. Guastella was travelling with him.

" You turn an anthill and know not what will confront you : squeeze through scrub, then out pit-a-pat with expectancy on a green glade. You do not know what's ahead nor do you care to.

" To moralize once more : this track of ours is indeed like the way and the walk of life—the veil that covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy. If you knew a month's happenings ahead you would grow grey in a night.

" Winding and rewinding like a watch-spring, we follow the twists of our river round the great 'S'; then out we go together, both river and traveller, out on a pancake plain. More marsh than plain it becomes, for its old orderly up-stream flow is now impossible, and although, no doubt, like ourselves this river entered on this plain with the very best of intentions, the flat bankless marsh has now forced the poor stream to break all his good up-stream resolutions, a floundering bog, nothing less ! Yea, —and note this, gentle reader—we, too, end in bog just as sadly and badly. For you cannot canoe it, so you resort to the ' double man ' of exploration, your traveller pickaback like a Japanese acrobat on his negro steed, hands clutching at the woolly pow, legs twisted tightly round his neck.

" Not that this ' double man ' is doubly a man ; oh ! no, for the more inches you go up in the world the lower you descend, both in imagination and reality. Each groping step in the pitchy, stinking mud sees you nervously clutching at the negro's head, knees driven into the neck, and ever mindful of the white knight's fate in ' Alice's Adventures,' to wit, a beautiful parabolic curve, head first ! And then for the sordid sequel—a gathering up of what little shreds of dignity are left to you, and rolling yourself up in a blanket while your shabby shirt, tied to a tree-branch, is dancing itself dry in the wind. But the cold cuts like a carving knife and a blanket is inadequate, so you are facetiously forced to keep your shirt company, you, that is to say, dancing yourself warm while it dances itself dry. Of course, your negro, per contra, likes all this splashing, for he never wore boots and never felt damp with the clammy cling of wet stockings.

" Emerging on our last stream for the day we find it not flowing, but only dilly-dallying through a green meadow dotted all over with red buck. Corresponding with, but

by no manner of means resembling an English butcher's shop, these *qui vive* antelopes out on the plain are the only chance of filling our pots for supper. A sort of local penny-in-the-slot meat machine, warranting rich red cutlets, only instead of the unknown penny you slip a cartridge into the slot of your rifle and, click! drops dead your antelope. So much and no more for the local meat shop; now for your Luban bedroom. Yonder, hidden discreetly on the edge of a thicket, is the same old sixpence of a hamlet built on pestilential soil, and there it is we must sleep the sleep of the just. The deepening darkness, however, forces us to postpone our supper shot till the morrow, and lying down genuinely meat-hungry we dream of a morning fry of juicy venison fixings. The sun rose and so did we, but our brave butcher's shop has vanished, dashing for dear life. For in the moonlight—'There goes our breakfast!' thought I. Wuff! Wuff! came a pack of jackals scurrying through the meadow, chasing those antelopes for their lives. Miles and miles they pant, heaving flanks and gaping dribbly mouths telling how terror-struck are the buck.

"Here in February, when the rain starts to come down, it does the thing thoroughly; this is the time to get the full flavour of African travel. Both the African and his Africa emit a certain damp, mushroomy smell in a way quite calculated to disturb the gastric functions of the stomach.

"We break camp in the silence and solitude of the moonlight, wide awake at every pore, the grey and ghostly light outlining the weird forms of fallen trunks and decaying roots. Ours the tip-toe of expectancy enjoying the two distinct thrills of a cool, starry night merging into the reddening dawn waking up the forest. Mark you, only sixty minutes separate that prospective blaze from this present blackness, yet only one hour hence these forest glades glimmering in gloom will seem things of years ago. A far-off memory and dream. Although the mere minutes separating 4 a.m. and 5 a.m. are few and flying, yet once again fancy fights facts and makes each of those minutes a month, for the awful antithesis yawning between the nocturnal and the diurnal, between the gloom and the glory defies you to measure it by mere minutes. The antagonism is so abysmal. It is like getting up in December

to break your fast in June. Even the negro has caught the identical idea when, by way of sunrise greeting he puts to you the formal phrase, 'A night's a year!'; i.e., the ghostly gloom is now a palace of life and the eerie stillness of the night is blotted into oblivion by the million cries of the morning. The battle of the day is resumed."

As he neared the springing wilderness of corrugated iron that was Elisabethville in 1911, he received the Governor's written assurance that the lakeside should not be cleared. In a letter to a friend, on March 12th, his relief found this vent :

"Thank God for good news! Here comes the Governor's guarantee that, far from removing us, they are beginning pastoral developments up our way, intending* to open *four more stations* along our cliff! This, therefore, means the moving of the big black cloud; and a clear path ahead for home. How my heart went pit-a-pat at the news! My travelling companion is Dr. Guastella, the sleeping sickness specialist, who has been up our way for four years, and is strong for our mountain position."

At any rate, Luanza was saved; the people would not starve; the schools would not be left desolate. The change of plan on the part of the Belgian authorities was justified by time. No case of sleeping sickness has yet been found along the lakeside; and the same is almost certainly true, as Mr. Crawford had believed, of the valley of the Luapula. Here, too, the Belgians ultimately decided to let the populations alone; with no untoward result: the disease was not present and so could not spread. Whereas the Rhodesian authorities did clear the banks on their side, acting apparently on the assumption that because the fly existed the disease must also be present. The assumption was incorrect; there was no sleeping sickness. But terrible hardships, entailing great loss of life ensued upon the removal of the peoples. On the water's edge they had lived near their clearings, and depended on their crops for the staples of their diet, as they did on their fishing for the relish (protein) to eat with their mush (carbohydrate). Their main stand by was manioc, which

* The intention resulted in the establishment of one farm on the hills near Luanza; but it was abandoned not long thereafter.

needs at the very least two years before any of its roots can be eaten. Their deportation spelt, first, hunger for all ; and, later, starvation and death for many. The first crops from their fresh fields began to be available only in time to save a remnant.

On the 13th of March, Dan Crawford reached Elisabethville, and the following day wrote to a friend :

" Yesterday the trail ran out on this large ' tin town,' and lo ! there I see my first railway train in over 20 years. Also, and adjacent to the same, my first motor-car. Then, beyond, the hum and hurry of 800 whites, with here and there a white baby's pram pushed gingerly by a young negro. Hundreds, too, of our natives, like busy bees, on scaffoldings and roof-tops working away. They pass the news along that I'm in town, and oh ! what a heart-melting welcome I get. One native joiner starts to strike up a hymn, singing it across in antiphon to his fellow. Another shouts, ' There's no God here in this town ; they have all forgotten Him.' Thus, out of the mouths of such grown up babes and sucklings, our God in the bush doth perfect praise.

" When one glances around one is struck with the cosmopolitan look of the place. Above all, the ugly bars—65 of them !—kept by Greeks, Italians, and others.

" Query : How can we get at these 800 wild men of the woods, how can we reach out to them the best of all news ? Thus I commune with my own heart as I walk down the first street, my fingers fondling a little Bible in my pocket. Just then, as by magic, the impossible thing becomes the actual and abundantly real. For what is this coming down the street but a long funeral cortege ; a hundred Britishers all solemnised, but without a minister. Four words in the ear of the chief mourner does it all, and with a look of pleasure he allows me to lead the way with open Bible, out past the railway line, out into the sweet, still African forest where the grave is. And there we have it all out ; an offer of life by the grave of death. The point pressed is that here God has called them from the hurry-scurry of life with an arresting call, and here He warns who would win them to His love. The very men (*nota bene*) who had, many of them, sworn with a big oath they would never darken a church door ; here, lo ! here they are, drinking it all in. Thus God, as of old, opens up a door, great and effectual, just where and when there are many adversaries."

Vice-Governor Wangermée was at that time a man of

more than sixty years of age. He welcomed his old friend from Mweru very warmly, insisting that he stay with him in the gubernatorial "palace," a building which, to Dan Crawford, fresh from years of bush mud huts, seemed huge, though it consisted only of a long string of departmental offices and *one bedroom*! It was floored with concrete, and roofed with corrugated iron. Ordering a blanket or two to be stretched as a division across the room, the governor invited the missionary to share his sleeping quarters. "Day after day, and for hours at night," wrote Dan Crawford, "this deeply thoughtful old gentleman will talk religion and will permit you to come right to the point and keep there. I wonder sometimes if it is a dream that here in a blaze of tinsel, real Gospel witness should be so permitted and encouraged. Ah! there is nothing breaks the rebel's heart like this—'My God has . . . remembered me'."

While at Elisabethville, Mr. Crawford received a cheque for £100, a legacy from a London solicitor of whom he knew nothing, but who had been present at the farewell meeting in Queen's Hall twenty-two years before. He took this to be the Lord's assent to his half-formed plan for a visit to the home lands. He discussed with General Wangermée the question of his wife's joining him. That courtly old gentleman replied that he was leaving "town" on the 5th of May for a tour of the Lake Mweru end of his province; and offered to escort Mrs. Crawford from Luanza to Elisabethville. With gratitude Mr. Crawford accepted the offer.

As the Governor pulled out for Luanza, the man that was Konga Vantu turned his back upon it. As Mr. Dan Crawford, white man among white men, he boarded a train for the first time since 1899 and was borne away toward civilization. "Oh, this being tugged up by the roots is hard: twenty folios could not explain to you."

Konga Vantu had left Luanza. Dan Crawford was on his way to re-visit the country of his birth.

SIXTH PERIOD

One Furlough in 37 years.

1911—1915.

I. IN GREAT BRITAIN.

a. JOURNEY TO ENGLAND.

b. SPEAKING.

c. WRITING "THINKING
BLACK."

d. PERSONAL WITNESSING.

II. IN AMERICA.

III. IN AUSTRALIA.

IV. IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I.

IN GREAT BRITAIN

IN May, 1911, a train rattled Dan Crawford southward out of the tin town of Elisabethville, with its sixty-five bars. As the locomotive showered out cascades of sparks begotten of the forest logs that were its fuel, he thought back to that mosquito-ridden night some twenty years before, when he had been thereabout with Lieut. Francqui. That officer had been poring over calculations based on astronomical observations which he had been taking; he had looked up at length; and, pointing with his finger to the more-or-less guesswork map with which he had been supplied, had solemnly announced, "We are now in the middle of Lake Bangweulu!"*

The railway took him to Johannesburg. Under the date, 10th June, he wrote:

"Emerging from a long shut-in life in the Interior one receives a sharp shock on striking this Johannesburg. Striking is the word and striking the sensation, for you no sooner strike it than it strikes you. The long lapse of time makes it all strangely familiar and familiarly strange; one opines one has dreamed all this years and years ago.

"Here is a great booming tide of polyglots, all out in the rush and roar of things and all bent on besting one another. 'The Golden City,' they call it in soft, sugared tones, and, indeed, £ s. d. dwarfs and dominates all other issues. The very geography of the town tells the true tale, and is it not a sure symbol of the actual arrangements of the inhabitants. For what saith the map of Johannesburg? Putting your pencil on the spot, it runs along the Reef and soon you see what is happening, to wit: this barrier reef of gold insolently halving the Golden City into a Rich

* On not a few early maps that Lake was represented too far westward. At the moment of making his joke Francqui had been at least a fortnight's journey to the west of Bangweulu.

side and a Poor side. Sure symbol of that other and bolder barrier built up by the same gold.

"Pritchard Street, after sunset, is ablaze with lights, the human tide pouring along in full flood, all eyes at the seductive shop windows. And this emerging-from-the-bush Missionary, he, too, gazes into the said shop windows with star-struck eyes, for did not the Sunday-school scholar define the word, 'desert' as, 'Please sir, a place that has no shops!' Yet, all the while one's heart is out of it, and away off north on its own, up past Rhodesia, past the Zambezi, up and away to one's 'ain countrie.' No glare, no grease, no paint there. No catching of tram or train by a fraction of a second. There you tramp on till the camp is reached, sleeping by the side of some sluggish stream; scarcely a stream, as the only hint of water is the deeper dye of the green down its centre. There, you draw water the colour of bad tea; there, too, at sundown the reed-buck comes down to drink, and as the darkness comes on the sounds of Africa's night are heard, saying, 'The night cometh when no man can work.' Listen! Afar the golden-crested crane is calling.

"Am glad to find all around here kind hearts and true, with not a few who have clearly and courageously caught the trend of things in this 'man's day.' Love languishes because iniquity abounds—that's man all over. But where sin abounds grace much more abounds—that's God all over.

"Around the mines here I find many a negro from the north, who dearly loves to hear his old up-country lingo. But far too many of them have been sucked into the whirlpool of gin-boozing and gambling. And, of course, all of them don an utterly abominable suit of tights, every button straining at its fastenings, including a wild waistcoat. Mere barbarism neither repels nor disgusts; it is this unnatural union of civilization with savagery that makes the gorge rise.

"Day by day my ear is cocked toward the far Interior, listening for the sound of my dear wife's footfall, but days have run into weeks and weeks into months and not even a hope of her coming. Query: Must I face the unenviable eventuality of crossing the sea alone? In harsh unembellished terms I have protested against the too common custom in South Africa of husbands and wives being

separated so long, and here come my own compliments back to roost!"

He got restless on the Rand. No news came from his wife. He moved on through Natal to Cape Town. There he renewed acquaintance with his boyhood's friend, Robert Sharp, the surgeon. And there, at last, he was joined by his wife, to whom it had fallen to make all the arrangements inseparable from leaving for an indefinite period the home and station of many years.

Assured that no powers were to swoop upon it all to scatter what Konga Vantu had gathered, Dan could shake it off as easily as he could slip his arms from a coat. When he returned to it he could pick it up where he had left it, and make short work of smoothing out the creases. But, fortunately for him, Mrs. Crawford's was the woman's mind whose genius it is to conserve at home what has been already obtained, rather than to adventure further in a search for what is yet abroad. She could not leave without arranging continuity; she had to make sure that there were no loose ends before she could quit. At length the months of hard work came to an end, she left Luanza behind, and eventually found her way to her husband's side at Cape Town.

And so, in 1911, they set sail together from Cape Town.

They drew toward Southampton by night. The seemingly consumptive stripling of 1899 was returning to Britain a bronzed and bearded man of forty. How would England receive him after an absence of twenty-two years?

He was always sensitive to the dramatic and always open to the stimulus of his ardent imagination. On the night of his re-approach to the land of his birth, his whole being is vibrating with emotion, super-sensitive to every least impression.

He cannot be still. He paces the decks. He gets himself into the fore-peak. He stares out upon the lights of England—England—England. Africa is far away. He has left Africa behind him.

But has he? Coming off duty from the furnaces, a coal-grimed stoker strolls forward unobserved for a blow of fresh air. Near the sturdy figure in the worn Inverness cape, he stands for a while, staring off at the twinkling lights ashore. He speaks. "*Nta mingi, Bwana,*" is what

he says. The voice is the broad-vowelled voice of Africa. "*Many lights, sir.*" Swahili. In a moment Dan is back under the hot sun of the tropics. And as England's "many lights" glide by he makes reply in the speech of his own tribe to one of Africa's sons—"Have you looked upon the Light of the World?"

After twenty-two years away from his own land, Dan drew in to England's shores still preaching the Gospel to Africa.

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Once in England, Dan swiftly made his way to Gourrock and Greenock, the scenes of his early life and witness for his Master. But hardly had he folded his mother in his arms, scarcely had he realized the fact that the twelve-year-old lad in kilts was the Lyndesay whom he had last seen as a baby more than ten years before, when the first gushes of an overwhelming and ever-increasing flood of invitations to speak, preach and lecture began to pour in upon him from every quarter of the British Isles. If the first to realize who and what manner of man was "at home" were those called "Brethren," the denominations were not slow to follow. And Dan gave himself freely to all.

Shortly after his arrival in Scotland, Mr. Crawford discovered a restaurant which commanded a view of one of Glasgow's busy thoroughfares. Day after day, for the little while before he commenced his preaching travels, he made his way thither; and entering briskly, blue eyes sparkling, would stride with quick steps over to a certain window seat. There he would ensconce himself with his feet up, and his back to the room, and so sit for hours, oblivious of the busy restaurant behind him, gazing out on the strip of street with its swift kaleidoscopic changes and its unceasing bustle. Run to earth at last by some friend who remarked on his curious choice of making holiday, he said, with a wave of his arm, as though to brush aside interruption—"I've not got back yet; I'm not really back yet. It's all a dream."

It was remarked by the same friend, amongst many, that in those first days when walking he lifted his feet several inches from the ground in a curious high-stepping gait. The trick, which looked strange on paved streets, resulted from a continued unconscious anticipation of the



WITH MRS. CRAWFORD, 1922. WITH HIS SON, DOUGLAS LYNDESAY, 1912.
WITH HIS NEPHEW, G. E. TILSLEY, AND HIS GRAND NEPHEW, DAVID, 1924.

roots, matted grass and other irregularities habitually to be negotiated along the forest trails of Africa.

On the platform he was very much at ease as to mind ; though restless as to body. He possessed a comfortable voice of good carrying power. He launched himself into his matter from the first moment and almost always established from the very beginning a close touch with his audience which compelled them to attention and interest. His addresses were usually constructed around, or upon, one main line of thought ; but the association of ideas in his mind was so free, and the range of his experiences, of his spiritual and intellectual interests, and of his reading was so wide that no two of them were alike, even though ostensibly upon the same topic.

He did not write out his addresses beforehand, though sometimes he afterwards made an article of what had come to him in speaking. His method was to give considerable thought before a special meeting to preparation of his own spirit, with the object of getting himself, so to say, *en rapport* with the probable receptivity of those who were to be his hearers ; and then to expect to catch at the last his inspiration from the atmosphere. The method did not fail him. He often said : " If you grant a man's premises, you're gone." And upon this he based his attack—it almost always was an attack : for he spoke toward results, never merely to get it over. He was always a man with something to say ; never a man who had to say something. He sought to start off with something vital which would be granted as a premise. And after that he went ahead, certain that conscience was on his side. A meeting of bankers, for instance, he addressed on " Money "—without announcing any title : merely plunging straight in. The African looked at this new thing money, he said, and seeing on it a man's head, at once assumed that the head was that of the Chief to whom it belonged ; and who would certainly demand back his money. They decided forthwith that the money could never be *their own*. And sure enough the first use to which they were compelled to put money was to pay *tax* to the (white) introducers of it ! From that he proceeded to a consideration of true wealth, illustrated by the African's life and outlook ; and so to the treasure in Christ.

On one occasion when he was to address a large and

important meeting in London he was preceded for a quarter of an hour by another speaker. During the speech Dan, who was sitting next to the chairman, leaned over and asked for a pencil. The chairman, looking at him somewhat askance, for Dan's blue eyes had a far-away look in them, handed him one made from a Boer war cartridge case. Dan opened what appeared to be a thin Bible bound in black morocco,* but which was in reality a note book, and proceeded to make a few disjointed jottings. He rose to speak, and, as usual, held the great concourse spell-bound. After the meeting he made to return the pencil to the chairman, who spoke his delight in the address; and then said: "You frightened me, Mr. Crawford. When you borrowed the pencil I thought you were just going to think out something to say." "So I was," was the reply.

A few days after this meeting Mr. Crawford was at the House of Commons and was about to pass through a guarded door on his way to the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery when the heavy hand of the law descended upon his shoulder. The voice of the stalwart six-footer in blue said: "Brother!" and, as Dan's blue eyes turned upon him in inquiry (for he seldom, if ever, forgot a face, or a name, or the circumstances attending upon either), the Christian Bobby said: "I saw and heard you at Queen's Hall the other night." A quick handshake, and Dan passed in to see how the Mother of Parliaments conducted herself.

On another occasion he had promised some months beforehand to address a gathering on a certain day, at a certain hour, at a certain hall in London. Some time before the date fixed for the meeting, the gentleman responsible for the arrangement, knowing something of the reputation Crawford was making for elusiveness, began to send him a battery of postal reminders. He got no reply to the earlier ones, but persevered, as he knew Mr. Crawford was travelling about the country. The day arrived: no word from Dan Crawford. He telegraphed to Mr. Crawford's friends asking

* His New Testament, on the other hand he had rebound in red to look more or less like a novel in pocket edition. He hated a restraint accorded merely to "the cloth," which he felt introduced an artificiality into relations between one man and another. He was at pains to avoid the appearance of being a professional religionist. On the other hand, he needed to make notes in meetings and did not wish thereby to shock sensibilities; so his pocket book looked like a Bible, and his Testament was clothed like a novel.

his whereabouts : they did not know. The evening came : no word. The convener telephoned the offices of Mr. Crawford's publishers : they had no idea where he was. The people gathered ; ten minutes before the hour announced the hall was packed ; still no speaker. The convener, who had been in the street looking anxiously for the missionary, at three minutes before the hour went inside and seeking out the chairman obtained his assurance that, Crawford or no Crawford, he would open the meeting on the stroke of time, and somehow carry on. Out bounced the agonized organizer by a side door—into the arms of Mr. Crawford, who looked at him and said : " You've been worrying. What about ? I said I would be here at eight, did I not ? "

His audiences were attracted to the man, thrilled by his vitality, amused, shocked and sobered in turns by his stories, and when he ended almost always found themselves sitting well forward with mouths slightly open. Listening to him, one was rushed along ; now stimulated to leap like a chamois from one mountain crag of picturesque story to some other of lofty philosophy ; now panting to keep up with his thought as landmarks of geography, philology, anthropology, and theology fled by on either hand.

If one thought oneself a pundit it was quite possible to be irritated by his slang or by the devastating frankness of some of his criticisms of civilization, or by a feeling that he talked too by-and-large, eluding being pinned down to criticizable precision. What was not possible was to be bored. Also it was not possible to be unimpressed. When he ceased speaking most people sank back into their seats to expel the deep breath which they found they had been holding ; and later left the hall somewhat exhausted, but yet invigorated ; somewhat breathless, but yet intoxicated ; wondering, perhaps, what half of it had been about, but almost invariably hanging on to one or two colourful gems of thought and expression that were destined to remain with them, treasures for the remainder of their lives.

The quality of his speaking, and the impressions which he made from the platform may, perhaps, be gathered best from a record* written after he had addressed, at the Bechstein Hall, London, an audience of clerics and journalists invited to hear him by Mr. F. A. Atkins.

* *Methodist Recorder*, April 17, 1913.

Dr. Wardlaw Thompson presided, and Mr. Pett Ridge, Mr. Joseph Hocking, Dr. Clifford, Lady Robertson Nicoll were amongst the hundreds who filled the hall despite very bad weather conditions.

Mr. Crawford, it is recorded, "was crisp, sententious, scintillating. He had notes, or rather made notes as he went along. In his right hand a pencil, in his left a letter-card, he made a mark or wrote a word whilst he went on talking, as if to capture happy thoughts that had struck off his brain, like sparks from a blacksmith's anvil. Erect, alive in every nerve, keen as a hawk, he reminded one of the late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. Then, in his intimacy with the audience and his absolute naturalness of speech, there were inevitable reminiscences of Dr. Fitchett. There was no grandiloquence or sense of strain, yet the language was beautiful, and packed with thought. If some one had interjected a question or had ventured a comment, it would scarcely have seemed an interruption. The voice was pleasant, penetrating, insinuating—occasionally a little thick, as if from much speaking. Mr. Crawford had a whimsical way of extending both arms full outwards and of snapping the fingers of his left hand to sharpen the point of a sentence. Once, suddenly and swiftly, he drew a little Bible from the left outside breast-pocket of his coat. It was just the top-stone of a passing argument. 'Weird' was his most frequent word.

"Twenty-two years! Mr. Crawford bored into Central Africa, and then was shut in, shut in with the uttermost men of the uttermost part of the earth. Then he began the weird process of boring out, and when he saw the smoke of a railway engine after all those years he 'blubbered like a baby.' Mr. Crawford, like David Livingstone, whom he quoted more than once, was always faithful to missionary ideals. But he is unconventional. He thinks the Mission station is often too much like a slice of England stuck into Africa. He 'went to school' with Mr. African. He found him 'a bit stand-offish' for ten days, and then 'those high and dry Tories let me in.' So, with his 'ever-lasting notebook,' he began his process of thinking black. And now the native language is an enthusiasm with him.

"The black man has his verbs with their thirty-two splendid tenses—'lovely, subtle, sinewy' verbs, and nouns with nineteen genders—the African thinks it vulgar to talk

about masculine, feminine, and neuter! Personality is the black man's word; the possessive pronoun 'my' has nineteen forms. As for poetry: every black man is his own Wordsworth. Take a five-word sentence: 'Heaven is beyond the stars.' That is the Authorized Version. The African's Revised Version is 'The stars are the lights He has left burning along the dark road that leads up to His city.' And the man who could talk like that was 'going' in the Portuguese market for an old song! 'Hold hard! The most delightful thing is that all these wild cannibals have a tremendous belief in the immortality of the soul.' The dead, with them, do not really die. They said of Livingstone, 'He sleepeth.' 'The body is the cottage of the soul.' While the Londoner was saying of the deceased person, 'He has departed,' the African was saying, 'He has arrived.' 'There is no vision in the word d-i-e. You people in this boom of London, you do not hear the voices out of the forest.'

"The black man has another side, and Mr. Crawford faithfully turned the shield. He told a tale or two that would have been almost revolting from a tongue less refined. 'I could tell such stories as would make you run out of doors.' The gruesome truth gleamed in the background. 'It is all very grisly, but—there you are!' There were a few graphic, thumb-nail sketches of African life. One of them pictured a charming—you would have called her repellent—old dowager, armed to the finger-tips with tenses and genders. Telling a story, she saw coming an awkward allusion. She got around it with a neat phrase—'not to be impolite before gentlemen.'

"Another story set forth the unobtrusive self-immolation of an old queen when the king was dead. On her own initiative she superintended her personal cleansing and anointing for her own burying, and then, 'with avidity and with alacrity,' she went into the grave to receive her husband. There was no cry of grief, save a great dry sob. 'There are warm hearts away there in the wilds.'

"Illustrating the wisdom of native sayings and proverbs, Mr. Crawford quoted a comment on retribution which was sure, though sometimes delayed and indirect: 'Because lightning goes zig-zag it does not mean that it does not know where to strike.' In this delightfully inconsequential speech the descriptions of scenery were

sometimes very quaint and pretty. At one point Mr. Crawford made his audience see 'the glorious moon, like a new half-crown, so white.' There were picturesque hints of adventure, for 'we have a gun, as you have an umbrella.' 'A startled group of natives, when they saw a lion one day, came avalanching in my direction.'

"When he had, as he thought, excited, not the wonder only, but the envy of a black man by reciting the possessions and achievements of Englishmen—motor-cars, submarines, aeroplanes—the African commented, 'To be better off is not to be better.' The conclusion of the address, whilst pleasantly critical of the merely 'Mission negro,' the nice little carpenter whom the mission station sometimes turned out, but against whom there was 'a yell' in Africa, was still, again let it be said, magnificently loyal to the great cause of Christian Missions. 'The mission does not equate the Church.' At the back of the mind of the African was the endless suspicion that God is an Englishman. And the black man, thinking of Livingstone, said: 'He was an Englishman, a polite gentleman.' With this tender reference Mr. Crawford sat down."

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Involved in the rush and bustle of civilized life, Dan found it essential for the health of his soul to withdraw frequently for quiet meditation and prayer. He was a man who usually slept only some two or three hours at a stretch; and this, coupled with the habits of the Central African regime which had become more or less fixed in him, came to his rescue by rousing him before others were astir. At break of dawn, particularly upon the sound of the first singing of birds or the second crowing of the cock, where such natural alarms persisted, he would be astir. Once awakened to perceive a new day's light, to the perturbation sometimes of domestics armed (in those days) with brush and broom, he must get up. Once arisen, he must get out into the open—like all good Africans. And so it came about that those who later took up his trail that they might bring him to breakfast, or remind him of engagements, sometimes had to track him to strange places where he had taken refuge for the sake of uninterrupted privacy. In one town for example, he was

usually located on his knees in a Roman Catholic church.

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Mr. Crawford's willingness to go wherever he felt he could either preach the Gospel or arouse God's people to a deeper sense of their responsibility in furthering God's will for the evangelizing of all the peoples of the whole earth, was not understood by all. In particular there were those among the "Brethren" who felt that he should have confined his activities to their circles. But Mr. Crawford could take up no such attitude. He had begun his Christian life on the basis of "All one in Christ Jesus." That had been the text that had looked down commandingly upon their West End Christian Union in Greenock where he had been associated in the bonds of service to Christ with men of many denominations. As for himself, he would raise no sectarian divisive walls between him and his fellow-members of the Body. And as to service, where a door opened for him, there he preached; committing himself to none.

Nevertheless one reservation of his time he consistently made. Wherever he was, and in whatsoever hall, church or chapel he was due to preach he stipulated that he should be free on Sunday morning. And at that time he would find his way to the place where the Lord's Supper was to be taken in the way which he felt was the apostolic and Christ-intended manner,* and where there was liberty for any Christian man to deliver himself of whatever ministry the Holy Spirit might entrust to him for the edification of the assembly. At these meetings Mr. Crawford would sometimes lead out the worship of those assembled in some short adoring Christo-centric address which carried the worshippers into the very presence and holiness of God. Of those who were so led by him in worship and adoration at those times many have borne witness that they there learned Christ as never theretofore.

* The conditions he looked for were most surely to be met with in the gathering of those known as "Plymouth" or "Open" Brethren. Where these believers assemble together, they customarily meet to remember the Lord's Death in breaking of bread and drinking of the cup during the morning of each Sunday. It is their practice, which they hold to be apostolic, to admit to fellowship in the ordained act of remembrance any who, professing faith in Christ, express the desire to obey Him in it with them.

He had a good deal of the mystic in his make-up. Nevertheless he mistrusted mere feelings; and insisted indeed that to be real to man thought must be classified, and even emotions be clothed and conveyed in words. It was proposed to him on one occasion that music might sometimes affect its hearers beyond the limits of their ability to give verbal expression to the thoughts and emotions it caused in them. At once he resisted the notion. And later, after some cogitation, said that it was only possible to think, and that involved to appreciate, in terms of words. He loved music. For intellectuality in its expression he cared nothing; he looked for sentiment. He was appreciative of melody, but preferred tune; and rhythm was essential for him. In poetry he appreciated the same factors of sentiment and rhythm; with this added that he was a lover of the melody of words. He approved of Mr. Hutton's saying that while others collected precious stones, he himself collected words, and was wont to take them out in moments of leisure and watch them scintillate as he turned them this way and that. Rather than words, Mr. Crawford himself collected phrases—he was a phraseologist—and he had no objection to their glittering somewhat garishly.

Nevertheless, at the Lord's Table he was wholly the mystic affected in the realm of the emotions by the contemplation of union with his unseen yet present Lord. His diction, though none the less penetrating, became more simple than at other times, and his phrases less flashing.

Of those fervent utterances which came at white heat from his radiant heart at such times, a few were afterwards published under the title *Thirsting After God*.^{*} Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan said of this collection, that it "had opened heaven for him." By far the greater part of Mr. Crawford's ministry was delivered, not in English, but in Bantu languages; and of it no record remains. Of that aspect of his ministry which gave scope for the expression of his most personal love for and touch with his Lord, as well as of his devotion to and delight in the Word, and to the joyous sincerity with which the basic facts of his faith were made the major factors of his daily living. *Thirsting after God* is the only record.

^{*} Morgan and Scott, 1914. In the United States of America, the title was *Not Lawful to Utter*.

The meditation which gives the title to the book is as follows :—

THIRSTING AFTER GOD.

Psalm xlii.

“ As the hart panteth after the water-brooks,
So panteth my soul after Thee, O God.
My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.”

In this hart or gazelle of the desert, panting after the water-brooks, we have surely the crown of all language as an image of sincerity in the soul's thirst after God. What more sincere in all the earth than the lustrous-eyed gazelle, panting after the water-brooks? There is perfect desert instinct here; perfect innocent need, going out to perfect supply, and expressed so perfectly too in that pant succeeding pant!

Note the first phase. This, then, is the old, obvious story. David has lost his God, albeit God, his God, knoweth the desert, thirsty way that he takes.

And this God—who Himself hath commanded for all time, “ If thine enemy thirst, give him drink ”—this God will indeed be the health of David's countenance, and that right early!

God, then, has driven David into the desert to learn what a God is his God; to learn that for every pant of David's soul after God, the living God, there is a deeper, dearer pant in God's heart after His child. For this, surely, seems the meaning of verse 7: “ Deep is calling unto deep ”—the deep of David's longing calling out to the deep of God's longing; the deep of David's emptiness calling out to the deep of Divine plenitude!

And thus it must ever be, whether with the soul about to be saved or the soul saved in the long ago. Yes, thus indeed, to the intent that by the arid desert and its parched thirst, we may be led on and up to Him.

Watch the second phase. Thirst, then, is the Psalmist's great theme, and thirst's eternal antithesis—God, the Quencher thereof. David is indeed marching through night to daydawn. He shall yet praise Him!

This thirst had given to David what it gives to the gazelle—a clear-eyed earnestness, that asks for the *one* thing, and for all things in the one—“ My soul thirsteth after God ! ” Oh for more of this clear-eyed transparency,

and its language to *pant*! The paradox of this panting seems to be that in its wealth of expression there is no language. Parched throat and tongue refuse to articulate the soul's secret! And God is thereby spared a reminder of Babel, with mere vain verbiage, and He hears moreover, the language He loves so wisely and so well—the soul pant! Garrick said he would give a hundred guineas if he could say "Oh!" as Whitefield did it when he held thirty thousand spellbound.

We have said that with this holy thirst going out for God there is a deeper thirst in God's heart going out for His thirsty child. This heart-pant we probably hear in that arrestive "Ho!" in Isaiah, when God calls to the thirsty. As a good philologist has said, "The interjection, instead of being a part of speech, is indeed a *whole speech*." What this writer probably means, when his definition is applied to this "Ho!" leaving the very lips of God, is supremely this. There is a time when the heart is too full for words; when out of sheer loving, yearning, commiseration on His part, comes forth that "Ho!" from the lips of God, springing out for the soul's succour!

Now watch phase three. David has lost his God; but how did he lose Him? Ah! this, too, is an old story. He had gone with the multitude; he went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with the multitude that kept holy day! This, we say, is the old, obvious story, and how easy it is to be carried on with the "Convention" crowd! So easy, too, having caught the infection, to praise God in a crowd! Oh, the blessedness of it, and the fragrant memories thereof!

But all that is past now for David! A receding memory leaves it almost below the verge!

God hath called him out to the thirsty desert; and though it might seem far otherwise, David is on the right path now! For listen to his words—"My soul thirsteth for God!" Not for the multitude keeping holy day; but for God, my God.

All this recalls the seventh chapter of John's Gospel. The people have been trooping up to their feast—a multitude going up to the house of God—"a multitude that kept holy day." But the Lord says, "I go not up yet!" albeit when His time was come He went up, and found them "murmuring" concerning Him. And finally,

"in the last day, that great day of the feast," a great vision of the sadness of the unsatisfied multitude flooded His loving soul with pity. All down the centuries He saw them keeping their feasts, and getting leaner and leaner; becoming annually drier and drier, like their arid patches of Syrian desert. Then, on that great last day of the feast, Jesus stood and CRIED to the multitude (Isaiah's "Ho!" in another form)—"If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." In other words: "You have had *your* feast, and what has it done for you? Nothing: but *I* am the true Feast; let him who thirsts come unto Me"—not to *it*, the feast; *it*, the creed; or aught else. He came to bring us to God, "my God"—the soul's exceeding joy.

Over against the great vacuum of human thirst God in His day of grace doth put *Himself* as the ocean, and as we drink with the pant of sincerity we shall become like Him.

Now for the final phase. How very vital all this must be, and hence, doubtless, the fact that this is the Lord's last word to us, Rev. xxii. First, in verse 1, is the river's source, far up on the highest height of the everlasting hills—the throne of God and of the Lamb. Down it flows from the high throne of God, that blessed river of God, full of water, and it strikes at last the dry and thirsty land where no water is; so whether from the Spirit and the Bride, or from him that heareth, "Come!" is the glad call, and drink of "the water of life freely."

Then, the weary, desert pilgrim, having struck at last the river of God flowing across life's waste, resolves never to leave it. He spends his days of sojourning ascending its hallowed banks. In his glad experience, as with Ezekiel's wonderful river, "everything doth live whither the river cometh." And finally, having drunk of it and bathed in it, all the way along, at last he reached the city, out from which it flows. It is the city of our God. Here doth He dwell. God is known in her palaces for a refuge. Here, too, is the river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God; "God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved."

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In addition to much speaking, Mr. Crawford was preparing the MS. of a book based on his life in Africa. Morgan & Scott undertook the publication of it, and found it advisable

to suggest that his engagements should be made through their office. On the one hand he would otherwise have been unable to keep any time free for his writing ; and on the other, since by nature he never had been meticulous as to detail, such as the recording of promised engagements, and since his life in Africa had been run for twenty years in almost complete independence of calendars and clocks, he was thereby safeguarded both from promising to be in five places at once, and from forgetting that he had any engagement at all. Even so, when he was in London, it was found necessary to detach a clerk to trail him around so as, at best, to head him toward his engagements in good time ; or, at worst, when, as not infrequently happened, having met someone whose company he found interesting, or whom he wanted to influence for God, he paid no heed to the protestations of his mentor, to telephone for the intervention of someone who could not be conveniently ignored.

As the months of 1912 went on, he became increasingly "a draw" ; the more so as the year 1913 was the jubilee year of Livingstone's death. He was being asked to take part in the proceedings in innumerable cities and towns. It was found necessary for him to cut the Gordian knot by leaving England for a period of intensive work on his MS. With Mrs. Crawford he went to Switzerland.

His book was published in 1912 by Morgan and Scott. It was called *Thinking Black*. It was got up in striking guise and was very well illustrated. It took the Christian peoples of Britain and America by storm. It immediately became a "best-seller." Many thousand copies were sold in England within six weeks of its publication. It was as widely reviewed as any missionary book had ever been. It was too positive a book not to attract criticism from some quarters, but in the main the chorus was one of joy and amazement at finding such virility coupled with so much vision, such sanity with so much sanctity.

Thinking Black was based by Mr. Crawford on the events and experiences recorded in his journals and diaries from the time when he found himself "coasting down West Africa (in) the year of grace, 1889" till "unquenchable hope was crowned at last (in) the glad year 1905 . . . 'Mwaka wa Lusa,' the Year of Grace" which yielded so rich an ingathering of spiritual blessing.

Recipe : Into Central Africa over its twenty-year period of transition from the bloody rule of tribal potentates and the savage massacres of slave raiders to the establishment of European authority mix one white man of immense vitality, with a catholic genius for loyal friendship with every sort of human being, with a penetrating and unclouded vision, with a brain of well-nigh limitless freedom of associations, with inexhaustible stick-ability, with the gift of tongues, and the power of thinking the other fellow's thoughts ; add the gift of luminous expression ; flavour with pathos, humour and wit ; boil slowly until the whole is concentrated into a hundred thousand words and the result is *Thinking Black*.

One proviso. The resulting book is *Thinking Black*, IF the white man in question is Dan Crawford. His unique personality permeates the book.

From the passages selected in the earlier chapters of this book, it will be seen that his original records were themselves already considerably embroidered by reflections which had occurred to him at the time. In preparing his MS. for publication he wove into the sturdy warp of chronological happenings such a rich weft of vari-coloured comment spun from the distaff of his mind and memory, loaded as they were with his unexampled knowledge of the life and language, the thought and oral literature of the Bantu tribesmen, and with his own penetrating reflections upon what he had experienced, as well as with his voluminous reading, that in *Thinking Black* the element of time became very inconspicuous. It is impossible in some parts of it to distinguish the boundaries between an initial incident and another one illustrating it, or between incident and comment. Moreover, indications of place and definitions of distance are rare in the book, yielding place of honour to incident and impression. These characteristics form peculiarities which have been found irritating to precisionist mentalities cast in the more definitive thought-moulds of present Western civilizations. But these very traits so characteristic of the book are essentially an illustration of the emphasis of the black man's thinking. Those who have had experience of African court cases will recall the difficulty, so often and so exasperatingly felt, of tracking down the chronological elements of a case, because of the seeming impossibility of getting the Bantu

to consider them important, and of the endless introduction of material which the white mind would judge as irrelevant, but which the Bantu finds apropos.

Thinking Black was the work of a white man with the values, mental and moral, of a fair-minded westerner and a Christian. The language and for the most part the syntax also by which he conveyed his message were English. His own personality strikes through every part of the book. Nevertheless the mode of thought underlying the structure of the book, the selection of material and its presentation are all essentially Bantu. So that the colourful title is well justified. Some readers who both perceived the unusualness of the thought-modes of the book, and were sensitive to the urgent and individual personality that speaks from it, supposed that the latter was the full and only explanation of the former—that the book expressed not “Thinking Black” but “Thinking Crawford.” But this criticism neglected one factor to over-emphasize another. Truth is none the less true for being ministered through a personality—“Thinking Black” is none the less truly “Thinking Black” because it is thinking black mediated by Dan Crawford.

Hundreds of reviews were written about the book throughout the whole English-speaking world. Some were lyrically laudatory; a few were carpingly critical: all treated it as something unique in the way of missionary writings. One that struck a middle course very fairly said:

“Mr. Crawford’s narrative* is alive and has in it the tang of health. There is plenty of adventure, a good deal of racy wisdom, and a kind of shrewdness which gives you confidence in his powers of observation. I should say that as a bit of human study or a volume of comparative religion, this book gives a far more vivid impression of the Central African than many quite expert scientific treatises. The effect is produced by a kind of flash-light in which you see the negro world in big masses . . . He is a man and not an ape. . . . In courage and quiet patient endurance these (22) years seem never to fail, and it is not surprising that the people who at first looked at the traveller along their spear points, came afterwards to trust him and received his teaching joyfully. In one sentence that is

* *Gloucester Journal*.

the big fact of the book. You watch the silent power of a Christian heart winning over to purer and better habits these men who so long have sat in darkness. . . . It is full of sensible comment on the general problems of the mission field. It is more vivid and fresher than anything of its kind which I have seen for many a day.

"I hope none will be deterred from reading the book by certain faults which it seems almost ungenerous to mention. The story sprawls and lags a little too much. Mr. Crawford will say this is just the native thinking black. But he has also the trick of being facetious and of making a somewhat crude play of words; of forming a composite adjective a line and a half long and of personifying as 'Mr.' even a line of longitude. There is, of course, no humour in this and it is irritating. . . . Surely a man who has spent twenty-two years in the purest sacrifice for humanity, and has played the game bravely without complaint, may tell his story in his own way."

In *Thinking Black* Dan Crawford *had* told his story in his own way. Hundreds of thousands read it and enjoyed it. Many were enlightened and some spiritually influenced by it. A few even understood it.

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The fact that Dan Crawford was out of Africa and away from Luanza did not at all mean that he was out of his lifelong job of telling out the Good News of God. Nor did he suppose that his constant platform work absolved him of further responsibility. It was his settled conviction that to be born again was so individual and personal a matter that evangelization was necessarily most worthily effected in talk man to man. He really cared for those whom he met; he was utterly convinced that the best that could come of them was to be converted to God; and he was impelled to take a hand in the matter by a sense of a mission from God. His rule was to deal individually with at least one person every day about their soul's eternal salvation. He was no less a missionary out of Africa than he was in the long grass of the Dark Continent.

On one occasion he was travelling from London by train to Scotland to take meetings over a week-end. He

launched his kindly Gospel attack upon the heart of a young man travelling with him ; with the happy result that before they reached their destination the young fellow had accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour. Before they parted, he asked Mr. Crawford for his address, and was told that he could always be found "c/o Morgan and Scott"—through whose office, as mentioned before, at that time all his correspondence passed and his engagements were being made. The gathering at which Mr. Crawford was particularly to speak was a general missionary meeting—not one specially for Africa or in respect of his own work. His endeavour after giving an address always was to bolt from the indiscriminate handshaking and effusive lionizing which was his invariable lot if caught in a hall ; on this occasion he managed it ; and made for the station alone. Next Tuesday morning he was in his publishers' office, where the manager, Mr. J. Davidson, a personal friend and a Christian man, after asking about the meetings, finally wanted to know what his out-of-pocket expenses had been. He suggested that they had probably amounted to ten shillings over the five pounds. Dan admitted that that was just about right. His friend then asked what had been given him by the conveners of the meetings to meet his expenses. Dan changed the subject. But, reminding him that as he made the engagements he was entitled to know, Mr. Davidson drew from him the admission that he had been handed thirty shillings. Mr. Davidson was beginning to sputter out some things that seemed to occur to his mind just then, when Dan laid his hand on his friend's shoulder and said : "The Lord knows all about it ; we will leave it to Him."

At that moment a secretary came in with a registered letter for Mr. Crawford addressed c/o his publishers. He withdrew his hand from Mr. Davidson's shoulders to open it. There came out four £1 notes together with a letter in terms somewhat as follows :

"DEAR SIR,

"While I was at your meeting last night the Lord told me that the money I had been saving for His work was for you, but you had gone so quickly and no one I asked knew your address, so in sadness I committed it to the Lord. I am a nurse and had to go to a new case on Monday to nurse an old lady, and I told her about the meeting and the message

and that I could not find your address. The old lady was rejoicing over the answer to her many prayers for the salvation of her son, and said: 'Could it be the Mr. Crawford who spoke to my son in the train on Saturday?' When they all compared notes they found that it had been you; and the son gave me your address. In the name of the Lord, I enclose £4 os. od. and seek His blessing on your work.

"Yours etc."

At the time of the Keswick Convention of 1912 he was summoned by telegram to London to meet the Prime Minister. He was motored over to Penrith after the evening meeting to catch the White Train (see narrative earlier on). In the car was a certain Mr. Cleaver (of Robinson and Cleaver, the Irish Linen firm) who also had urgent business in town, and who had begged the lift. Soon after there joined them in their compartment a lady with whom they entered into conversation, finding that she was the daughter of a business man in the Straits Settlements, and had just landed at Liverpool. They tackled her about her soul's salvation. She dodged the issue. They persisted. She said that the business of disembarking, getting through the customs, and so on had tired her out and she wished to sleep. Nevertheless they continued. She wept, begging to be allowed to rest. But they would not desist. They kept right on urging upon her the illimitable importance of right relations with God. They prayed with her. And finally, as the sun struggled redly to pierce with his earliest rays the grey murk that lies heavily in the dawning about the chimneys that presage the approach of Euston, she yielded and, exchanging her tears for smiles, gladly testified to her conversion.

Speaking of Mr. Cleaver and of this incident to us in Luanza, Dan Crawford commented amazedly on it, saying: "But the pertinacity of it . . . ! the *immorality* of it . . . ! I shall never forget it. Still, she was saved."

The passion for souls was his master passion. And his "vivid, electric, irresistible personality" enabled him to speak his inevitable word in season with an effectiveness and a success that were entirely out of the ordinary. Mr. F. A. Atkins crossed with him on the same boat to New

York. He says* that he several times missed Dan Crawford ; and on searching for him discovered him talking intimately and seriously, with his little red New Testament in his hand, to a banker, or a chorus girl, or a steward. He speaks of " a glamour about the man that you simply could not withstand." He calls him a consummate master of spiritual propaganda, and relates how he went down to Epsom on Derby day, and, dressed quite as fashionably as any dashing sportsman on the course, wandered amongst the smartest people and drew several of them into conversation about religion.

Mr. W. R. Moody, son of D. L. Moody, at whose conference at Northfield Mr. Crawford spoke, was much impressed by Dan's keenness for souls. He once said to Mr. Crawford : " Dan, the missionaries that come home don't care for souls. Do they think we who lead work in the homelands don't see things ? " To Mr. Last, who carried on Bible-school work from Bunkeya, the old capital of Mushidi, in close sympathy with Mr. Crawford whom he regarded as his leader, Mr. Moody remarked, ten years after he had last seen Dan, that his outstanding characteristic was his absorbing passion for winning souls to Christ.

* In *The Durable Satisfaction of Life*, pp. 65, 66.

II

IN AMERICA

IN October, 1913, Mr. Crawford reached the States. *Thinking Black* had roused a lot of interest and everybody was anxious to see and hear the missionary who had been twenty-two years without a break in Central Africa. Of the masses of matter which the papers there published about him, the following taken from the *New York Times* gives an accurate impression of the amazing vitality with which he advanced upon fresh contacts, and help to indicate how he seemed to burst upon people when they met him for the first time. It is not overdrawn.

"Progress? Query, progress!" explodes this amazing man, and jumps from his chair to pace the room. Dan Crawford is small, but there is strength in his square frame, in his knotty hands, while the eyes that look out under the close bushy brows are fiery and keen. He has a most startlingly abrupt manner; his sentences fairly bite themselves in two, and a flashing smile follows every fierce frown.

"Progress?" he repeats, and tugs at the confining linen collar quite unconsciously. "There is a going forward that is a going back. Too far east is west. New York will hit the recoil, I prophesy.

"The great damning factor of your city—the dark, damning factor—wait a bit, wait a bit," and he whirls away from the window where he has been gazing at the noisy stream of traffic below.

"Dark, damning fact—I can't help the alliteration. Do you realize what it means to think black for twenty-two years? Every word I utter I must first translate. Every word has become—shall I say, blackened, hoping that you get my meaning? The people among whom I have lived—their speech has become my speech. I chop my sentences—I employ alliteration's artful aid—I cannot help myself."

Indeed, print can hardly do justice to Mr. Crawford's picturesque explosions. He hurls forth six vivid words. "New sentence," he announces by way of period.

"As for that dark factor—let it go for the moment.

When I saw your skyscrapers, I saw all, I understood all, I forgave all. It is the story of John Bull all over again.

"There he was across the sea, born on a silly little, tight little Island. What to do? He realized his limitations. He realized the cramp in his life. He realized how little was his poor little flower-pot of an island—it isn't a garden, it's a flower-pot.

"Out he went far afield to hoist his flag on what he chooses to call colonial soil. Why did he do it? Because his silly small island had forced his hand, you see?

"So, approaching American soil from the Hudson, I see little old New York playing the John Bull game. For New York woke up, too, to the piercing realization that it, too, had a tight little island. So, instead of sprawling out horizontally like John Bull over the face of the earth, Uncle Sam says: 'I'll try the clouds, thanks.'

"So I say as I contemplate these skyscrapers that have come to be your symbols and your signs; I see it all, I understand it all, I forgive it all. You must cut the cloak according to the cloth. Nevertheless, I must laugh because you are so mad."

And he does laugh. And while he laughs and rushes on in the extravagant explosiveness which pricks our favourite conception of the Englishman as phlegmatic, he looks you through and through. The cut of your coat, the turn of your apt phrasing, these count for very little underneath a searching gaze which has witnessed the first principles of civilization at work and can place your little devices in the history of progress. You feel uncomfortably that you are dwindling.

You timidly query about the aforementioned blot which shadows New York.

"That dark blot? Others have said it, others have seen it. It bears itself down upon me until it becomes fairly oppressive. It is the obvious fact that you are going too quick. You are cursed with the delirium of speed. And a speed along the paths of the most vile materialism.

"Now, what does this involve? It means that if you bolt your food—most impolitely—bolt your food, you'll disorganize gastronomic functions. Nationally you are bolting terrifically, and you are in the throes of economic indigestion.

"The old definition of speed hits off the whole situation. For what is speed but a means by which you miss as much as possible between the point of departure and the point of arrival? When as a child you ate your candies as fast as possible so as to get them all and quickly, how you longed to have them back again!

"Oh, New York!"—and Mr. Crawford spreads out his

arms to include Brooklyn and the Bronx—" Oh, New York ! remember that you cannot have your cake and eat it too. Oh, Uncle Sam ! You cannot have an omelet without breaking the eggs ! And if you will go tearing across the crust of this planet earth in automobiles at the rate of forty miles an hour—— "

" Fifty," you correct. " Forty isn't very good time, you know."

" At the rate of fifty—Eternity ! Fifty miles an hour !—you cannot have your speed and enjoy your scenery, too. And too late you will find that your emphasis is wrong—that the scenery profiteth more than speed.

" The old Bible says, ' He that believeth shall not make haste.' It's a pity. It proves you all a bad lot. It is a good idiom in Anglo-Saxon speech to say that a hasty man is a bad man. There is more meaning than we fancy in our connotation of a man who is swift, who is fast, don't you see it ? "

" What can we do about it ? " you query in the rare lull during which Dan Crawford has suddenly relapsed into a meditation that takes his thought whirling away and leaves him sitting with a *curiously blank look in his hazel eyes*.

" Do ? " And he jumps to his feet. " You must realize the glory of doing without. The Glory of Doing Without.

" Try to get my point of view. Practically all my life I have been cut off from all manner of things called supply. The nearest store was one thousand miles away. And I have had a good time.

" But the other day—some months ago when I was coming across Central Africa, reaching just the edge of the civilization that I had not seen these twenty-two years—I saw my first shop. I am fascinated as by a basilisk. I stand all eyes at the window, and gradually the money melts from out my pocket.

" And then suddenly the realization. You cannot realize, who have not had all this perspective, how it makes you want to laugh and laugh. The best thing I know that hits off the sensation is that story of dear old Dr. Johnson in Oxford Street. The ponderous old fellow was starting down that famous London street. The faithful poodle, Boswell, was in attendance. Down they went—eyes riveted on all the shop windows. He sized up everything, disdaining to enter even one of the silly shops.

" When it was all over, the silent old Sphinx remarked to the attentive poodle, with a classic grunt and a growl. ' Sir, I have discovered the many things we do not need.'

" There you have it—the many things we do not need.

This starched collar which Mrs. Grundy has forced me to wear allows me an eloquent sympathy with the dog who has his collar on a chain—civilization tugs at the chain and I choke. And the starch therein. It is a fitting sign and symbol of the stiff and starchy fads of dear old New York!

"But, you say, what matter? The little fads amuse us, and they do no harm. Ah, but there is a corollary to the Glory of Doing Without. It is Use or Lose.

"Take the little things that are of importance. Take teeth. You see the savage man with a row of perfect, gleaming teeth. Yet you think your ways are better than his. And when you sit down to eat with him you pull out your pocket-knife to cut your food.

"He rises from his seat aghast. You dare to bring to this meal, where there is the symbol of life, a knife, which is the symbol of death! The words 'to eat' in his language are the same as the words 'to be,' and yet you threaten with the symbol of death!

"With your hidebound conventions you do not see behind the veil. Yet look at the crumbling teeth of civilization, and you will see that the knife and the fork, in their little way, have meant a sort of death.

"Take boots. We think them indispensable to life itself. Boots are the essence of life. And when David Livingstone went down into the Bantu land they looked at his boots and they dubbed him 'without toes.'

"Then when you come to have a man carry you across an acrobatic bridge, a bridge made of human bodies, without a tremor, you realize that in his ten toes is the grip that keeps him steady. For you that grip of ten toes is lost forever.

"Take all these things—take hats. The missionary brings the hat into Central Africa. The negro wears hats soon. What happens? Sunstroke. Everything that seems designed to bring a benefit curiously enough brings a setback. We need hats to shield us from the rays of the sun, but we do not need protection from those terrible vertical rays until we wear hats. Circles.

"And what about our ears? No use to us because of matches. We light a match, we switch on the electric light and we have no need for our ears. The black man has the 'eyes of darkness.' That means he can hear the swish of the snake in the grass at night. We still talk about cocking our ears, but we scratch a match immediately to find out what made the noise. The negro, having no matches, makes his ears tell him all.

"The negro will lecture you about your failing sight, too. And rather ingeniously he will argue that our tallow candles and

the oil which we carry with us into his country are the cause of it all. God, he says, made the human eye on the recuperative system. A hard, white glare all day; not only the rays getting you on the downward trip, but a reflection from the white sand getting you again on the way up. Every sunset God draws down the blinds of darkness to give the tired eyes a rest.

"For centuries the negro has scored in having no lucifer matches but the stars, no lamp but the moon. He has his reward. Where the negro sees twenty antelopes, I can see but one. Call this a law of compensation, call it anything you like, but do not miss the point that here is a compensation that really compensates.

"The negro call his ears 'the sharpers.' Our auricular sharpness is vanished away. I wonder what we got in exchange. The negro can deliver you quite a lecture on 'The Philosophy of the Candle.' I long to bring it to the glorious civilization of Gotham.

"Above all, you fancy that it is by convention and by courtesy that you mark yourself off from the savage, the rude barbarian," Dan Crawford continued. "If you could but know how complex a thing good form in the centre of Africa is!

"And it is withal a delicate nicety. I have talked with one of those wrinkled old women that the tourist delights to call 'hag.' I have heard her steam forth on a sentence, sailing bravely on. Suddenly she sights ahead in the course of the stream a word which—we would not think it ugly—it would be a homely, racy word. But the lady would hold it not so nice. It would be used in your New York civilization many times a day, but she would deem it a bit too intimate. She slows up a little, but there is the word and none other to fit in its place. No going back. So she makes a detour, saying——

"You cannot reproduce what she said. Your piteous appeal calls forth a translation of that terrific roll of syllables.

"She says, that-in-the-most-polite-society-of-a-gentleman-it-would - perhaps - not - be - the - word - to - be - used - and - so - it-shall-be-omitted.

"And it is omitted, and you have to wonder what under heaven the word may be until you discover that it is a most innocent little affair. Merely one example. I could give you thousands.

"So I ramble on. I could talk for twenty years and not tell you half. But you see where I am trying to point. All your progress, your funny silly progress, what is it after all? Wherever you take a step forward you take—

apparently—a step back. And your progress is only another kind of the same thing that is in Central Africa.

“But only apparently, of course. I am all out of touch, in a way, but I realize where you are tending, and I have high hopes for you, the American people. Underneath all this absurd veneer, you are you, and are truly going forward and up like your big skyscraping things. But always there is dragging you down this loathsome materialism that I see written on nine out of every ten faces which pass me by in the street.

“That is the blot that shadows you—and it must be shaken off, scoured off—whatever process you choose. It will be done. Underneath I have always been, in a sneaking way, an American, and always I shall have faith in you.

“But you have given me a sorry sort of jolt. Coming back to this queer world of which I was once a part, everything seems curiouiser and curiouiser, to quote Alice. All that long time that I was down there in the long grass with the black man’s ways for my ways, I thought to myself—Oh, to get back for just a brief space to old companions, my books—I fancied I should read and read and read.

“Pah! It seems so stale and tame to me. You cannot write. You are stiff and starched like my collar. Down there where I have been there is one language. Here there are two, prose and conversation. Down there slang, if one may so call it, is not a degraded thing. It is racy and vivid and keen from the soil.

“Up here it is cut out of the books as something not to be tolerated. And in spite of all your speed and your directness, there are your books, heavy and dull and lethargic, and not of the life around them.

“But I have been enriched to see your civilization, to carry it back into Africa with me. And I must soon be going back. There is much to do down there. Crooked sanitation—smallpox and the sleeping sickness wiping the towns of Lubaland off the map—crooked morals all over that weary, Christless land.”

“Shall you never come back?” you inquire.

Dan Crawford shakes his head, and smiles, and his voice is very gentle as he explains:—

“I cannot tell you how much work there is to be done at home. And I am going home to do it.”

In America, as in England, Mr. Crawford made very wide contacts, notably, as was natural, among Christians. Leaders, laymen and ministers of all denominations were eager to hear and to meet him.

One contact he made in the following typically Crawfordian manner. He was due to speak at a city some half a day's journey by rail from New York where he was then staying. He had identified the journey in his mind with the fact that he had to catch such and such a train—and had given no other thought to the matter, but had been preoccupied with other things until the moment of satisfying himself that he had passed the definitely scheduled milestone: he had caught the train. Brought to earth by the necessity of determining in his mind toward what outstanding objective in a materially temporo-spatial universe he would next head, he woke up to the fact that the pockets of his suit were *absolutely empty*. He had put the suit on fresh from the ministrations of the hotel valet and had been too preoccupied to change into it the contents of his pockets. Not only had he no ticket, but he had no money. Worse still, he had no papers whatever, so that he was without any means of identifying himself. Nor had he any companion with him. He had no luggage on the train.

In his dilemma he first asked the assistance of his Father—God; and then looked around the Pullman for a face that appealed to him. Having decided on one, he sat down opposite the gentleman of his choice, explained his position, gave his name, and asked point blank for a loan. The accosted man looked at him with an amazement which even under the unusual circumstances seemed to Dan somewhat excessive. He was beginning to fear that the estimate of character he had made had been at fault, when, without replying in words, the gentleman turned back a page of his newspaper, and, reversing it, held it before Dan's eyes. It was then his turn to be amazed. For on the page was printed, identification of first-class unimpeachability, a large and sufficiently life-like sketch of himself!

And the man was Dr. D. M. Stearns; who became his fast friend. Through the intermediary of Dr. Stearns, whose interest in missionary matters was world-wide, very intense and extremely practical, in the ten years that followed his return to Luanza, Dan Crawford received for the help of the furtherance of the Gospel many thousands of dollars.

On the eve of quitting the States, after some eight months crowded with speaking to enthusiastic audiences, Mr.

Crawford stayed for about ten days with Mr. Walter Hill in Phoenix, Arizona. Mr. Hill writes: "We shall never forget the blessed fellowship in our home." Dan seemed always to leave the members of any household he entered encouraged and uplifted. He was not of those who sparkle on the platform only to sink into querulousness in the home. "He was lonesome, and we tried to make him happy. One evening I played for him on our phonograph a number of Scotch songs. He moved his chair closer and closer and the tears were on his cheeks as he said again and again how much he enjoyed it."

Sailing from Vancouver, he returned this message by radio: "Victoria B.C. May 13, 1914. Walter Hill. Phoenix Ariz. Sailing to-night for far away where the golden-crested crane is calling. Mine are undying memories of your loving loyal help to a single-handed stranger. Look up, for we are going up, and oh, so soon. Dan Crawford; only an armour bearer."

He broke his journey at Honolulu for about three weeks. Although his stay was so brief, he not only addressed the meetings arranged for him by Mr. Theodore Richards, but he also gathered children around him, on some of whom the deep impression he made yet remains. He found *entrée*, too, into the military circle at the Schofield Barracks where he smiled disarmingly while he made devastatingly frank comments on the emptiness of the social life the ladies were leading. "There was a charm in his sincerity that robbed his criticism of offence. Some of us own to surprise at what they were willing to take." He also discovered that the black boys of a regiment of coloured troops, the 125th Infantry, which was quartered in the islands, used in the evenings to frequent a certain saloon. Night after night he spent his time there with his "black boys" honouring Christ in his conversations with them, and returning to his host's home in the wee sma' hours.

His host wrote: "When he was about to get on the gang-plank to go away, he told me in his convincing and triumphant fashion, 'I know what Christ is going to say when He comes for His church: "Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away."'"

The Friend published as a front page the following aphorisms collected from Dan Crawford's public addresses while in Honolulu:

You can see a million miles through a hole in the wall.

God is the president of the Anti-snob Society.

There is no high hill without a valley beside it.

There is no crown without a cross.

You can count the apples on a tree, but you can't count trees in an apple.

The snob is the man who, on the ladder of life, kisses the feet of the man ahead, and kicks the head of the man behind.

The soul of improvement is the improvement of the soul.

You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs.

There is no birth without a pang.

No man ever saw his own face.

What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his smile?

What good is a looking-glass to a blind man?

III

IN AUSTRALIA

SAILING from Honolulu on June 17th, Dan was in Australia at the declaration of war in August, 1914. Of the two other eager young Christians with whom in old Scotland Dan, in the days of his first love, had prayed "Make us the three holiest men alive," one was at that time in a pastorate in Australia—Rev. Peter Fleming. He kindly arranged Mr. Crawford's tour. In 1926, looking back, Mr. Fleming described it as a 'triumphal progress.'

"I can see," he wrote, "the Town Hall, Melbourne, on a week-day at one o'clock crowded on the floor and the galleries with business men. He began by spinning a florin in the air. He told how, when leaving Africa, his carriers came with him to the rail head. One night as they sat by their camp fire he boasted to them of the wonderful country to which he was returning. He showed them a two-shilling piece, and explained its value and the means of exchange that obtained in Great Britain. They passed the coin in silence from one to another, and then the last man, handing it back, said 'The face that never smiled.' Such was the face of the metal. From that there came a marvellous analysis of the hardening effect of materialistic conceptions and motives, and a plea for the true idealism of life. The climax came when he exclaimed, 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his *smile*.'

"At Adelaide a University Professor, who was to preside at one of Crawford's meetings, had to get the police to pilot him through the crowd to the platform room of the largest hall in the city. The Professor remarked when he finally reached the hall, 'I have hope for Australia yet when people will surge in such numbers to a missionary meeting.' "

He was not able to proceed forward to Africa as soon as he expected on account of the disorganization of ordinary ocean travel consequent upon the shipping requisitions of the war departments. He proceeded to spend the time of delay, as he said, "filling in God's interval with hard, holy work."

It was during this period that he experienced another of those train-episodes which form so striking a feature of the four years he spent in civilization. His manner of telling the story is like this :

" *5th October, 1914.* Coming on the train, who should sail into my compartment but the Lord Bishop of ———, gaitered and ecclesiastical. We began to talk the Only Talk worth talking, and he turned out to be a godly man with a divine day-and-date conversion. Then away we went hand in hand into the pastureland of God, feeding each other with the green fresh bits of the land. 'No,' said he, 'but you give me to eat.' So I began and opened the Word to him, and the Lord Bishop began to become responsive and smack his saintly lips. But when he got the length of saying: 'Glory to His Name!' I almost thought I heard his ecclesiastical gaiters and apron groan in disgust at such salvation-talk by a Lord Bishop.

"And now comes phase No. 2 of the story. In the corner of the carriage is a cold cultured type of man feeling out of it. Who is he? He might be gold or he might be mere glitter. Who could tell? (Oh! the non-committal mask of Mrs. Grundy). The Bishop, off and on, eyes him while I am speaking, and one word dropped and then another draws this Mr. No. 3 into the talk. And now the mask falls off, the fire likewise kindles in his eager eyes, and the Lord, precious to us, is also precious to him. Now we are three, yea, a holy, happy three, each giving to each with gladness. Watch the sacred sequence please: God starts me, I start the Bishop, and his Lordship starts No. 3. By the by, I call him advisedly by this name, 'Mr. No. 3,' for the beaming and twinkling Bishop chuckled across at him when we two alone had the good time, and said, 'Where two OR THREE . . . Won't you join in?' And come he did, dear old Mr. No. 3.

"Next comes the third phase. The Lord has captured the whole carriage—but no! that is not enough. Then up gets the Lord Bishop and says, 'I'm off to bring somebody.' Who is this somebody? Well, it seems that the Bishop has an eye in his head, and he saw a certain lady of the butterfly brand join the same train as we did. 'Now,' says the Bishop, 'I do not know this lady personally, but I must bring her along for she is doing a lot of harm in my

flock, and one girl came to me the other day with dark, dangerous views about God and eternity, all taught her by this special lady.' So away went the Bishop down the train corridor to stalk this big game. (Shut your eyes, and think of a shepherd of souls with gaiters and apron pompously going after a lost sheep and digging her out.) Will he succeed?

"How he did it I cannot tell, but the stranger Bishop told the stranger lady that come she must, as the chance of a life-time was now passing. So up the train corridor she came, and here he is introducing a lady into our conventicle. And now I begin, not looking at her (oh, no! that would spoil matters), but speaking obliquely to my two pals, speaking on the edge of eternity—yes, stabbing, stinging words for God. And the result? No! it did not come quickly, but it came—yes, came at last. And she left the carriage radiant and glad we had ever met. Picture our goodbyes, picture our smiling souls looking out of smiling eyes. And little wonder we parted glad we ever met—for we are going to meet for ever where there is no parting."

"How doth He lead them?
This they cannot tell;
They only know
He doeth all things well."

The same bishop afterward arranged a mass meeting of troops on the plain where their training camps were, and invited Dan Crawford to address them. As they were motoring out in the episcopal car, his lordship asked: "What are you going to speak about?" and was horrified to hear the reply: "Well, what would you suggest?" At that time the famous lyric of the newly-enlisted man was singing itself around Australia. As the car bowled along, everyone they passed was whistling or singing . . .

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
It's a long, long way to go;
It's a long, long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye, Piccadilly;
Farewell, Leicester Square—
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there."

The bishop, rather glumly fearing that he had, after all, made a fatal mistake in massing thousands of eager young recruits to hear this vital but eccentric soul-winner from Africa, was further horrified to hear that he, too, was humming "Tipperary" to himself, in lieu of making at least some last-minute effort to prepare himself for his approaching splendid opportunity. The truth was, of course, that Dan had already prepared his heart and mind by projecting himself into the surging mentality of a young man on the verge of this tremendous and overwhelming, this unknown and uprooting adventure of war that was turning conventional life upside-down. He was keyed up to the highest pitch of receptivity to catch the one inspiration that should utterly befit the unrepeatable occasion.

They arrive. In serried ranks of church parade, thousands of men grouped on three sides of a square. Cloudless Australian sky. Opening exercises. The Bishop in robes. Then Dan, with "Tipperary" for a text.

They were going a long, long way from Tipperary; from home; from mother; from the church and chapel that stood in their lives for their God and for God's ways in life. The sweetest girl they knew, in all her purity, would be far away, back home. Pirate whores of Piccadilly, scarlet-mouthed, would call to them; painted ladies of Leicester Square would lift enticing arms—let them resolutely turn their backs on them all: for everything like that "Good-bye" was the word. A long, long way from all they had lived and learned by the side of praying mothers and pure, sweet girls they must go—a long, long way: make no mistake: the home values are the real values of life: Live up to your heart's affection, not down to the lusts of any land that is a long, long way from Tipperary.

After it was over the men crowded round him to thank him for a talk that was man's talk, yet God's talk. Echoes of that sermon reached him for months after. On the return journey to the city, the bishop was no longer glum, though still amazed. "I never heard anything like it," he said.

"The wholesome abandon of the man's speech," said an Australian paper, "makes him a very captivating personality to unconventional folk . . . To fastidious and painfully sensitive artistic natures, Dan Crawford's methods are not likely to win approval."

They did not always "win approval." He used to receive a good many letters complaining of his use of slang. These letters were usually anonymous. They left him unrepentant. He found, he said, an explanation, if not the origin, of anonymity in the account given him in the Old Book of the conduct of the men who first blindfolded Jesus, and then, buffeting Him, said: "Prophecy who smote Thee!"

On a Sunday in November, 1914, he spoke in Sydney on "Playing the Game." * He was thinking of the lads going overseas to war, and, in his own way, pleading that the things of life and death, of sin and God's salvation, should be presented to them in language that showed their essential vitality and up-to-the-minute applicability, and not as though entangled in a net of words that had long since fossilized. He said that

"*Playing the Game*" was a term which "referred to the code of honour which sporting men recognized. A man was a sport when he lived up to this code, and he was not a sport when he did not do so. The Apostle Paul lived at a time when men received a military training, and developed their muscles in the field of athletics. In the Olympian games they went into training and ran for a crown of laurel. With the chains on his wrist in a Roman prison, and in the prospect of laying down his life as a martyr, he said, 'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give to me, and not to me only, but unto all those who love His appearing.' This was the language of the soldier, the athlete, and commercial man of his day, and the use of it did not derogate from his dignity as a religious teacher. He said again and again: 'I buffet myself; I fight myself, and keep my body under, lest having preached to others, I should become a castaway.' When the trader introduced the hand mirror in Central Africa, an old chief would look at himself in the mirror and say, 'You ugly old brute. I'll fight you to-day,' and doubled his fists and punched himself about the head and body. Paul had looked at himself in the Gospel mirror, the perfect law of liberty, and, seeing the kind of antagonist to be dealt with, he said, 'I buffet myself.' He was a sport, and used a sporting phrase, and brought home the truth where finer language failed."

* Printed in *Glad Tidings*, 1st December, 1914.

Commenting on Mr. Crawford's own style of speaking, the editor says: "He is shockingly and surprisingly natural . . . slang terms are not usually the most desirable form of speech to inculcate religious dignity and force . . . A man who succeeds Livingstone can say things which lesser men cannot say."

Mr. Crawford sailed from Adelaide early in 1915. As the boat drew away from the wharf, at the Outer Harbour, he stood on the deck with his hat in his hand, and to his old companion, Rev. Peter Fleming, he called out :

" Friend of my youth, a long farewell,
Perchance some day we'll meet again,
But not the self-same men will meet :
The years will make us other men." *

And as the liner got under way and sailed off down the Gulf of St. Vincent, he stood with uncovered head, pointing upwards, signifying that his hope and expectation were centred in heaven and heaven's King.

* By Sir Richard Burton, the famous African traveller.

IV

IN SOUTH AFRICA

MR. CRAWFORD landed again in Africa in 1915. He spent a short while visiting and speaking amongst the white communities of the south. While there he also visited Lovedale and some other of the large institutions working for the Bantu race.

Of this time, one more railroad incident survives. In most parts of South Africa the colour-bar is pretty rigorously enforced. On the railways, for example, Africans are segregated from other folk. The coaches reserved for them are third class cars, which are often innocent of glass in the window spaces, and boast bare planks for seats. Needless to say there is no sleeping or lavatory accommodation. As a rule it is forbidden to a white man to use these coaches. But on this occasion, in 1915, Dan was travelling in the comfortless wooden "Jim Crow" car, where, as it happened, he had a compartment to himself.

The reason was that a certain general, commanding South African troops, was travelling on the train in his saloon coach, and all the superior accommodation had been commandeered for his staff. Not that Mr. Crawford minded: he could accept comfort when it came his way, but he set no great store by it, and would never deviate an inch from his path to seek it. He was well accustomed cheerfully to endure hardship. Not that, if hardship there were on this occasion, it consisted in being grouped with his beloved Africans. He hated the colour bar. He said that it "gave him the shivers" on the Rand to find that the black man was excluded from the white man's church.

"All one in Christ Jesus?" Did it seem like it? In September, 1905, he had written to a friend: "I have come to a decision on the 'colour' question; a decision made after years of reflection. *That question is not made by the black man but by the white.* Just as black is merely the absence of any colour, so in the black man there is an absence of colour prejudice. When Miriam complained of

Moses marrying a *black* wife, God made Miriam a leper *white* as snow. Which being interpreted means that God said to Miriam: '*Oh! Moses has a black wife, has he? well then, he (Moses) will now have a very white sister. A leper white as snow!*'

"Too, too often we forget the solemn truth that if, as a race our *abilities* are great, so, too, are our *liabilities*."

At some station the train pulled up for a considerable stop and "Brass Hats" were soon stretching their legs up and down the length of track beside the little group of buildings. Glad of a respite from his hard flat plank, Dan also paraded. Word had somehow reached the general that the famous African missionary was on the train, and he sent a note asking Mr. Crawford to come and talk with him: to which Dan replied that to converse with the general he should be delighted, but that as his ticket entitled him only to third class accommodation the general must come to him, not he to the general. The general did come. The general was a religious man brought up in church circles; but he was troubled about his soul. Knee to knee with the African missionary in the narrow jolting "Jim Crow" car, the vision dawned upon him of God's way of conversion and salvation. He asked then about baptism. Dan gave him his reason from the Scriptures for his faith that believers should publish the fact of their union with Christ by getting themselves immersed. Would Mr. Crawford stop over and baptize him? No; Dan was already too nearly again become "Konga Vantu" to delay yet further his return to Luanza; he must get on back to his own people. So they parted. But the general *did* get himself baptized; and at intervals sent news to Luanza of his joy and progress in the faith that had come to him in the train.

So Dan turned his back again on the white man's lands, where he had served his Master in winning souls, and where his whole-hearted devotion to Christ had drawn to him many real friends. He returned to his own lands and his own people and his own God-appointed task.

As the train bore him back in 1915 across the border into Congo Belge, the conditions into which he headed were vastly changed from those when he had plunged into Mushidi's empire in 1890; were greatly altered even from what they had been when he had left in 1911. The lands

were the same—yet less definitely his : the people were the same, yet with less memory of the times when he had been the one and only rallying point. Conditions were greatly altered indeed. Cash had come in, and money taxes. The numbers of white men had increased by leaps and bounds. War conditions were drafting his men about the country as carriers over unimagined distances and in great numbers. Wage-labour had sprung its fatal trap. The sanctions of the old community-life were rapidly losing their power. But this remained : his life-long job of soul-winning. That was his, as unchanged as the heart of man. Conditions might alter : the externals that accompany the proclaiming of the Evangel might need to change with them. The need remained the same : the age-lasting message was ever the same : God and his Christ were eternally the same : the Great Game remained the same, and he would play it in the same spirit as of old.

As one who exchanges new shoes for old slippers, he dropped gladly and effortlessly back again into bush life with its discomforts and its dangers, its continuous unbustling endeavour and its daily opportunities for witness. And finally, four years after leaving it, he regained his African home, back again and finally, from the only furlough he ever took in his 37 years of service.

He wrote :

" *June 17th, 1915.* My dear Friend : Submissive to conventional decencies, I now send you this letter to tell of my glad arrival in the far interior of Africa. From the day I left the train at Elisabethville until the arrival at Luanza was little less than a month. What a contrast to the old, dragging twenty-two months of protracted endeavour !

" Good-bye to the clanking of thy couplings, O clashing train ! Fifteen miles an hour is poor, pitiable time for the run of a train, but we here on our legs are cheaply out of it at fifteen miles per day. Such is the candid contrast between the rival speed of the iron horse and Shanks's pony. Train travelling is not travelling at all. It is only being treated like a trunk or a package. They pass you in, push you along, and out you get, like the things in the luggage van. They did not move all the way—nor did you !

" The sun is a snorter these days, so every little bit of tree-shade is at par. All my men—brave lads !—have sixty pounds per load on their shoulders, and they stagger along under vertical rays. After the seventh mile or so of this

beast-of-burden business he espies some shady river ; then down goes the load, and down goes likewise the man who carries it. Every bone in his body is aching with the strain. Yet, instead of being in a state of wild-eyed misery, what does he do ? Masking all the mutinous feelings with a face wreathed in smiles, he will quip out some merry, meaningless word. Then after fifteen miles of it, here comes the last river to cross, and we reach the promised land of—camp ! A little later, and down goes the sun like a ball of fire, and now it is the last hour of the dying day seems to concentrate all the pleasure of the past. It is like the African evening sky, full of farewell rosy rays, that are all the rosier because they are the last. Then comes the best bit of all—I mean the evening altar in the woods. This is a great meeting with which we wind up the hard day, and if the sun made his exit gloriously, we, too, have as fine a finish. Now it is the pilgrimage culminates in its happiest moments. All of us—men every inch of us—we look into each other's eyes, and talk for eternity. None of the nonchalance of the professional preacher about this bit of business !

“The first time I prayed in the forest with my natives around the flickering camp-fire was a memorable date. Every moment was a memento. Overhead the diamond stars were blazing through the night, and in the forest the hushed silence of my men, squatting in groups, with their spears stuck point downwards in the ground. Small wonder if one's voice quavered in a queer little choke ! But it is the great African moon, I think, that makes memory so measureless and so mighty. Why not ? Is not the moon a mere memory of the sun ? Like memory, is not moonlight the reflection of rays emanating from an object no longer seen ? No wonder, then, it is in the African moonlight that memory erects its screen, and flashes the moving-pictures thereon. They are both alike, moon and memory—yes, both merely the reflection of rays coming from something no longer visible. It was when David saw the *moon* (not the sun) that the memory of his mediocrity began to grip him. ‘When I consider . . . the moon ; . . . what is man that Thou art mindful of him ?’ And if ‘night’ in the dialect of Scripture means the trials and troubles of life, then is it not written that the moon was given to *rule* the night ? Yes, the moon of memory still reflecting the rays of good days and good deeds no longer visible to the eye. More than that—it *rules* the night, and the memory of the good that is piled up in the past conquers the sorrows of the present and pledges a fine future.

“I did this route by night on the ‘boring out’ journey four years ago, but this time the moon has failed us ; there-

fore such a venture is barred. Further on, near Mukove, there are six notorious lions, who really rule the road. And to be *minus* one moon but *plus* six man-eaters is a losing transaction; for with a sinister impunity these cunning *omnivora* are ambushed in the yellow grass alongside the road, and the yellow of the grass so matches the yellow of the lions that these six sinners boss the forest. One of our own mission boys has been killed hereabouts, and all the other men both forbear and forswear this double dose of yellow peril—yellow grass and yellow lions. So, after anxious deliberation, we have decided on that not very dignified proceeding by which people live to fight another day.

“(Later). These lines were hardly scratched down in pencil when a native rushed in, the breath catching convulsively in his throat. Yes, we were wise, for these lawless lions have killed a man just where we passed.

“But day has its dangers as well as moonless night. Hanging over us like a hideous doom all day, and every day, we have (and they have us!) the ugly flies that give sleeping sickness. I mean the plaguing and persistent tse-tse. These are so blatant that we are forced to be off at about something to four in the morning. Only let the sun get up before you and that will mean, by and by, these millions of merciless flies will almost persuade you life is not worth living. My African body-guard is composed of tough old roadsters who, happily, have the rare and wholly enviable faculty of sleeping any time and anywhere. Therefore, when the day's weary tramp is over, we just lie flat in the forest, pile up the blazing logs, and soon, in a manner that admits of no misconception, we are asleep in the arms of God.

“If, peradventure, you followed us up in the forest, I will tell you how and where we would be found. Not sight, but sound, would give us away; for long before you sighted the flare of our camp-fires, making a clean breast of our whereabouts, you would receive a prior promulgation in our evening hymn. Echoing through the woods we make every crag and hollow give back God's name, the whole jungle quivering with the sacred sound. Thus we wind up the day, enthroning God Almighty in our tell-tale praise.

“And then it is a powerful contrast grips your mind—I mean that old, obvious difference between the Old Testament and the New, between Law and Grace. What an inversion there is between our forest hymn and the exiles by Babel's streams who whined against ‘singing the Lord's song in a strange land?’ said they. How, indeed? Why, in the New Testament, a strange land is the very place to sing it.

Yes, the stranger the land, the newer the song, and the further you go the newer it gets.

"But before 'dropping over' we have a quaint 'Morning Star' password passed round the fires. The word is 'Lutanda,' and it means that we who are about to sleep hereby give to each other solemn rendezvous to awake and be off with the Morning Star. Each recumbent group send round the warning word 'Lutanda!' the Morning Star; then over they go, snoring steadily to the stars. Huddled up in somnolent attitudes, you can hear one man after another, more asleep than awake, pass it on as his solemn sort of last will and testament for the day—'Lutanda!' What a picture of all who fall asleep in Jesus! They, too, rest from their labours with that word on their lips; they, too, will rise with the Morning Star!

"North we go, until a curious thing appears at Kilwa—a rude reminder that you have only got to go far enough east to reach west. For here we enter the war zone. Yes, here are four stakes stuck in the ground warning all travellers that one inch beyond that barrier means martial law. What a reminder that this uncanny war is an all-the-world affair or nothing. Even now away out east from us, the fighting is going on—blood for blood and stab for stab. Such is the shrinkage of the planet, for the very war I was leaving far to the south I now find far in the interior.

"Well, then, here it is I get my first dose of fever, my jealous first love, Africa, refusing to smile on me after such a desertion of her beauty. My temperature shoots up, nasty taste in my mouth, with a tongue as rough as a nutmeg grater. Then my legs begin to wobble; so this decides me to get into a native canoe and make a dash for home two days ahead of my men. So out the dugout darts into a great lake, and away along the west shore we see the bluffs of the Bukongolo Range buttressing the coast. What a day! Will it never end? Yonder, away in the distance, is a gaunt spike of headland—Luanza, my African home. For hours and hours we paddle on. Never was such an endless day, never such a longed-for goal. What if we never get there? What if a hippo charges our log of wood and shivers it to atoms? (O, yes, Africa has its submarines as well as the ocean.)

"At last we are nearing the cliff, and night is falling. The evening smoke of supper fires begins to curl, and the lights are blinking and winking high up on the Ranges. What a surprise they are going to get, for my couriers are late, and they think we are far behind and will only arrive two days from now. Then I let my rifle go bang into the cliff, and yet

again goes another bang to signal our approach. The echo goes up into the gorge with a great awakening clang, and then, after a tense two or three moments of silence, there comes a wild, mad yell from the hills.

"And now we come to the point where the curtain must be drawn. It is all too sacred to tell. Besides, who will dredge the dictionary for adjectives to tell it? Sufficient if I say that all that follows in quick delirious succession is marked on my mind with vivid distinctness—a memory for life. Down they rush, a black mob of natives, and out I jump on to the sandy shore all the innocent joy-bells of my heart ringing. Then what a meeting with the glorious missionaries who have held the fort when I was away! Here they are, hand grasping hand, all of us in a dream, eyes dancing with delight, and thanking God we ever lived for such a moment."

Konga Vantu was back in Luanza; home from his only furlough.

Twenty-six years had gone by since he had first landed in Africa. He was forty-five years of age. He returned to give to Africa, for Christ's sake, the rest of his life.

He did not know it; and hale as he was, none would have thought it; but he had only eleven more years to run. He spent them without interruption in Katanga.

SEVENTH PERIOD

Later Years.

1915-1926.

- I. CHANGING CONDITIONS: THE
IMPACT OF CIVILIZATION.
- II. THE MAN AND HIS LATER
WRITINGS.
- III. LIFE IN LUANZA.
- IV. THE PASSING OF DAN CRAW-
FORD.

I

CHANGING CONDITIONS : THE IMPACT OF CIVILIZATION

WHEN Dan Crawford re-entered Central Africa in 1915, conditions were vastly other than they had been twenty-five years before when, in 1890, he had first bored his way into Mushidi's lands. Then he had travelled painfully on foot along the slave-traders' high ridgeland route from the West Coast : now he rode comfortably in a well-equipped train from the south right to the capital of Katanga. Then he had taken up a precarious existence in the power and under the despotic sway of a black and blood-thirsty emperor : in 1915 he returned to a province under the competent control of a cultured European nation. Then the tiny force of missionaries had been isolated, cut off from all communion with their kind : after twenty-five years there were everywhere other white men—government agents ; fellow missionaries ; representatives of commercial organizations both great and small ; independent traders. Then the ministry at Bunkeya had been the only tiny candle lit for the Lord in the basin of the Upper Congo : in 1915, many missionaries were in the land for the evangelization of its peoples.* Then the country, its very existence realized only by a few, had been almost unmapped, and its tribes unenumerated : a quarter of a century later accurate knowledge of both the land and its peoples was widespread and well on the way to completion.

Elisabethville, where Mr. Crawford left the train, was no longer the railhead, as it had been when he first saw it in

* In 1925, the year before Mr. Crawford's death, the number of Protestant foreign missionaries labouring in the basin of the Upper Congo exceeded a hundred. In Katanga there were, amongst others, 21 with the Methodist Episcopal Church ; 15 with the Congo Evangelistic Mission ; and others. In North East Rhodesia the London Missionary Society had 28 workers, and the Universities Mission 11. In the field as a whole there were then 49 workers from amongst the Christians known as "Brethren." See *World Missionary Atlas*, 1925.

1911; the line was well on its way to Bukama on the Lualaba. It did, in fact, reach navigable water there in 1918, so completing the last link in the mechanical transport system between Cape Town in the south, the mouth of the Congo on the west, and Dar-es-Salaam on the east. The copper industry in the province of Katanga, largely supported by British capital, was rapidly assuming first class importance. Exploitations of other minerals were only awaiting a cessation of the war to progress by leaps and bounds. Where, twenty or so years before, Dan had wandered over unoccupied marshy uplands, where, in 1911, he had seen a disorderly tin town full of rowdy bars, in 1915 Elisabethville was taking shape as a fine, well-administered tropical town. It already held out promise, since being steadily fulfilled, of becoming a large and important city.

Yes; conditions were vastly changed. No longer was Dan called upon to hold together peoples shaken by the terror by night, the arrow, the pestilence and the wasting destruction; no longer to hang on in isolation through critical years; no longer to pioneer amongst unknown tribes and lands. No longer was the Gospel of Christ utterly unknown to the tribesmen.

But the call to "make disciples" was still the same; and still the master-passion of Dan Crawford's life. With mission stations at Luanza, in the Luapula valley, in the Bunkeya district, and on the western Lualaba, there was, in 1915, an inner horseshoe of strategic bases from which the thorough evangelization of all the home-lands of Mushidi's quondam empire had become definitely possible. Up to the areas worked by those stations there had come, from the south and from the east, workers of various organized societies. To the east of them in North-east Rhodesia were stations of the L. M. S.; to the south of them, in Katanga itself, the American Methodists were established and expected to push forward an effective programme; and to the west, the Congo Evangelistic Mission was taking up work beyond the Lualaba. That is to say, on three sides of the lands that called Dan Crawford "*Tata wetu*,"* a responsibility for advance amongst the unevangelized tribes had been accepted by other Christian missionaries.

* That is "our father."



AT LUANZA, 1922.

From left to right : back, C. R. Nightingale, Dr. Tilsley, P. B. Last ; standing, J. A. and Mrs. Anton, Mrs. Last, Mrs. Crawford, W. and Mrs. Lammond, W. Mackenzie ; sitting : Miss Bryde, R. Sharp, Dan Crawford, F. Elliott, Miss Elliott ; on ground, David and Mrs. Tilsley.



To the north,† however, there was a gap in the circle of witness; a gap which still persisted up to the time of Konga Vantu's death.

Looking upon the state of things as it then was, Mr. Crawford decided in 1915 that what was required of the missionary forces of that inner horseshoe of stations in the basin of the Upper Congo, was concentration upon the populations, many of whom were then still quite unevangelized, which were living in the land between them. He concluded that the various organized missions would care for those outside the horse-shoe, and that the question of the gap to the north would have to be left till later. Toward this end, then, he proceeded to bend his energies, and to devote the pecuniary resources, which, as has been pointed out, from this time forward were at his disposal.

None of the work in his hands was endowed. His faith was simple: it was this, that what was of God would day by day be sustained by God in answer to prayer. Attributing the saying to Dr. Stearns he often quoted: "Pray to God; and tell his people." *Tell*, yes; but *beg*, no. He never wavered from his position that all funds that came into his stewardship were his only for the furtherance of the Gospel in Central Africa. In this faith, and upon this principle, he spent freely whatever God sent him. His will, dated in 1917, was a very short document. As there were no endowments to be dealt with, only personal estate was to be considered. The will simply stated that as all that he might have in hand at death would have been given to him and his wife jointly for expenditure in the Lord's work, everything was left to her.

In the by-gone years he had sighed after, and called for, large numbers of evangelists from other lands to proclaim the Gospel in Central Africa. In 1915, he was no longer calling for "foreign" recruits. From his world-tour he returned without so much as a single worker. He had passed through experiences well calculated to disillusion

† In 1929 it is still the case that a great area lying northward of the Luvua River (eastern Lualaba) and between the Lualaba-Congo and Lake Tanganyika is still without Protestant witness for Christ. On the River Lualaba itself near Kabalo, Mr. Williams has been working since 1927. He has also journeyed amongst some of the tribes to the north of the Kabalo-Albertville railway line. Here are unevangelized tribes. Pioneer missionaries are needed. As yet no one, as far as the writer is aware, is planning to carry the Gospel thither.

him as to the likelihood of a numerically large response to any call for labourers ; but that was not the greater part of the reason for his ceasing to call for helpers from abroad. What had happened was that his experiences with growing churches of young African Christians had convinced him that once churches had been established amongst any people as a result of the work of the Spirit through the acts of His (foreign) missionaries, it was possible in practice as he considered also that it was desirable in principle, for those churches themselves to be the agency for the sounding out of the Gospel in all the districts around them.

In 1915 the situation in the lands which he had pioneered was that a first lodgement of the Truth had been effected by messengers from other lands, and that native churches had been established, in four areas which he had indicated as most advantageous. Accordingly Dan was persuaded that his task thenceforward lay, not immediately in opening up further fields such as the one to the north of the Luvua, but of leading and inspiring the churches of the land to take up the task of penetrating into *all* the villages, both great and small, that lay, and of which many still lie, in great darkness within the horseshoe of those light-centres, the churches. The method to this end which he favoured above all others was that native Christians, leaving their own homes, and obeying the command to "Go," should establish themselves as living witnesses for Christ in the various villages. In practice, the Christian men who did so go, often acted also as instructors of such as wished to learn to read and write, whether children or adults. On the other hand again, many of them were themselves "ignorant and unlearned men," in which case wherever possible they were accorded the services of a junior Christian as helper, skilled in the simple scholastic arts.

Local beginnings of this method had been made before 1911, as has been already narrated. But after his return in 1915 Mr. Crawford developed it to a far greater extent, till it became probably the most outstanding factor in the evangelizing of the Upper Congo basin. Not content with what the church at Luanza, and the daughter churches which were springing up around her, could do in the way of sending forth suitable Christian men for this service, Mr. Crawford became insistent in urging upon all the missionaries in Katanga and North Rhodesia to adopt the same point

of view. He did more. Whenever a monetary difficulty stood in the way of the going forth of evangelists he gladly donated what was necessary, and held himself responsible, under God, generously to contribute support to all work of this kind in the hands of others, whether white missionaries or Africans. He was, and remained, a fervent believer in the preached Word. It was primarily due to Mr. Crawford that before he passed away there were several hundred converted Africans devoting themselves to evangelistic and "Bible-school" work among the tribes of the Upper Congo basin.

Toward the end of 1917, Mr. W. F. B. Burton, the *Représentant Légal* of the Congo Evangelistic Mission which had commenced work to the west of the Lualaba, paid a visit to Luanza. He was deeply impressed by three aspects in particular of the missionary work centred there. These were the efforts made by Bible-schools to reach the far-off villages; the real concern of the church to preach the Word to its neighbours in the town and district; and the simplicity combined with taste of the missionaries' standard of living. On his return to his station at Mwanza Kasingu, more than a fortnight's distance from Lake Mweru, he wrote as follows:

"Being a young hand at Central African evangelization, I learned scores of valuable lessons (at Luanza). . . . What most impressed me (were):

"(1). The building of out-chapels as Bible-schools for the distant villages . . . decent streets of wholesome and sanitary houses . . . I think the plan . . . is splendid . . . by which the believers . . . go out to re-preach on Wednesday evening the lesson of the Bible Class of Monday afternoon, in organized cottage meetings in all the various parts of Luanza.

"(2). Another matter which has left a deep impression on me is the list of needy villages which is read over each Lord's Day after the Lord's Supper. What a solemnity as the Macedonian cry is read out and the Christian natives hear the 'Come over and help us' of their neighbouring villages in darkness and death. And how I envy you your bands of fiery, determined old mothers and grandmothers and your faithful black evangelists. May God speedily give us also such bands of Gossellers.

"(3). Finally, I would like to thank you for the lessons of combined simplicity and refinement which I learned at Luanza. In these days when there is such a tendency to

expensive buildings, luxurious equipment and costliness of upkeep, I feel that we younger missionaries owe to you a debt of gratitude for the lessons of an economical and at the same time comfortable mission home. If it will not be considered too personal, perhaps I may mention my pleasure at finding what a splendid settee mother earth will make ; what a natty picture frame can be made of a few bamboos ; how substantial and elegant a verandah fencing can be made of water-side reeds ; what a fine carpet can be made by sewing together the natives' grass mats ; as well as lessons of taste and enjoyment in the use of purely native local food-produce."

Such were the characteristics of Luanza and its labours which made the deepest impression at that time on a visiting fellow missionary.

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Upon the heels of the increasing commercial development of Katanga, and the influx of white men, there came a development which greatly complicated the task of evangelizing the tribes. The Vatican more and more directed the attention of the Romanist missionary agencies to the province ; so that priests and *frères* of various orders, such as the White Fathers, the Franciscans, the Dominicans and others, began to multiply in the land and to put forth strenuous efforts. Their work continues vigorously, growing always numerically and politically stronger. Up till that time there had been in Katanga no "double voice" about the message of God preached by white missionaries. The emissaries of the various Protestant denominations had been able to enter, as fellow-labourers with a common object, each upon virgin territory, and so to observe a practical, if not a codified, comity.

Moreover, between the Protestants and a mission of White Fathers which had been established on the western shore of Lake Tanganyika about the time that Dan Crawford was boring into Mushidi's capital, there had been no conflict, because no contact. The sphere of the White Fathers lay indeed just within the boundaries of Katanga, but even as late as 1915 it was still quite outside the ever-widening areas evangelized by Dan Crawford and other Protestant servants of God.

But after the importance of Katanga had been demonstrated, the Romanist missions entered upon a policy of

competition with the Protestants. Not only were their new stations thereafter established close to existing Protestant centres, but some of their older ones were transferred into proximity with Protestant mission stations. Their schools, also, were often set up in the very villages where a Christian evangelist was already living, and teaching in a Bible-school.

After the war, the line of traffic between Elisabethville and Lake Tanganyika was diverted from Lake Mweru by the completion of the railway line from the Cape to a navigable tributary of the Congo, and of that running from the Congo at Kabalo to Lake Tanganyika. These lines had the effect of linking all parts of Katanga, not only with the Cape, but also with the mouth of the Congo on the west, and Dar-es-Salaam on the east. Luanza thereafter lay away to the east of the beaten track. So did the mineral deposits, such as copper, tin and diamonds which are known to exist in the Kundelungu mountains and other formations east of the Lualaba. By reason of the lack of communication, they have been allowed to remain for the most part unexploited as yet. For the same reason, it was some years before Luanza felt the full force of the post-war Romanist offensive which followed first the organized traffic lines. But before Mr. Crawford died two Romanist missions had been established on Lake Mweru—one a few miles to the south of Luanza, at Lukonzolwa, which had been the first capital of Katanga in Colonel Wangermée's time; and the other beyond Mpweto, on the Lunkinda river, two days' journey to the north-east.

When these circumstances developed Dan Crawford found added reason to stress the importance of encouraging the native believers to appreciate the urgency of sounding out the Gospel without loss of time into all the villages; and of aiming at having at least one Christian living in every village to witness to the Truth as it is in Jesus Christ. As for himself, at the end of 1923 he wrote to his friend Mr. Murray, in New Zealand, saying: "We will never meet again in the flesh . . . with the menace of Roman Catholics watching like wolves to gobble up Christ's lambs, I must be on guard night and day."

Most of Dan Crawford's later letters showed his preoccupation with the Romanist penetration. On 2nd August, 1925, for instance, he wrote as follows to Mr. and

Mrs. Turner of the London Missionary Society at Mbereshi :

" Just to keep my promise as to using the Chienji route in an interfraternal sense. Also to enclose a mite for the upkeep of that small servant of the Saviour *made of good glossy steel*. It is the modern ass's colt, I presume, consumer of petrol and conservor of the strength of beloved brother Turner's strength.

" Time is passing so let me give you just a line on passing events. The advent of Romanists in the land is like a nightmare to me who long, long ago pushed far in from (yes, and because of) these very schismatic cries ! Their big man boasts that '*Mr. and Mrs. Crawford are old now, and when they go we can and will conquer the whole country for the Holy Virgin.*' This was said to the man who said it to us.

" This is neither railing nor wailing. Thank God, I came here long prior to these Romanists ; and this gives them as much pique as it gives me a pardonable sort of pleasure. Priority, you know, is their bombastic boast. So this fact of our having preceded them is very galling, very grievous to the Romanists. I mean, in the special sense that they first-and-last set too much store by these 'who-was-first?' kind of things. To them this being first is 'sancro-sanct,' and they daily deplore that we 'heretics' were allowed to precede them for so many years, they the self-called 'real church !'

" But pray (and pray prevailingly) that God may grant us not to be fanatical contenders for mere non-essentials. Yet, oh yet, at the same time do not let us be blind to the fact that these Romanists are dead against us with undying enmity."

And again, this time in a printed circular letter :

" The king of this lake country is my oldest friend, a 'not-Yeter' in the sense that he is not yet saved, but a loyal listener to the old and only Gospel. Without telling me his intention this old Faithful sent off messengers to the priest. . . . 'The first?' said the much shocked king, 'The only first Gospel we know is the one that was first thirty years ago in my country. Then it was Konga (naming me) found me hidden in a cave, with my towns all burned by the Arabs. Then came the only Gospel, for it was the first in time therefore first in dignity.'

" When I heard about this some days later I was naturally glad at his so proving his loyalty. Nevertheless, we never forget that so to appeal to the local temporal power would be only to copy Rome's own old carnal method that persecuted

where it should have preached. A great Baptist leader boasted to Spurgeon, 'Ah! but we Baptists never persecuted any in all our history.' 'No,' said Spurgeon, 'it was because unlike the Presbyterians we never had a chance!' Well, here we have the carnal chance, here is the king under my thumb waiting for a nod to turn them out, but the weapons of our warfare are not even a little carnal. And yet, oh yet, how dreary and deadly it is, this coming in to subvert simple souls, and falsely in Christ's name dangling these crosses ('fetishes' the natives call them) round their necks. The very thing they did tribally for centuries, the very first thing a native does at conversion, snap off the fetish round his neck and throw it in the fire! Alas, the wide world is round, so round that if you go too far east you reach west, and here is the proof in Pagans and Papists both flaunting 'fetishes' in your face!

"Nevertheless, these Roman Catholics make the gadabout Protestants blush, for while we are famous 'furlough' folks, they burn their bridges, they stick to their posts. Both nuns and priests dedicate their lives to the land, never hoping to sight Europe again, while we 'deserters' we, oh, we parade England with lantern lectures. These Romans laugh at us for so deserting our posts, and say that we are like a soldier who runs out of action to go and try his skill at a shooting range. The real battle and real bullets are in here, in the bush, while away yonder, on the far English platform, is the amateur shooting-range! 'I felt like a fireless chimney in summer,' was the testimony of an old 'deputation' missionary in England. Come to the point, then: how can I go home and leave God's 'lambs' to the wolves?

"Yes, how can one go off and leave them to the wolves? Under English laws it is a misdemeanour punishable with five years' penal servitude to abandon or expose an infant or child under two years so as to 'endanger its life or to inflict permanent injury, actual or probable, upon its health.' How much more the crime committed against the new-born African soul in exposing it to the vicissitudes of a pastorless existence!"

It was largely in view of these matters that in 1925-26 he was contemplating the advisability of recognizing secular teaching as a profession and of encouraging into it young Christian men, who would be competent to give to the people from a Christian point of view the instruction they were already asking for. He believed that otherwise, since many years would probably elapse before the State system of education would be fully installed, all the children

would come in their formative years under the influence of teachers installed throughout the country by Romanist missions.

But most of all the widespread and persistent advances of Rome set his mind to this, that the one best safeguard against partial presentations of the Truth of God, and against positive error (by whomsoever taught), was the possession of the Bible, in the plenary inspiration of which he remained a firm believer to the last. To this end he laboured strenuously, especially after 1922, at the completion of his translation of the whole Bible into the Luba tongue. He adopted a slogan—"A Bible in every hut in the land!" It remains for others to put it into effect.

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It was the lure of its vast exploitable wealth that brought western commerce and western statecraft into Central Africa. Although the white man, the missionary apart, was not there in the first place with any avowed object of working change in the conditions of native life, yet between the underlying principles of his civilization and that of the Bantu, a clash was inevitable; once the number of whites became considerable the two peoples could not intertwine their lives while each retained unaltered its own social structure. In dominating any adjusting that had to be done, the advantage lay immeasurably with the resourceful western civilization. It could and did cut away the most powerful sanctions by which the old order of Central Africa had held together. As long, for instance, as warfare was always imminent, the security of the individual had depended upon the solidarity of the group, and consequently upon the leadership of the chief. In those days no tribesman dared to stand alone, live alone, or to have a will in conflict with that of the tribe. The young grew up in subjection to the elder; and all men dwelt in common solidarity under the word of the chief, in whose person all the functions of the state were summed up and made visible. But the white man forbade war, and forced obedience to his mandate. A novel security descended upon the land. By that much men began to be independent of their neighbours and of their chiefs.

Further, the white man introduced a coinage of his own;

and exacted tribute (tax) to be paid in his kind of cash. The net result, as foreseen by those who imposed the conditions, was to compel the native to labour for the white man who alone possessed, and so alone could pay over, this obligatory cash. The young men of Africa were naturally the first to labour for the whites and so the first to handle money. It shortly dawned upon them that cash in the corner of their cloths made them independent of their chiefs and their elders ; for with it they could purchase what before could only be assured to them by the goodwill of their clan and tribal heads. Economic independence soon bred contempt for the older authorities, substituting an idolatrous respect for the power of purchase. Probably the only way in which their power and authority could have been preserved to the established chiefs, would have been deliberately to see to it that the new order automatically made them the most moneyed men in their communities. Actually it fell out that little cash came their way. The European governments in Africa have had ample reason to regret a resulting loss of cohesion in the tribes.

Katanga was no exception. After 1915 she began to find herself stocked with more or less master-less men. The authority of their chiefs dwindled away. Social disorders grew. When these things were realized the Government then attempted to restore to the chiefs some of their judicial and executive authority, but the success of the policy has so far been small.

In Katanga exploitations of various minerals, beginning with the copper mines near Elisabethville, later at Kambove and Likasi, and afterward becoming more and more general, together with the public works such as rail and road building which necessarily accompanied them, rapidly began to create an insistent demand for ever increasing supplies of labour, and yet more labour. A tide of urbanization set in amongst a people but recently and rudely shaken out of an agriculturalism that had been not only age-long but absolute. It set in so rapidly that the youth of Katanga, swirled away by it, was almost bound to lose its bearings upon so astonishingly wide a sea of life.

What of the pioneer missionary in all this? He was doomed to see a people of promising character drained of its young manhood, and to watch its agricultural prosperity

degenerate into a hand-to-mouth struggle with hunger wearily waged by a disillusioned womanhood ; doomed, too, to note a declining birth-rate and an increase of foul diseases, and to find the churches, like the villages, increasingly destitute of the young men who should have been their vital life-blood. The missionary could not but grieve deeply over the disruptive suddenness with which his beloved Bantu had been overtaken by the storm of western civilization. He could not but bemoan the disastrous shortness of the time which the forces of the Gospel of God and his Christ had been allowed for their work of rooting a pagan people in a righteousness by means of which they might have withstood the assaults of that storm's strong winds of self-centred individualism and depersonalized commercialism. Very severely did Konga Vantu, the *Gatherer* of the people, feel the *scattering* brought about in his later years, especially after 1920, by the disintegrating forces of which what is written above gives perhaps a slight inkling.

About 1923, he wrote :

" . . . To the south, the towns call covetously to many of our young natives, and away they go to lose head and heart in the whirl of the 'tin' towns. Goliath of Gath is down there, and happy is the young man who has the Gospel stone in his sling. By going there they can make big money and big mistakes, yet it all begins in a simple unsuspecting manner. The economic pressure on the tribe where the Government demands silver taxation forces them to roam far afield to find the needful. It is not the deliberate need of an up-to-date Demas, but something more insidious, more subtle, that soon sucks him into the whirlpool. And all because he is caught between his necessity and his inadequate resources. Down there he is now removed from his old folks, old friends, old home by a month's travel, with practically no means of communication. Thus no supplies come back until he comes back, if ever."

The evils of the systems of labour recruiting successively in force in Katanga have been notorious. There is increasing amelioration of the conditions, but the recruitment itself continues unceasingly. It added much vicarious sorrow to the last five years of Dan Crawford's life.

CHANGING CONDITIONS

By 1915 the days had gone by when it was of prime importance for Dan himself to make pioneer preaching tours in unevangelized territories—there *were* indeed the untouched lands away to the north of Luanza ; but they lay beyond the western Lualaba which had been the boundary, more or less, of Mushidi's effective conquests in that direction. He heard no personal call to go thither. It was to effective aggression and occupation within the horseshoe of stations that he laid his hand in his last years. Nevertheless, during those years he travelled considerably.

In particular he felt himself responsible to visit as many as possible of the foreign missionaries in the Upper Congo basin with a view to placing at their disposal his knowledge and his prestige with the natives. Any help he could give was at the disposition of all messengers of Christ irrespective of their personal attachments. " All one in Christ Jesus " was still a watchword of his life.

One of these journeys, undertaken in 1916-17, took him to Bunkeya, where he found in Mr. P. B. Last a man with a great enthusiasm for the Bible-school method of work, but without any out-stationed evangelists. Helped by Mr. Crawford, Mr. Last was able, in the years that succeeded that visit, to go forward until eight years later there were some fifty Bible-schools in his district.

While Dan was in that neighbourhood it happened that Mr. W. Hoste arrived in Katanga on a visit to the mission stations. The train in which he was proceeding northward stopped for no apparent reason in the bush on the way to Likasi. As he looked out at the tawny wall of long grass which lined the track, suddenly, and immediately opposite him, it opened. There emerged from its mysterious depths a stocky figure, without hat or helmet despite the tropical sun, clothed in cycling knickers and a dark grey Inverness cape of a weight and thickness sufficient to cause the average European to break into a profuse perspiration merely to see it in those hot plains. It was Dan Crawford. He stepped aboard as nonchalantly as though the train had been his own, meeting him there by private appointment. Actually, he had not known even that it would pass, much less stop in the middle of the bush. In less than a minute he was deep in conversation. It was several days before he re-established communication with his caravan of carriers.

Mr. Hoste subsequently travelled a good deal with Dan, going with him as far as to Fort Rosebery in N. E. Rhodesia, and to Luanza. He learned that Dan was, in fact, what he seemed to be—a humble pilgrim walking through Africa to tell out the Good News of God's Way of Salvation; a true traveller taking the rough with the smooth with perfect equanimity. That his men loved him was obvious; that they respected and obeyed him equally so. He seemed to keep them in the highest good humour, often sending them into roars of delighted laughter. He had them well in hand. After the evening camp-fire meeting, when it was wise in view of the morrow's journey for all to get to sleep, he stilled the cheery rowdyism of the camp in three stages. First, above the boisterous din of the loud talk he would yell "*keku lakishya*" (no shouting!); a few minutes later, "*keku laka*" (no talking!); and finally, when a mere subdued whispering had replaced the earlier hubbub, he would bark out "*kwapwa!*" which is to say "stop it!" or "that's all." Silence would fall; and to the flicker of the firelight on the tent flaps Mr. Hoste would fall asleep.

He found Dan the prince of travelling companions; as indeed he ever was. Full of spirits; never grumbling; always glad to talk the things of God along the road; and in camp to read the Word; unselfish; unruffled by mishap and cheery under all circumstances; holding meetings in every village or hamlet along the way; kneeling with every passer-by to commend them to God; taking pains to feed his men generously and to keep them happy; and ever and always concerned for the welfare of their eternal souls.

It is customary and sensible practice in Tropical Africa for travellers to avoid the ardours of tramping in the heat of the day by setting out at dawn, and endeavouring to reach their camping ground before the hours of greatest heat. Konga Vantu, however, in best Bantu style, would sometimes rouse his men in the middle of the night to walk by the moon. To the inconsequential growling that was sure then to meet his ears he would cheerfully oppose some native proverb, such as *Wa kwenshya bufuku, a ka ku fikya ku vantu*, which being interpreted signifies that "he who hurries you on by night travel does so that he may get you conveniently to an inhabited place with its advantages of



Photograph by G. E. Tinsley.

A BIBLE SCHOOL IN
THE SERA PLAIN

D.C. AND W. HOSTE
IN THE LONG GRASS.

A PITH-WOOD RAFT
AT THE EDGE OF
KILWA ISLAND

See page 51.



Photograph by P. L. List.



food, shelter, and security." At other times, again, just as it is with the peoples of the land, one hour, two hours, of the precious morning cool would be gone before he would stir.

To other Europeans this lack of system was incomprehensible, and, if they were travelling with him, not a little annoying. He was quite aware of the effect his indiscipline occasioned upon them, and, acting as he invariably did on the maxim that offence is the best defence, when everyone else was packed up and ready to break camp, he would sometimes from his still closed tent begin to drawl in the native language an unending string of the carriers' usual grumbles. "Was there ever such a fool as I?" he would soliloquise for the whole camp to hear; "I had a good home and I left it. Why did I ever travel with white men? They never rest. *'Off we go! Off we go! Smartly there! Quickly now!'*" (this in an imitation of the way the native takes off the white man's jerky dominating speech). After a little of this the carriers would all be grinning. Still the whining voice would go on within the tent. "They starve me; they break my back with their pesky loads. *'Smartly there! Quickly now!'* I'm sick of it all. My back—ugh! Stiffness! My feet—ugh! Soreness! And now I've got to start off in the cold, of course, with the dew still on the grass! *Kankalwa!* What a fool! Travel again with the whites? Not likely!" By this time the whole camp would be rocking with laughter; and the white men probably grinning in spite of their exasperation. Out of his tent would step Dan Crawford, innocence personified, to greet each in turn with a cheery good morning in a re-Europeanized voice, to swallow his cocoa, and to set out with never a hint of apology, unless it lurked in an occasional twinkle of his bright blue eyes, for having kept everybody waiting.

It was very seldom in later years that he travelled with his wife, but in 1922 he did so. In trekking as in other things Mrs. Crawford liked to conform to schedule. Upon a certain evening we knew that on the morrow we should have to scale the Kundelungu heights above Mulangadi's—a severe climb. Reminding him of certain preceding starts vexatiously delayed, his wife urged Dan for this once at least, to be astir in good time. "Why," said he, "I shall be before you all. I'm not like you civilized whites:

I lay me down in my clothes. None of this dressing business for me ; none of this hair palaver. At earliest dawn, fully equipped for the fray, I merely leap lightly from my couch. D'you know what it's called ? It's called the Minerva Spring." " Seeing is believing," said Mrs. Crawford.

Grey morning came ; the loads, except the tents and beds, were already packed ; as the first pink flushed the eastern sky, Mrs. Crawford issued from her tent, upon which the porters, eager to be off before the sun should rise, immediately fell. Sitting upon strewn grass before the dying night-fires we struggled to lace up long boots stiff with dew ; we swallowed hot cocoa in haste—but Konga Vantu's tent remained ominously closed and silent still. The naked porters stood around it. Their teeth chattered, for the mists were chill. Shivering, they rubbed first one foot and then the other up and down their calves. " Dannie, Dannie," called Mrs. Crawford. No reply. And again, " Dannie—we're all ready." She would have had George Henry Native Mumba, Bwana Konga's personal man and secretary, to enter the tent ; but Native wisely dared nothing but to wait till called for. Again and again, urgently and yet more urgently, Mrs. Crawford called to him. At long last loud creakings of a camp bed and lusty flappings of the tent side made it clear that he was struggling to work himself free of his mosquito net. Far across the Luapula valley the sun rose red and fiery out of a misty lake of the tree tops. Disappointed of the projected early start, Mrs. Crawford shouted out in somewhat acid tones—" What's become of that Minerva Spring of yours ? " Pat came the answer in a loud imitation of a bawling child—

" I've lost *me nerve*—ah ! "

To anyone with a desire to get to the back of the black man's brain, travelling in the bush with Dan Crawford was sheer delight. Every smallest incident of the path brought forth rich treasure out of his vast store of native folklore and proverbs, of local history, and of his own etymological searchings and philosophical conclusions, the whole permeated and informed by a deep faith in the goodness of God, and illuminated by a comprehensive knowledge of His revealed Word. To walk in Africa with Dan Crawford was at once an education and a delight.

On one occasion when he was walking with two other missionaries and Mrs. Crawford, a couple of fishermen passed at some distance bearing a fine load of newly-caught fish strung by bark rope passed through the gills to a pole which bent beneath the weight. Rejoicing with them that did rejoice, and speaking in the Shila language native to the lakeside fisher folk, Konga Vantu called out: "How many?" One of the men replied in Swahili, "A hundred." The word he used was *mia*; of which the *i* is pronounced as the *ee* in "weed," and the *a* as the *a* in "father." Dan Crawford at once exclaimed—"There you are, you see. At a swoop right back two, three, four thousand years. Shows how close we are here to the languages of Scripture. The word our Lord used in His Syriac dialect for a hundred was *mia*. Moses said *mia*. Abraham said *mia*."

To which Mrs. Crawford, who loved an opportunity to take the wind out of his sails, without a smile on her face said in a solemn voice—"Yes. And my old cat Tommie says *mee—aa!*"

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In 1921 Mr. Crawford was on the trail, going to Elisabethville to meet the present writer and his wife and boy. They were the first missionary recruits to head for Mweru who were of a generation definitely younger than his own. It was not without some qualms that he looked forward to having once again, after a decade and a half, a co-worker of his own race living at Luanza; nor without some sense of the passage of years. On the way down to Elisabethville he wrote to the Rev. Mr. Murray in New Zealand that, sixteen days' tramp from Luanza, he found himself "often weary. Old bones cry out in protest." At the same time he asserted that his *heart* was as young as ever, and more in love with the call of redemption.

"Sometimes the track is difficult," he wrote. "A native guide was leading me along a new trail to avoid a detour of one day. Being a bit dubious of his direction I asked this proud-as-punch guide *where* we were going. 'The Way?' said he, smiling patronisingly. 'Want to know the Way? *I am the Way!*' said he, as he pointed proudly to his breast where the hidden knowledge was locked up. I took my text from that; sat down with him

in the forest on . . . a fallen tree, and told him . . . of the Blessed One who could truly say 'I am The Way that never was a way until I passed along it.' " His heart loved its Gospelling as ardently as ever, and he seldom if ever overlooked a chance of soul-to-soul talk.

It was indeed with the zest and gusto of which youth is sometimes supposed to hold a monopoly that he continued to give himself to soul-winning. That sweet occupation never palled on him, even when in body he found himself with less physical resilience than formerly. About this same time, while on trek, by night from beside his camp fire, with tribesmen squatting around him, he wrote thus to a friend :

" I limped into this village . . . my badly cobbled shoes had wounded my feet. I lay down in the open by a great fire of faggots cut from the forest. Then came praise and prayer and the Gospel—the Gospel that saved *one* soul right on the spot as the Word winged to his heart, the ingrafted Word able to save the soul. Where were my sore feet, then ? They were sweetly healed by Gilead's balm, for they had found the sheep that was lost."

Two months later, when he had escorted the newcomers to Luanza, he wrote to Mr. Murray to ask him to " joy in our joy. After twenty years of preparation my nephew, with his wife and child, have been welcomed by dense crowds to this Luanza of theirs. For nearly a quarter of a century God kept pointing him always and only here." The advent of missionary co-workers of a younger generation made him think of himself as getting near the end of his pilgrim journey ; a journey that had indeed been arduous in not a few of its stretches, so that in the same letter he quoted the couplet of the weary traveller :

" Carry me over the long last mile,
Man of Nazareth, Christ for me."

It happened that the loads containing medicines and the simple dispensary equipment which the writer was then bringing to Luanza had been delayed in transit—as so often happens even yet in Central Africa. While they were still beyond reach a white traveller was brought in, suffering from the effects of an accident, and in danger of his life.



Photograph by

G. E. Tilsley

Lake Mweru from Luanza

To face p. 576.

In the absence of some of the means which would have been brought into play had they been at hand, the recourse to prayer was thrown into even more obvious prominence than usual. The man recovered. Dan rejoiced greatly over this incident, and was confident that it augured well for the basis upon which medical work would continue in Luanza. In the first of his printed letters that went out after this event, he wrote: "After twenty years with this as the object of his life's work . . . we have the joy of welcoming our nephew, Dr. Tilsley, with his wife and son, for the sacred service of God. Pray for them that long after we are gone, His work in their hands may abide. He is in the fourth generation of missionaries* . . . He believes that the prayer of faith can heal the sick."

Mr. Crawford was always on the *qui vive* lest a lapse into institutionalism should be allowed to becloud the prime objective of making disciples. And at that particular time he was especially sensitive on the point, because he had just then felt obliged to bring about the dis-association from Luanza of a boarding school for native children, which had been commenced there while he was on furlough, and had later developed in ways that caused him pain. He had experienced misgivings lest the arrival of a doctor should be the starting point of another institution destined to cause him difficulty. He was greatly relieved when he realized that his fears on the point had been needless.

Both in conversation and in letters after the close of 1921, Mr. Crawford, although apparently in excellent health, and only just over fifty, frequently reverted to the subject of what he called his old age, instancing his lessening mobility and his whitening head. Toward the end of 1923, for example, he put out a tentative suggestion to Dr. Laws that they should go together for a crusade into South Africa, since "the hour is getting late . . . and . . . I have a good staff now (at Luanza) and things are passing into younger hands."

When he had but five months to live, though no one suspected for a moment any such development as his death,

* W. Bowden, pioneer missionary with Anthony Norris Groves in the Godavari district, India, was the writer's great grandfather. His son, E. S. Bowden, laboured there all his life. One of that son's daughters, who also worked there, became the mother of C. J. Tilsley, now labouring for God in India, and of the writer. She and Dan Crawford married brother and sister.

in writing to his friend, Rev. Mr. Murray, concerning the work of a native evangelist in another part of Africa, as a result of which as many as 150 churches, "Yes, real Pauline churches," had been established, he said: "I am old and grey but bursting with joy (at hearing of such native developments) for the dear Lord is faithful that promised."

II

THE MAN AND HIS LATER WRITINGS

"I AM old and grey," Dan Crawford had written. Grey he certainly was; nay, white; particularly so in beard. But old he was not. For a man that had been subjected as he had been to the privations, the dangers and the hardships of a lonely pioneer life in Central Africa, that had suffered the severest fevers, that had been twice brought to death's door with blackwater, Dan Crawford, at the age of 56, was in a state of preservation little short of marvellous. His bodily and mental vigour seemed unabated.

One of the most frequent, as it is the most incapacitating, of the effects upon whites who reside as foreigners in tropical climates is increasing neurasthenia. It results largely from the continual strain imposed upon the mind in overcoming a sense of living at a disadvantage. Dan Crawford showed little or no sign of it. His vitality was not sapped. It overflowed. One great factor was that he wasted no energy in self-pity. He was perfectly incorporated with his environment; if he compared it with other standards elsewhere obtaining, it was not to its disadvantage. He met every difficulty with a sense of the efficient over-ruling of God. He had none of that longing to get away that works havoc with many who dwell among primitive peoples.

The only complaint he ever made was to speak occasionally of discomfort in the region of the heart; his circulatory system, however, was that of a strong man in his prime. His digestion perhaps, had not been completely impervious to the many strains he had put upon it.

Dan Crawford came of a strong-minded and self-willed stock. His temperament had always been of the utmost positiveness. He was at his best when all the intense force of his vital personality was expressing itself in action directed toward the accomplishment of an object ardently desired. He was at the very highest pitch of all his faculties, therefore, when angling for the conversion of a soul to Christ—an occupation which he loved with a pure

and holy passion above all else on earth. But to be thwarted was gall to him. During the formation of a plan he was cautious and amenable to advice and to some extent to persuasion. But once embarked upon converting a plan into action he was accustomed by any means and at all costs to brush aside every impediment. It was this quality of forceful and decisive action that had earned him the respect of Mushidi, the confidence of the tribes, and his unique leadership of Bantu peoples. At the same time, in the absence of opposition, he would not infrequently, for no apparent reason, lose interest in a project and allow it to lapse.

Of all this he was himself well aware. He often spoke of it. And he wrote that :

" This one-at-a-time path-boring business very soon robs a man of any little ability he ever had to do ' team work ' with another. The very configuration of the one-by-one trail lays down the law that no two can go abreast—one must precede, the others follow. . . . In Africa ' where there is a will there is a way,' yet where there are several wills there is no way. . . . In the old grooves of the old lands men work together unquestioningly because there is nothing to question in time-honoured precedents . . . Here in . . . pioneering every unknown mile ahead is conjecturing. No two can ever agree on the when, where and how of the venture."

He himself always knew where he wanted to go ; and how. And he was in no mind to have to waste time in overcoming useless opposition. He would spend time in bringing to a sense of common endeavour any group that was prepared to follow him ; but none to contend with any who presumed to a rival leadership. Let such an one betake himself off and use his valuable energies elsewhere.

Concerning what he called his " flash-in-the-pan-ishness " Dan once wrote to his wife to express his realization that she had supplied to the work in his hands a stability and tenacity which he knew he lacked.

One of the weapons in his armoury was anger, which he had no hesitation in employing when roused. Why, indeed, should he ? For anger in itself is no wrong. Controlled, it lends effective aid to the causes of righteousness ; but uncontrolled, it may be disastrously wicked.

In this connection Dan used to say sometimes, in private,

that one of the first sights he saw in Africa was that of a missionary flogging an adult native for some misdemeanour. By the worker in question it was no more suspected to be an evil practice than at one time was slave-owning by many people of God. Flogging was, indeed, the customary discipline in earlier years throughout Africa. Dan entered into no judgment on that case nor condemned the individuals who subscribed to the practice, but he resolved then never himself personally to inflict corporal punishment. He kept his resolve. And he did so, partly at least, for fear lest the intensity of his indignation at cruelties or at some thwarting of righteous doing, being heightened by the act of putting it into effect, might lead him to uncontrolled severity rather than judicial impartiality. Very soberly indeed, and with good reasons adduced from Africa's hidden history, he said more than once to the writer, "Thank God, I never killed a man."

In the last years of his life he realized that his anger was becoming more easily aroused. He regretted it; and he prayed much about it. He felt that when his indignation mounted he was so much less master of it than formerly that he was in danger of its taking control and running away with him.

Nevertheless, he retained his firm belief in the power and value of harnessed anger. He was capable of sustained and effective indignation against evils and injustices. He had no scruple in showing it plainly and loudly. At the same time his affections went out to all, even the most impossible and troublesome people, whether African or European; and particularly toward those upon whom his anger vented itself. He would never allow the sun to go down upon his wrath. Either the object of his tirade would be summoned to the house, or he would himself go to his or her hut in the town. In either case he would offer assurances that his anger had had its springs in love and was directed toward righteousness; nor would he part from them without their having prayed together.

Spilt milk he refused so much as to look at. He wasted no energy in grieving over what could not be. "Out with it and be done with it" was his way when affected by some happening. He carried a load of care—the care of all the churches; but he was not oppressed by it. His manner was poised, because he was content with the dispositions

of God. He bubbled over with happy good spirits, because little, if anything, was repressed to rankle and poison his soul.

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Dan Crawford was an omnivorous reader. He read everything on which he could lay his hands. He received and *read* periodicals, reviews, and magazines from all over the world. Books of sustained argument were not so much to his taste. He required of his reading that its touch with the living of life should be intimate. He was accustomed to be lent whatever books reached the present writer; but when he had found that he could trust the selection, he sent to the same bookseller a standing order: "Duplicate to me every order of Dr. Tilsley's." He used to say: "Never read unless it is to help the Word"; and quoted the practice of that old Puritan divine, William Perkins, who admonished himself on the fly leaf of each of his books in these terms—"Thou art a minister of the Word; mind thy business."

His house was stacked with books. A large proportion were of a religious trend; but travel, philosophy, biography, history and fiction were also well represented. The arts hardly at all. He was not much interested in theology as such; but he was avid for personal detail about any outstanding religious leaders, as well as of all other public men.

In 1922 he had been reading *Laws of Livingstonia*, the biography of him whom he called "the true bishop of us all," when a letter arrived from Dr. Laws himself to Mrs. Crawford suggesting that Dan's life ought to be written. Dan Crawford wrote: "I have just been reading Mr. Livingstone's thriller—I mean 'L. of L.' I am jealous of him, for I had planned to do that job myself . . . My nephew here, Dr. Tilsley, is . . . amassing notes for a book of the sort you wrote Mrs. Crawford about . . . The 'thing' is on the stocks now."

He utilized his library most of all as a means to as exact a knowledge and understanding as possible of the *text* of Holy Scripture. Of accepting other men's interpretation he was chary. For their industry and the scholarship that brought accurate knowledge of the *text* within his reach, and that gave him precise insight into the scope and

limitation of the words and the syntactical usages of the original Greek, Hebrew and other tongues, he was abundantly grateful, and he made free use of them. Lexicons, dictionaries, translations of the Scripture and works of reference occupied much space on his shelves.

Like Carlyle he was suspicious of all mere logic. He desired only "to *see* somewhat, to *believe* somewhat." Once he had attained to a conviction he was neglectful of verification. In preaching he was concerned to minister experimental truth through his personality, and hardly at all to appeal to reason. Fortunately he was not restrained within the limits of any partial dogma, and so was hardly ever driven to pour his creative impulses down destructive channels within the fellowship of Christ. He was able to comprehend the love of God with *ALL* saints without wasting embittering effort in contending for such differences of opinion as, of course, existed on many matters. His energies had free course during his whole Christian life to expend themselves entirely in making disciples and in building up churches amongst a people that sat in great darkness. There was no need for them to seek outlet in quarrelling over the carcass of the faith. Nevertheless, his combativeness was great; in fighting the spiritual forces of evil in Africa it had ample scope. So he was preserved from acrimony.

He had strength enough and skill for the task set him by God—and to spare; in the midst of an atmosphere of open wickedness he had virtue enough to live uprightly—and to do so without evidencing strain; in the position forced upon him of judge of appeal, he dealt justly without fear of man; and in his own dealings gave their due to all—and something over; he served lovingly and gave lavishly—and did it hilariously, not grudgingly, nor with undue consciousness of his generosity; he could forgive—and forget; he could render help and yet leave the beneficiary free to exercise gratitude as a grace. In a word, he was a gracious man, who lived, in Central Africa, a more abounding life.

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Thinking Black had aroused great interest in mission work in Africa. It was in consequence of the considerable financial success of his book, as much as on account of

gifts which he received, that Mr. Crawford was able after his return to press forward his policy of 'Bible-schools.' Christian leaders who saw the influence he wielded in civilized lands had urged upon him that he had a parish as wide as the English-speaking world, and a duty to fulfil toward it.

Considerations such as these led him to write a second book after his return to Africa. He entitled it *Back to the Long Grass: My Link with Livingstone*. The chronological thread in *Thinking Black*, somewhat tangled though it may appear, had, in point of fact, carried the story of his life in Africa as far as the establishment of Luanza: that is, to the mid-nineties. In *Back to the Long Grass* it is even more difficult to straighten out the time element than it is in *Thinking Black*. There are parts, covered by the title *Back to the Long Grass*, which are based on happenings subsequent to Dan's return from furlough in 1915; but the more important part goes back into the nineties and deals especially with the journey made by himself and his wife to the grave of Livingstone's heart—*My Link with Livingstone*.

It was only with the greatest difficulty that he brought himself to part from the MS. of this book. But when in January, 1923, its calico and its waterproof wrappings had at last been sewn and re-sewn around it; and when the sack containing it had been hoisted on to the back of the official mail-runner; and when he, pursued by many injunctions, had finally disappeared at the far end of the stately palm avenue which leads from his house to the native town, Mr. Crawford then sat silent for a while in a big wicker chair on his verandah looking up the avenue.

It was on Sunday, about noon, that the runner had arrived. It so happened that we had just returned from a baptizing—seventeen converts, upon profession of their faith, had been immersed in the waters of the Luanza River by the native elders of the church. One of them, a *ñanga*, or medicine-man, upon his way from the water to partake of the Bread and of the Cup in the *chipwilo*, or place of meeting, had paused in the town square to burn his stock-in-trade of magic horns, bones, and other charms. The talk as we returned from meeting had been of conversion to God, and of the duty of ever serving our Master in bringing about His heart's desire for men.

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The MS. being finally gone at last, Dan turned to the writer and said: "Well, I don't care how it does. It's got the Gospel in it. A fellow could get saved from reading it. That's what I wanted. Oh, I know. They say, 'Look here, you beggar, you; if you've got something to say about Africa, say it. But we don't want any of your preaching.' Well, it's there just the same—under cover of Livingstone's name, you know. It's there. That's *ALL* I want."

The preaching *was* there: and the reviewers noted it. Some wrote approvingly, as thus—"Put this book in the hands of a preacher with any imagination, and he will discover a host of illustrations and hints for sermons."* At least one took the viewpoint foreseen by Mr. Crawford, and wrote of "his wearisome preaching."† Mr. Crawford afterwards had reason to believe that the two reviews quoted above emanated from the same pen; at which he was delighted, and demanded to be told which opinion was that of Philip drunk and which that of Philip sober.

The book is full of good matter. The style is that of *Thinking Black*, with its idiosyncrasies more accentuated. It reveals Dan's deep admiration for, his almost hero-worship of, the great doctor, most illustrious of all the renowned pioneers of African evangelization. It did not meet with anything like the reception which had been given to the former volume.

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After his return to Africa, Mr. Crawford's mail was often very voluminous. He was still living in the same simple style as he had done before his visit to the English-speaking world had brought him fame; still housed in the same wattle-and-daub house with its thatched roof; still subsisting almost entirely on the resources of the land; still looking for companionship mainly to the Bantu; still averse to large mission stations and institutionalized activities; still deprecating the intrusion of anything that might tend to place missionary and people on separated planes of existence. Not for him the position of head executive of a subordinate staff. To assist him in dealing

* *Primitive Methodist Leader*.

† *International Review of Missions*.

with the masses of correspondence which became, indeed, a heavy burden in the last few years of his life, he had only an African lad who had, by sheer practice, learned to transcribe his master's longhand on the typewriter. The bulk of his correspondence would have kept a couple of stenographers fully occupied. In default of any such assistance, which to some seemed a great pity, he resorted to the "paragraph letter" as being the only means by which, while not omitting to reply to correspondents he could yet find time for preaching, visiting, and translating, and for the other many labours of his more direct ministry to Africa. By this means, once the paragraphs had been perfected, his African typist could build up a whole series of letters, to each of which Mr. Crawford used to append appropriate personal notes.

He also found that to keep all his new-made friends informed about the work was beyond the scope of individualized correspondence. Accordingly he began to send out at irregular intervals printed circular letters written in his own inimitable and increasingly intricate style.

His letters usually came to their recipients like a tonic breath of fresh air. They had in them a stimulating quality; and more, they almost always contained good solid food for the soul. They were not always, however, opened with feelings of unrelieved pleasure by those who knew him best. Trepidation sometimes mingled with their anticipation.

"His letters" wrote Dr. Laws, "were always a welcome treat, sure to have something fresh and scintillating in them, especially about the work of the Master, which would be an uplift to the reader; and yet there was usually a slight feeling of apprehension on seeing an envelope with a letter from him lest there should be some proposal in it . . . which hard facts carefully considered could hardly justify."

Rev. R. H. Falconer, while secretary of the National Bible Society, wrote of Dan's letters that it was always a delight to find one on his table. "I knew," he said, "before I opened it that there would be some vivid, picturesque phrase which would be a joy or a flash of spiritual insight which would be an inspiration, and the outflow of a soul in which first things stood first. Truth

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to tell, I rejoiced with trembling, for I never knew what business tangle Dan might be weaving around me. But one could endure all complication because of the man himself. He had a supple, ingenious mind, but in the heart of the man were sincerity and simplicity."

III

LIFE IN LUANZA

LET us take our stand at Dan Crawford's elbow on the sixth of November, 1923. He is in Luanza in the little cubby-hole that he calls his office. He is seldom away from Luanza nowadays, for at present his great concern is finally to free for publication his translation of the whole Bible—a matter which his co-workers have urged upon him for years. It is exacting work. This day he is writing to Mr. Murray in New Zealand, and he says: "Pray for me as the Old Testament translation progresses. (Our Lord's only Bible, this Old Testament remember!) Also pray for the ladies who do the hard work of comparing and clearing the MS. But above all do not forget my true native helpers. . . . They are the sinew and stamina of this work."

The Bible-school policy is well and widely launched throughout the whole basin of the Upper Congo; native churches that have grown up out of the work of African evangelists are finding their feet; his nephew is installed in the country and has been introduced to the tribes as his *mwipwa**; the most important thing is to get the Bible into the hands of the people before the growing influence of Rome barricades their minds against it. So he sticks by Luanza for the sake of the translation.

The settled condition of the country has long since done away with the reasons which had first massed the clans around Konga Vantu, but Luanza is still a big native town: he does not keep a register, but perhaps there are as many as 400 houses. The streets are wide, avenued with big shade trees, and are laid out in orderly squares. The houses of the natives are large, rectangular, and contain, two, three, or even four rooms. Each of them fronts on to the street and is backed by a fenced courtyard, in which are a kitchen hut and a pit latrine. The fertile country round is covered with well-tilled fields yielding

* That is "heir apparent."

good crops of considerable variety—manioc, maize, beans, ground nut, potatoes and rice. Vegetables such as tomatoes, pumpkins and marrows abound. There are fruit trees such as lemon and mulberry; even orange is grown by certain natives. Flowers are cultivated for their beauty. What a contrast in its plenty and its orderliness to the ordinary African village! How different in its homeliness and beauty from the average compound put up for native labour! There is no other known native town to be compared with Luanza in all Congo: such, at least, is the testimony of the higher Belgian officials who have seen it all.

The church building is the dominating feature of the town. Five broad streets open into a large square at whose centre it is built—one at each end and three on the side toward the mountains. Along the side toward the lake run the boundaries of the compounds within which the white missionaries reside; like those of the other townsmen they also are fenced. The church is built in a unique style: the centre of the main auditorium, which can seat a thousand on its plank benches, is open to the sky—a feature that at once appeals to all who visit it with personally acquired knowledge of the *aroma Africana* experienced in closed rooms. Around the building are smaller apartments used as classrooms both for day school and for Sunday school.

Leaving the church one may walk down a hundred yards of stately palm avenue to Mr. Crawford's house. The main structure is a rectangle of wattle-and-daub containing three rooms separated by passage ways. The roof is of grass thatch which has not been taken off for many years. As it has been found necessary to obviate leaks in it once in every two or three years it is now very thick—not less, perhaps, than two feet. It keeps the house enticingly cool. The roof projects well out beyond the main walls forming verandahs which completely surrounded the original structure. At either end, however, the verandah space has long since been built in. At the eastern end of the house are mysterious rooms sacred to Mrs. Crawford's housekeeping functions; her indoor kitchen is there with its appropriate stores, safes and so on. At the other end, as the years have gone on, Mr. Crawford has built himself one by one a series of cubby-holes. In each of them in

its turn he has worked and slept until the accumulation of his books and papers has become so great as to oust him. He has then built on another! By 1926 there are five of these small rooms opening out of each other in rabbit warren style.

Of nights he is very restless and has long since slept alone. The activity of his mind often wakes him during the dark hours, and he likes to have paper and pencil beside him so that he may get to work at once. Sometimes he roams the house at night; and if there is a moon he may perambulate the streets of his town. When he retires from the living rooms into his "office" for the night he invariably carries with him an enamelled pot full of strong coffee, together with the wherewithal to heat it. To the very end he persists in using for this purpose, as well as for light to work by in the night, a small lamp which burns native sesame oil—the oil which had given him light in the old days at Mushidi's. It is a smoky affair, and so leaky that it must always be kept on a deep enamel plate something like a soup plate.

He guards very closely his rabbit-warren of "office." Ordinarily no one but his native secretary may enter. To be invited to visit there is a great honour. Cleaning can only be carried out when he is away. Papers are kept as far as possible in metal boxes; but they overflow everywhere—on to rough shelves of forest-cut planks; on to tables, on to the floor. White ants play havoc with them.

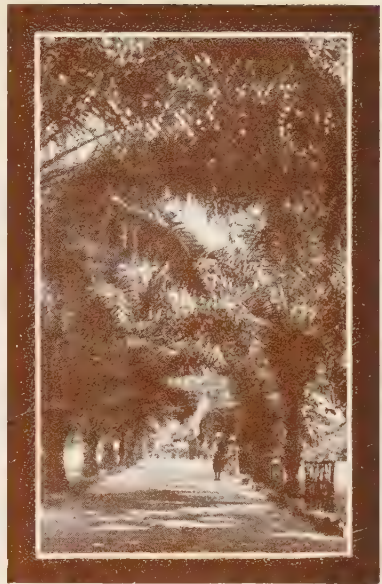
The walls of the living rooms in the house are colour-washed. Except for a green which he brought with him from civilization on his return in 1915, he gets all his effects with local colouring materials—*mpemba* (chalk) for white; charcoal and a vegetable dye for black; soils from the hills for reds and yellows. He himself designs stencils with which he decorates the walls, frequently altering the schemes. The floors are covered with native mats. There are a few skins and some European rugs. Nowadays the windows are of glass; they are prettily curtained. The furniture is almost all of local make—many of the pieces are gifts from missionary craftsmen moved to concern when they saw the way in which he took no thought for his own comfort.

What is left both back and front of the actual verandah space is stone-flagged—a late development this. The

LUANZA



Photograph by *G. E. Tilsley.*
THE CHURCH FROM
THE PALM AVENUE.



Photograph by *B. Turner.*
DAN CRAWFORD IN THE PALM
AVENUE, WITH MRS. TURNER (L.M.S.)



Photograph by *B. Turner.*
MR. & MRS. CRAWFORD ON THEIR VERANDAH
The overhanging branches are those of the wild fig tree on the lawn

poles of iron-wood that support the eaves are covered with ornamental reedwork woven into yellow and black patterns. The appearance of the house, viewed as a whole, from the outside, is eminently pleasing ; the proportions well balanced. Mr. Crawford had an eye that would have well served an architect. The effect produced by the arrangement of the interior may be indicated best by quoting what each of the many officials and colonials who have visited Luanza has almost invariably exclaimed : "*Mais, c'est l'Europe !*"

The house has stood for many years. Dan had determined to live out all his days in it because it was built just as any native hut is built. Stout forest poles, withies, bamboo, bark-rope and mud constituted the walls ; lighter poles, bamboo and bark-rope formed the structure of the roof ; and grass supplied the thatch. Fundamentally it was simply a large-sized native hut. It did not introduce any principle of construction unknown to the tribes. To the African it presented a standard that was within reach ; not a marvel that was unattainable.

It was within his beloved ' old mud hut ' (as he called it) that Dan died.

Immediately outside the house are lawns of short "dub" grass which are at once the envy of other white folk in Central Africa, and the triumph of Mrs. Crawford's persistent efforts to replace the rank growth that everywhere else covers the soil. Rising out of the lawn, on the right looking up the palm avenue toward the church, there is a huge wild-fig tree. When the house was first building, Mr. Crawford, disregarding expostulations from his wife, had cut it down. But when the stump refused to die and sprouted again, he let it grow. Later on he was immensely proud of the very fine tree which it became. In drawing attention to it he would always remark that his wife had been right in wanting it kept, and he wrong in over-riding her objections. It had been, he would say, a perpetual object lesson to him.

In the last four or five years of his life, after he had begun to feel that the work was, as he wrote Dr. Laws, passing into younger hands, he frequently referred to his decease, both speaking and writing as though it were near at hand ; although this neither prevented him from planning future work in his mind, nor led him to "shoulder his

crutch and show how fields were won." He often said that he should lay down his bones in Africa. He had almost a horror of what he considered to be the grievous fate that has overtaken some veteran African missionaries—namely, that of being removed as their years declined from the scene of their labours, to drag out life's last days in a land devoid of their real interests and destitute of their true companions, though called, ironically for them, the homeland. For him Africa was his homeland. To his life-long friend and faithful supporter, Mr. Corson, he wrote in 1925—"Clear cut on my receding sky-line I think now you under God were the means of my setting out long ago. You will never regret it—praise! I will *never* be home again."

"Africa shall have my bones" was a frequent word with him at that time. And it was beneath that fig tree on his lawn that he desired them to be laid. He told the counsellors of the town, the chiefs of the countryside, the elders of the church and his fellow missionaries that when he died they must prepare his body native fashion, wrapping him simply in a blanket and grass mats, and that just as Livingstone's heart had been buried beneath the tree at Ilala which not a few of them had visited with him, so must they lay him as an African in Africa at the foot of his fig tree.

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Every weekday begins for Luanza at earliest dawn. The town crier, by an extension of a well-recognized Bantu institution, creeps shivering from his hut to beat a large hollow wooden gong. The tinkle of the church bell follows upon the booming of the gong, and the voice of the crier calling the people to begin their day with God. So to the church, where a hymn, a prayer, a Scripture and a short word from some native Christian, or from one of the missionaries, make up a short service.

On leaving the church the works of the town have to be set a-going. The cultivators, in the season, are off to the fields; and the fishermen to the lakeside—unless indeed they have gone down in the dark. For the white households, breakfast and family prayers. After this the Europeans assemble to read the day's portion in *Daily Light*, and to pray in English together over the pressing problems of the

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work ; each day also remembering by name other missionary workers scattered about the world.

As the sun climbs the school assembles. Meanwhile Dan is hard at work in his office either at the translation, or at clearing a way toward it through a series of native deputations, court cases, church matters, or through a mass of correspondence. The dispensary meanwhile is dealing with the sick.

In the afternoon are meetings for Bible instruction, classes for those seeking to get themselves baptized, gatherings for prayer. School classes for adults are also held.

When the sun is declining toward the tops of the Kundelungu mountains, Mrs. Crawford sets off to her garden ; and Dan visits in the village. In 1925-26 he was conducting a house-to-house visitation of every hut in the town, and dealing personally with every soul in turn. When the sun sets, never far from six o'clock, a drum beats and the workpeople knock off (they have two hours off in the heat of the day and liberty to attend the afternoon meetings if they wish) ; the housewives prepare for the evening meal ; Mrs. Crawford rides her bicycle back from her wonderful garden ; in the compounds of the huts appointed for the night the four or five class-leaders assemble with their bands of Christians to make sure that even those who, though living in the town, do not attend at the church, shall yet hear the Gospel.

After dinner Mr. Crawford usually sets again to work on the translation or some other of his literary labours.

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If it be Sunday, in the evening the Europeans gather for a Bible reading. It is a family gathering ; and over the Word, which he loves with a whole-hearted passion, " Uncle Dan " is at his best and most gracious.

In July, 1923, there came to Luanza the news of the death of one of God's stalwarts—Mr. Alexander Stewart. At the following Sunday evening Bible reading, Dan Crawford spoke of him. He read two of his hymns. He read from *The Witness* the last article he had written, of which the subject was the fate of the dead. He read the last letter from him that Mrs. Crawford had received.

And he based the evening's reading on John 15, a favourite portion of Mr. Stewart's, and one on which Dan had heard him speak. Concerning the Vine he had spoken of the Honour of the Pruning Knife: the objective he had said, of the Gardener-God was that the branches should bear fruit, of which the end was joy. He had gone on to say, said Mr. Crawford, that the fruit was *witness* (verse 27)—foreign missions were in it. Loyal sentiment such as inspired the arrangement of that Sunday evening reading was characteristic of Dan Crawford.

On another Sunday evening Mr. Crawford was giving a running commentary on the first chapter of James. Fully to appreciate him at such times one needed to have learned by experience the key to his thought-categories; then the sentences which he threw out under the stimulus of each well-known phrase of Scripture opened up a view of a wide and very beautiful God-ordered universe. But the secret of his strength lay not so much in his understanding of the Scriptures, as in the way in which he held himself open to their authoritative influence over his own life. They were to him in very truth a means to the Bread of Life upon which he daily fed. On the evening in question he came to verse 19. Sitting with his worn Bible before him on the green table, he read out "*Swift to hear*——." He checked himself, raised his head, pushing his spectacles up on to his forehead, and said—"That's what I'm *not*. Miss Bryde knows that." He referred to the impatience with which he sometimes brushed aside that lady's endeavours to call his attention to specific points in the MSS. of his translation of the Bible, upon which she was working with him.

Readjusting his glasses, he read on: "*Slow to speak*——." Again he looked up with a wry smile. "I'm *not*. I want to get it out—be done with it quick." And then: "*Slow to wrath*——" . . . "Ugh!" said he, in vehement tones; "Ugh! *Kankalwa!*" *

On these Sunday evenings he often got on to the subject of the Appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ. He held that the coming again for which we watch is a bodily one; a quick one; and an unmistakeable one. He believed that Scripture teaches that certain predicted events must

* *Kankalwa* is an exclamation of dismay mingled with helplessness. Literally it signifies—"I am) confounded."

precede that coming, not all of which have yet been fulfilled, but all of which are of such a nature that once put in train they might be very rapidly completed. He deprecated the teaching of what he called "any momentism," because he believed it not only did not represent the true teaching of Scripture, but also tended to shut the eyes of God's servants to their responsibility to labour in their Lord's vineyard for the furtherance of His expressed will that all men everywhere should come to a knowledge of the truth. The Gospel, he insisted, must *first* be preached—*then* cometh the end. And how, he asked, can it be preached to the "all men everywhere" clearly contemplated in the evangelistic intentions of God unless His servants co-operate to effect His will by going and making disciples? To omit to do so, he believed, was to postpone the consummation of the conditions into which the Lord's Appearing has been promised.

IV

THE PASSING OF DAN CRAWFORD

IN this fashion there passed the first five years of the twentieth century's third decade. Fresh factors were sweeping away age-old landmarks of native life in Central Africa : Konga Vantu was urgent to call his people to meet the changed conditions in the strength and in the light of the Truth of God. "Katanga" was becoming a household word in civilized lands : its pioneer Gospeller laboured on in Luanza to give it its first complete Bible. Throughout the land Bible-schools were becoming more and more numerous : and the assembling together of African Christians to form indigenous local churches was becoming a matter expected of the peoples.

1925 gave place to 1926. As the old year closed Dan was able to feel that the summit of the mountain of his translating had been reached. It had been a stiff climb, lasting over thirty years or more. There still remained the labour of preparing the MSS. for the printer ; but in comparison with the actual translating that would be simpler, though exacting, work. In January, 1926, he was able to write to the National Bible Society of Scotland to say that the translation of the whole Bible was definitely accomplished.

He went into 1926 with the intent quickly to prepare final typescripts of the translation with the help of Mrs. Crawford and Miss Bryde. His slogan for the year was :

Hats off to the past
Coats off to the future.

And so Dan Crawford was borne along on a full tide of work in Luanza to the end of May. On the evening of Saturday, May 29th, 1926, he retired as usual to his cell-like bedroom carrying his pot of coffee and his odoriferous lamp of native oil. It was to the last of his series of cubby-holes that he bore them—a new one, facing towards the lake, had just been completed.

During the night he was restless. Somehow or other he knocked the back of his left hand upon a raw-edged shelf near his bed. Was it in reaching out for paper and pencil to record yet one more flash of light, come to him in the night watches to illuminate some point in the Word he loved better than anything else on earth? Tincture of iodine was within reach; he was accustomed to apply it to any abrasion; but he omitted to do so on this occasion.

The following morning, Sunday, he shewed it to one of the native Christians who sometimes helped him with his office work, a slightly sore spot on the back of his hand. The man dressed it for him in his hut, and put on a bandage. During Sunday night pain of a severe nature in the arm prevented his sleeping, so that on Monday he shewed the hand to Mrs. Crawford, who then commenced careful treatment. By the evening of Monday the whole arm was swollen, and the pain very severe. On Tuesday the pain abated, but the appearance of the arm so disquieted Mrs. Crawford that she wrote concerning it to the nearest male missionary, Mr. J. H. Brown, at Mpweto.*

On Wednesday, Mrs. Crawford continued fomentations. The appearance of the arm grew worse; but the pain was gone. Mr. Crawford was able to give instructions for the answering of his week's mail which had come in. He dictated the following message:

"This week I suffer under a grave disability, my left arm is poisoned and this poison is knifing me very hard, so we are in God's hand and all is well. It is harrowing and might have been avoided; only I was sleeping in my little cot in a deep sleep. This made me forget the iodine which is the panacea of my life. To say that it is *harrowing* is only to remind you that it is the *harrow* that produces the smiling lands of corn; and this explains that 'we *glory* in tribulation' verse—but *do we?* Good-bye, dear friends; we will meet at The Appearing in excellent glory."

* The writer, by some mysterious providence of God, had shortly before left the Congo to go on furlough to England. The account given him by his dispensary dresser of the appearance of the arm goes to convince him that the condition was one of acute gangrene following a septic trauma. Such conditions are seldom diagnosed in time to save life. The only treatment that might possibly have been effective would have been very early and very high amputation.

On Thursday he slept a great deal. Although neither he nor anyone else seemed to suspect the extreme gravity of the condition, Mr. Brown was summoned. In the afternoon drowsiness gave place to what was thought to be deep sleep, but actually no doubt was coma. Mr. Brown arrived in Luanza about 5.30. There was nothing that could be done. At about 6.30, it being June 3rd, 1926, Dan Crawford ceased from his labours on earth.

That night a coffin was made. And the next day the elders of the church pillowed the head of Konga Vantu upon a copy of the Luba New Testament; and so bore him, followed by the whole countryside, to the little graveyard on the hills above Luanza.

So died Dan Crawford of Luanza, Christian pioneer, bush Gospeller and man of faith.

HIS WORKS DO FOLLOW HIM.

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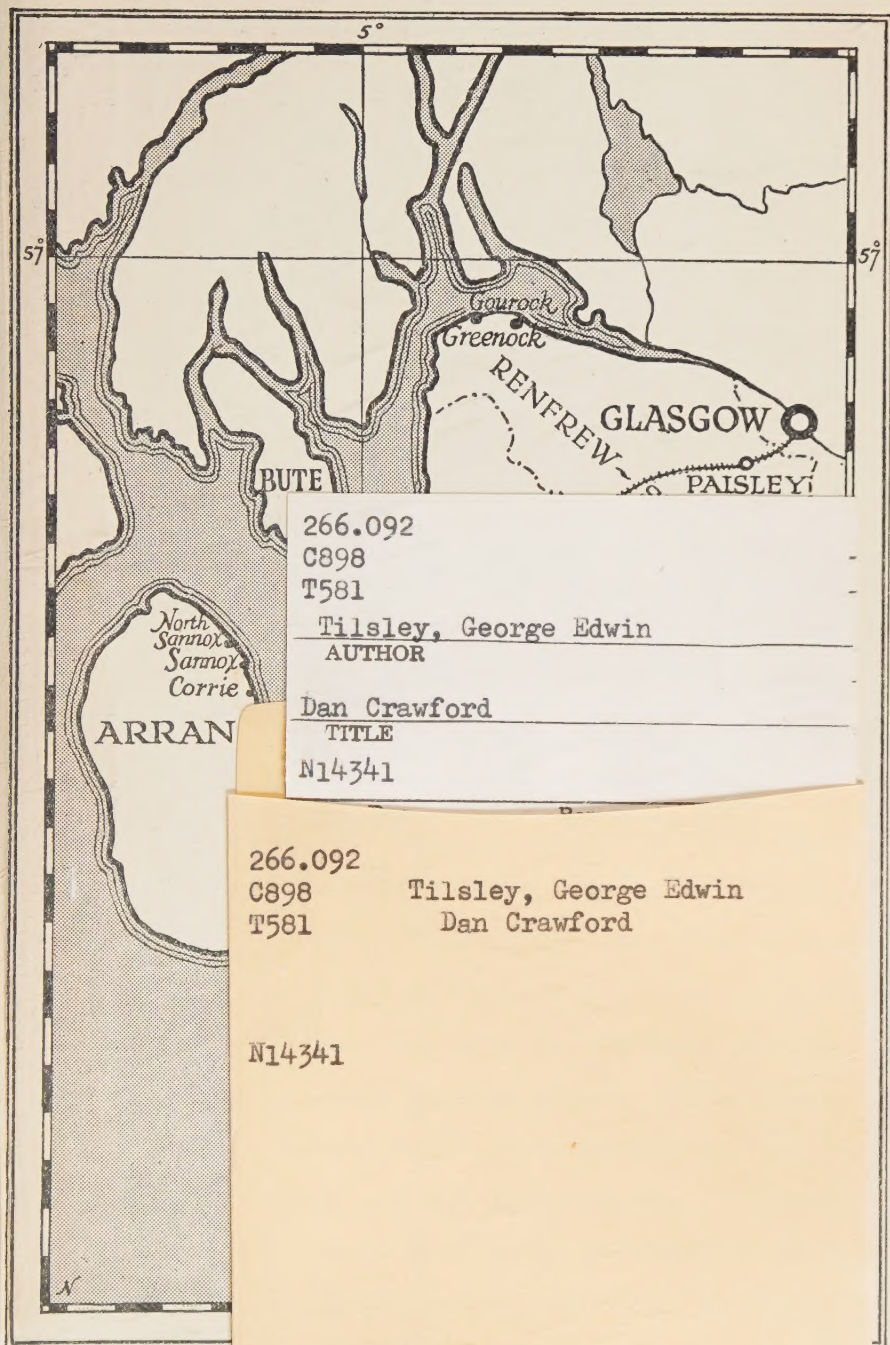
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